

THE MAN WITHOUT A NECKTIE

THE MAN WITHOUT A NECKTIE

A NOVEL

by

ARBIB-HAUSER

Translated by

CHARLOTTE BREWSTER JORDAN



NEW YORK

DICKENS PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC.

1929

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Printed in the United States of America by
J. J. LITTLE AND IVES COMPANY, NEW YORK

TO ALBERT ERNEST HAUSER

THE LOVE THAT YOU HAVE INSTILLED
IN OUR HEARTS, BY YOUR NOBLE
EXAMPLE OF BENEVOLENCE, INTEGRITY
AND CONSTANT SACRIFICE, HAS EN-
DOWED US WITH A STEADFAST FAITH
IN HUMANITY. THAT FAITH HAS FOUND
EXPRESSION IN "THE MAN WITHOUT A
NECKTIE," DEDICATED TO YOU—LOYAL
COMRADE AND EXEMPLARY FATHER I

PREFACE

Let not the critics think that we have written this book to defend any political theory or to assail any nation or religion whatever. We have simply tried to make our readers reap the benefit of what we have observed around us. The characters in "The Man Without a Necktie" have all been taken from life, as have also the principal episodes. Kramer, the Wise Man, son of a French mother and a German father, actually lived. Loving both countries, his heart was so torn by the war that he finally sought refuge among the primitive men whom he taught to share his aspirations. Saraceni and Count Morani are two types of men that one frequently meets; and almost everywhere swarm those self-seeking hypocrites whose friendship depends solely upon furthering their own ends. The inmates of the People's Hotel in Milan are faithfully depicted. The Baroness has already her third husband, and the Saint-Cléments, always kind and generous, are still living in their Paris mansion. The stevedore and his wife symbolize the good Italian emigrant; Blanchard, the Frenchman of the people, always trying to improve his social position even though his lot is cast in the dregs of society. The "good curé" is still under the impression that he only has to raise two fingers to save Humanity.

We do not claim to have written an imaginative

piece of work, but have been satisfied to observe civilized men and describe them without hypocrisy. It is our belief that man is born neither good nor bad, but that his principal enemies are routine and ignorance. He grows up in a world whose ways he adopts mechanically; and so generations succeed each other, sinking further into the very errors that led to their downfall.

Have you ever watched a new-born babe? For the first few days he does not notice us, and his eyes seem fixed on some far-away vision that he alone is able to perceive. Little by little, he distinguishes the people around him, examines them and deigns to show some interest in them. If you speak, he looks at your mouth and tries to imitate you. As soon as he grows up, he loses his expression of a venerable philosopher and devotes his energies to imitating adults. This is why his developing individuality will never be anything more than a hodgepodge of all his ancestral traits. Men would undoubtedly remain in this primitive state and would continue to kill one another like wild beasts were it not that some highly gifted minds, some geniuses had succeeded in eliminating precedent from their midst in order to enlighten Humanity and direct it into the right path. Their task has been a hard one, for the majority of men hold in horror all innovations that threaten to upset their well-established habits, and the audacity of explorers, inventors and innovators in all domains appears criminal to them.

Most individuals, as Lemierre has so justly said, "mistake their own horizon for the confines of the world." The history of progress shows very elo-

quently how difficult it is to make acceptable to men any truth differing from what they have been used to considering as true, and this mental attitude explains the slow progress that civilization has made up to the present time. When Galvani discovered electricity, he was subjected to the derision of his contemporaries just as, in France, Jouffroy was ridiculed when he invented the steamboat. Christopher Columbus was considered mad by the people of his day who were accustomed to reading on their maps, under the Columns of Hercules (Gibraltar), "*Hic deficit orbis.*"

If unenlightened men evinced such marked hostility toward scientific novelties, they showed themselves still more antagonistic toward the philosophers and reformers wishing to give the world a social organization that would improve its lot. They burned them, crucified them and shot them as bandits, venerating them as martyrs after their death, yet none the less ready to begin all over again at the first opportunity.

Moacir, the hero of our romance, does not wear a necktie, because the Wise Man who brought him up did not wish him to become accustomed to knotting around his throat "the band that separates the heart from the brain." When he later meets men wearing this form of neck-band, he will be astounded to notice how generally under their refined exterior they have retained a primitive soul. He will then become assured that if the road leading to mechanical viewpoints has been formidable, the moral evolution of the human spirit has been almost non-existent.

Moacir, "the soul of the Wise Man," will realize that Humanity is hastening toward inevitable catastrophe and he will try to point out the new way to mankind. He will be conquered by human ignorance which once again will believe itself able to check by violence the triumphal march of civilization.

Our sole desire has been to make our readers share the sentiments that inspired our hero. Have we succeeded? We hope so and shall consider ourselves repaid if our book be understood by all those governing the people with the mentality of a Count Morani, a Saraceni, a Baron Anderman or even with the serene imperturbability of the good curé. But these types already are certainly less numerous than is generally supposed; for the majority have learned how necessary it is to lay aside routine and ancestral habits in order to educate men, to arouse their native idealism and found a new society based upon solidarity and universal peace.

ARBIB-HAUSER.

THE MAN WITHOUT A NECKTIE

PART I

IN the still, equatorial night, Moacir was running his fingers lightly over his mandolin, and humming a song to the forest moon—a melody with long and melancholy cadences.

The door of Yandira's cabin opened slowly and a beautiful Indian girl appeared, her face streaming with tears. Moacir drew near her, put down his mandolin and took her in his arms; and while the last notes of his song were dying away, they stood clinging together without saying a word.

Siso, the old negro, crouched in his hut, gazed at them through the half-opened door, deeply moved.

"Don't go away," Yandira finally murmured, choking back her sobs. "They say there are horrible monsters on the seas that devour men and destroy their barks. . . . Don't go away, Moacir. . . . Beyond the sea, they say, are white men who have terrible weapons and poisons that pollute the air and kill without mercy. . . . Stay here with me!"

Smiling at Yandira's childish fears, Moacir held her still more closely in his arms:

"Don't be afraid! I am going away with the Wise Man, and we shall come back soon. Have you no confidence in him? Don't be afraid, my little Yandira."

But these words were not convincing enough to comfort Yandira. Her imagination was dwelling with terror on the ocean which Moacir must cross; and she was afraid that the Wise Man, old and in-

firm, would not be able to defend her lover from the snares of Nature and mankind. She imagined him assailed by wild beasts, struck by thunderbolts, and swallowed up by waves; shaken with sobs, she threw her clinging arms around him, embracing him in desperation and terror.

Moacir longed to reason with Yandira so that she might share the happiness and faith with which his own heart was bursting, but he felt a lump in his throat, making it impossible for him to speak. The grief of this girl, beautiful as a flower, who was weeping for the first time in his arms, was taking away from him, little by little, all his joy in setting out upon his long anticipated trip to Europe; and while soothing her, he was obliged to keep up his own courage by repeating to himself the words that he should have used to convince her. Like a cloud, there passed over Moacir's spirit the thought that perhaps he might never return, and he shuddered at the thought; but the cloud vanished quickly, and he was again captivated with the splendid visions of that European civilization with which he was soon to become intimately acquainted. He would then return from this journey much more competent to give the light of civilized thought to his people of the forest, and this ideal, that had been secretly haunting his heart for a long time, gave him the strength finally to tear himself away from his betrothed.

The first rays of dawn were beginning to lighten the sky, the forest was again awakening.

Benedicto was the first to come from his hut at the end of the village and put the finishing touches

to the preparations for the departure of the caravan.

One by one the pieces of luggage were taken from the alleyway of chests, cotton bales, sacks and packs, and were soon strapped with leather thongs upon the backs of the mules waiting resignedly to start forth on their fatiguing journey.

Meanwhile, the half-breed negroes and Indians (Cabores) who constituted the entire population of Tujapà, a little village buried in the virgin forest of Matto Grosso, were gathering before the cabin of the Wise Man. Sad, silent, perplexed, their eyes filled with tears, they were slowly approaching the appointed meeting place.

Samuel Kramer, whom they had always called "The Wise Man," was going away, grievously ill, and taking with him the young Indian whom he had adopted. Would he ever return? This was the question that was constantly being asked by the people of Tujapà, wondering unhappily who would now guide, comfort and love them during his long absence. These good, simple people had been living very happily in the peace and affection that the Wise Man had brought with him, and his departure was leaving them without energy and without courage.

The Wise Man opened the window of his room and, as he was in the habit of doing every morning, watered the pots of geraniums that ornamented his window shelf.

Moacir ran to him quickly. "It is time to start," said Kramer to the approaching youth. "Have you really made up your mind to go with me?"

"Why do you ask me such a question?" exclaimed Moacir in surprise. "Don't you realize that I would

be most unhappy far away from you, and have you not promised me that some day you would make me acquainted with the count y where you were born?"

"It is true, Moacir, that I have promised you this, for neither could I live far from you, my child. I have spent a restless night, and think that I had some fever." Then, glancing out of the window at the waiting throng of natives, he was overcome with an emotion that he tried to conceal by busying himself until the last moment in setting his room in order.

"The caravan is ready," the faithful Siso came to announce. Kramer drew to him the old negro who had been his daily companion and weeping, embraced him.

Through the open window came the tinkling of the bell of Madrina, the lead-mule, and the foot-taps of the passing mule train.

Kramer dried his eyes; Siso picked up the heavy valise, and they left the cabin. "The departure of the Wise Man is necessary for his health," thought Siso. "The climate of his own country will restore his strength, and he will return to us in much better condition. Our grief at seeing him go is not reasonable. The real grief would be to see him suffering more and more. Moacir is going with him; surely they will return!"

When Kramer and Moacir appeared on the threshold, the throng rushed toward them and surrounded them. Some threw themselves upon their knees to kiss the hand of the Wise Man who raised them and embraced them; others made no salute but

looked at him motionless and stolid, their features set in sorrowful lines. Kramer shared their deep grief, but the emotion that was overpowering him prevented him from uttering a single word of comfort.

As soon as Moacir was in the saddle, he threw a last kiss to Yandira, who had taken refuge in the arms of Siso.

The Madrina, making her bell jingle at every step, started forward at the voice of Benedicto, at the head of the long string of mules.

The first rays of the sun were beginning to penetrate the woodland gloom, and to fringe with red the caravan that was slowly plodding toward the forest.

Before entering it, Kramer and Moacir turned around in their saddles. First, placing their hands on their hearts, they stretched them out toward the natives of Tujapà as a sign of greeting and farewell. Then, from the watching crowd, burst forth a howl, a heartrending cry, a desperate plaint: "Come back to us again, Wise Man! Oh, come back."

Kramer dried the tears that were coursing down his sunlit face, took a long last look at his beloved little people, and soon the entire cavalcade was lost in the forest.

When they had all disappeared, Siso, supported by Yandira, made his way slowly back to his hut and the others returned to their homes.

As Kramer travelled on, he called to mind the various striking events that had marked his adventurous life. He recalled the evening when, seated near the window, Siso had recounted to him the sad

vicissitudes of his existence: how as a babe, he and his parents had been sold as slaves; how helpless he had been, watching their sad end hastened by crushing work; how he had then fled far into the depths of the forest, preferring to struggle against Nature than to endure the cruelty of mankind.

Poor Siso! He would never see him again!

Kramer realized that his health was broken, his heart worn out; yet he hoped to prolong his life by a sojourn in Europe, even though he could not hope for his ultimate recovery there.

The caravan came out of the forest upon a plain bristling with brushwood and passed the place where, many long years before, Siso had been attacked by wild beasts.

Kramer felt a return of the anguish that he had experienced on that day when, noticing that his faithful companion had not returned, he had gone in search of him with a band of Indians. After having shouted for him in vain, Kramer had lost all hope of finding him, when he perceived a little Indian boy, his dear Moacir, who ran to meet him, waving his arms. Though still trembling with fright, the child was able to tell that while Siso had been trying to defend himself from a panther that had suddenly appeared in the forest, another had attacked him from behind. The unfortunate man would certainly have been devoured, had it not been that the wild beasts had fallen upon each other, disputing their prey. The wounded Siso, seeing this, had mustered all his forces and had succeeded in firing several shots which had finally put the panthers to flight.

The Cabores, guided by the little Indian, had soon found the old black and carried him into the cabin where he had remained many days hanging between life and death. Then, thanks to Kramer's expert care, Siso had begun to grow better, and the inhabitants of Tujapà had witnessed with astonishment the recovery of their comrade whose malady had been conquered by the science of the white man. From that day they had named him "The Wise Man"; and the devotion that they had then pledged him had become so deep and so sincere that through him they had regained their faith in humanity.

Now that Kramer was leaving them, he felt more deeply than ever the genuineness of their affection and understood the intensity of their grief. . . .

How Yandira had wept! Dear little Yandira! It was she who had first brought to him the little Moacir, frightened and timid, who had not dared to come in. Like all children, even the most uncivilized, they had sought and found one another, and played together and then . . . had fallen in love.

Kramer felt remorseful over Yandira's grief . . . but he simply could not part with Moacir. All his life long he had sacrificed himself for others, and now there was nothing left for him in his old age but this youth whom he had formed in his own image and had made his own.

Two ideas were constantly contending in his mind: "What if I should die, leaving him alone in Europe?" "What if I should return, gladdening the hearts of the natives at Tujapà?" . . . But the caravan went on and on, the Madrina seeming to guide it to a fateful and inevitable destiny.

Moacir, in his way, was taking a last farewell of the forest, but when he perceived Kramer's depression, he sang and tried to distract him.

A superb macaw with long multicolored feathers perched upon a tree nearby. Moacir whistled to it, and the bird answered. A band of monkeys stopped to watch the passing procession, then fled away into the forest uttering strange chattering cries.



In the dining room of the Hotel d'Oeste—one of the best in São Paulo and situated in its commercial center—Saraceni, impresario of an Italian operatic troupe, was dining with some of his artistes.

The hotel proprietor, seated at his desk, was running through his day's receipts while awaiting the arrival of the night train that always brought him some good client from the interior. From time to time he raised his eyes, supervising the service of the waiters with the watchfulness of a general inspecting the movements of his troops.

"This spaghetti is delicious, Signor Zucchi," exclaimed Saraceni in his throaty bass voice while he watched the tenor, Lari, carefully refolding his napkin.

"I am delighted," replied the hotelkeeper with mock modesty. "We always try to make our cuisine conform to the good taste of our clients."

"That sentiment does you honor," sententiously observed the tenor, accustomed to garnish his conversation with ready-made phrases.

Just then a man in a dress coat and white necktie, with a gardenia as a boutonnière, entered the room.

"Well, well, Count," cried Lari. "Better late than never!"

"Will you tell us why you have deserted us this evening?" asked the impresario scanning the newcomer from head to foot.

"The reason would not be hard to find," insinuated an artiste. "He has probably had a rendezvous with Florette."

"You are greatly mistaken, my dear friend," retorted the Count, "I am merely Florette's cavalier in waiting, and that only on grand occasions. I have been dining this evening with Marazzi. What a powerful intellect! The royalties of Europe should vie with one another to acquire him as Dictator!"

"Powerful intelligence? You exaggerate!" exclaimed Saraceni. "We barely saw him once at the theatre!"

"Apropos of the theatre," interrupted Count Morani. "I have been spending a little time in the company of Luiz de Souza with whom I have just placed a subscription for an orchestra chair, season ticket."

"That boy is decidedly clever," said the impresario very seriously.

"And what is still more remarkable is that you happen to be right. In the editorial offices, I had a discussion with him about the intellectual development of Brazil. By the way, do you know the latest news in São Paulo?"

"Who is it that said that he had nothing new to tell us?" interrupted Saraceni.

"To-night, perhaps this very instant, we shall have among us the Wise Man."

"The Wise Man?" exclaimed all the artistes in chorus.

"There are still some wise men in this world?"

"Yes . . . but in Matto Grosso! He comes accompanied by a young Indian whom he has adopted, educated, and transformed into a civilized man."

"Good gracious! . . . You had not notified us that your hotel was going to shelter Wisdom, Signor Zucchi," said the impresario laughing.

"Why should I? Our hotel has always been the choice of traveling celebrities. Dr. Kramer, to whom the Count refers, was our client upon his arrival in Brazil. He afterwards settled in one of the villages on the borders of the virgin forest where the tribes of the Bororos live. I have several times been interviewed by journalists interested in this unusual man.

"After his departure for the interior we heard no more of him, and had about come to the conclusion that he must have ended his days in the belly of some crocodile or had been roasted by the savages; and now after so many years' absence, he is about to reappear here, and his name is on everybody's lips."

"In fact," resumed the Count, "the *Estado de São Paulo* today published an interesting account of Dr. Kramer and his Indian protégé."

"Have you read it?" asked Lari, the tenor.

"No."

Zucchi arose and handed several newspapers to the impresario. "Take them: here is the printed confirmation."

"Read it aloud," said one of the young actresses approaching Saraceni, "so that we may all hear about it."

"Read it yourself with your beautiful voice," said the impresario, in turn passing the paper to Morani while, with his free arm, he embraced the young woman.

Count Morani wiped his glasses carefully, placed them upon his aquiline nose and, spreading out the paper under the light, began to read:

THE WISE MAN, AT SÃO PAULO

"Tonight there will arrive at São Paulo by the 1:45 train from Tujapà, Matto Grosso, Dr. Samuel Kramer and his adopted son, Moacir. After having lived many years in Tujapà, Dr. Kramer intends to sail from Santos to Europe. He will, however, remain a few days with us because the state of his health has grown worse during the long and fatiguing journey that he has just made. We have been very much interested in this illustrious savant since his arrival in São Paulo in 1915 and we hope soon to have the opportunity of talking with him again and putting ourselves in touch with his studies among the tribes of Matto Grosso—especially with the improvements that he has brought into the lives of the natives of Tujapà.

WHO DR. KRAMER IS

"Dr. Kramer's life has been an unusually active one: Born in France, of a German father and a French mother, his name was well known in medical and literary circles, from the time of the publication, when he was only twenty-two, of his first work entitled 'Can The Condition of The Race Be Improved?' This scientific and social study aroused criticism at once, for it dealt with the antagonisms of religions and races.

"Kramer always felt himself a Frenchman, but some years passed in Germany made him also very appreciative of his father's native land.

"The war complicated still further his social and moral position. His father was obliged to flee from Germany, and he, himself, was mobilized in France as a doctor. Severely wounded by an aerial bombardment in 1915, he returned home from his convalescence and found his mother seriously ill. The stress of emotion had broken the spirit of this poor woman, who passed away, a few days afterward, in her son's arms. Pronounced unfit to resume service, and wishing to flee from a society that did not share his noble aspirations, Dr. Kramer then embarked for Brazil. Grief and discouragement drove him to isolate himself at Tujapà among primitive men."

A FEW WORDS ABOUT TUJAPÀ

"Tujapà is a little village of one hundred cabins upon the banks of the Tapajos River, which flows from the middle of Matto Grosso to the Amazon. Before Kramer's day, this region had been visited first by the daring Portuguese explorer, Lonza de Azevedo; many others had since explored the district, but none had taken into consideration the existence of this group of people.

"The probable reason for this was that one or two years before the abolition of slavery, some blacks had rebelled against the brutality of the 'capangas' (slavers), and having chosen for chief a young slave named Siso, they had fled for refuge into the forests of Matto Grosso where they had founded a little village on the banks of the river.

"No one would ever have spoken of this country had not Dr. Kramer, exploring the region by chance, taken up his residence in Tujapà, and immediately come into contact with the caravans from Cujaba which were pushing their way into the interior of the state.

"The members of these caravans, returning from Tujapà, gave some account of the kind of life led by the inhabitants of this village, and explained that Kramer had exchanged with a merchant of Cujaba the cotton that he had gathered, the feathers of birds and other products of the country, for building materials, medicines and other things indispensable to the people of the forests. . . . In accordance with the customs of the natives of Tujapà, who were used to exchange

work without having recourse to money, he had succeeded in giving to this village the aspect of a picturesque little European summer resort. The development that. . . .”

“Signor Zucchi! Signor Zucchi! Here they are!” cried the hotel boy, running in.

The proprietor hastened to meet his new customers, who were just coming into the hall.

Count Morani and the tenor joined the artistes who had already rushed to the door of the dining room.

“Odette, come and see the Wise Man,” cried the young women to the impresario’s protégée.

In spite of this noisy invitation, Odette did not budge. She preferred to rest in the arms of Saraceni, who, seated before a flask of Chianti, a cigar between his lips, was finding life very beautiful.

“Will you have a room with two beds, or two communicating rooms?” the hotelkeeper asked Kramer.

“Communicating ones,” replied the old man feebly, “but I beg you to be quick about it.”

“He is very sick; hurry!” added Moacir, exasperated by the nonchalance of the hotelkeeper, yet without taking his gaze off the Wise Man.

Kramer seemed desperately weak. His face was sunken, his cheeks covered with a beard of many days’ growth; he was very pale and his half-closed eyes had an expression of distress.

“126 for Dr. Kramer, and 127 for the young man,” said the proprietor, giving the keys to the boy.

Perceiving that Kramer was going to faint, Moacir lifted him up in his arms and was about to carry him up the staircase when Zucchi stopped him, and

smilingly pointed to the elevator. Moacir started with surprise at the sight of the cage that the proprietor pointed out to him, and he would certainly have refused to enter it, had not a sign from the Wise Man assured him that it was all right.

While the elevator was going up slowly, Moacir overheard a woman's voice exclaim, snickering: "They have put a wild Indian into 127, right next to Odette's room!"

When Kramer was laid upon the bed, Zucchi, full of attention, said in a low tone:

"Don't you think that we should call a doctor at once?"

"Yes, yes, hurry!" cried Moacir in great distress. "The journey has been terrible."

Meanwhile the artistes had gathered jokingly around Saraceni.

"Did you ever see such strength!" exclaimed Lari. "He lifted up the Wise Man as though he were a feather and carried him into his room as though he didn't weigh any more than Liliana."

"Liliana is not so thin as all that," protested the Count who had a weakness for the diva.

"Oh!" murmured Odette, "she is a good deal skinnier than I am."

"That wouldn't tempt you to have a savage for a lover, would it?" asked Lari. "You know then, Odette, that he must be more solid than Saraceni."

The impresario laughed, sleepily rubbed his heavy eyes, and said, getting up:

"Children, I think it is about time to go to bed."

Humming, laughing and joking, the artistes went

to their rooms. Zucchi and Morani alone remained waiting for the doctor.



Count Morani lived officially in Brazil for the purpose of studying Italian immigration into this rich country, but it was rumored among the gossips that the real reason for his exile was the hope of marrying a rich Italo-Brazilian whose dowry would regild his coat of arms. Belonging to a noble Italian family, distinguished in carriage, tall, very elegant, with agreeable manners, he made a conquest of everyone that met him, although he continued to lead in São Paulo the same dissolute life that he had led at Rome. It was in the theatres, cafés, dance halls, and cabarets, that he spent the greater part of his days and nights, although these places would not seem, at first glance, particularly designed to serve for the amelioration of the Italian working man in Brazil.

The Italian journal, "*Il Fanfulla*" edited by Signor Poci, a serious and practical man, avoided speaking of the vast projects of Count Morani; and this silence was considered by the members of the Italian colony equal to a reflection upon his conduct.

Morani, nevertheless, was not a bad fellow, but having always been accustomed to have his own way, nothing but novelty interested him any more. Even pleasure had become a habit with him, and often, fatigued and discouraged, he considered the emptiness of his existence. He had not devoted much time to study, but the superficial instruction that a

tutor had managed to give him was enough to make him pass for a cultivated man. At the age of thirty, his patrimony was already squandered and, in spite of his good intentions and good resolutions, he had not been able to find any situation that would enable him to redeem his fortune.

The war had come just in time for him. One of his friends employed in the Ministry had availed himself of the Count's name in order to make himself solid in his business affairs with the government, and had done so well that Morani, without effort and far from the trenches, had pocketed some hundreds of thousands of lire as his commission. At the outset, his aristocratic nature had felt a certain disgust with trafficking, but little by little, pushed by necessity, he had adapted himself to it, and making for himself a new halo, had come to believe himself an exceptional business man.

It was then, full of confidence in himself, that he had come to Brazil, rich in beautiful projects which had vanished into smoke just as he was about to consummate them.

He curried favor in all situations, always hoping to find the occasion to float his bark; but night-time always found him driven by force of habit among the little actresses of Saraceni's troupe. They, alone, had the power to distract him from his financial preoccupations.



The doctor had ordered complete rest for Kramer. After three long nights of sleeplessness, the sick man was just growing drowsy and Moacir,

anxiously watching his breathing, was frequently assuring himself that his heart was still beating. Some people passed down the corridor talking. As their voices and footsteps died away, there suddenly resounded in Moacir's ears the grinding of the wheels of the tramcars upon the rails, the blare of the horns of automobiles and the cries of the hucksters—all the noise of a city awaking in an infernal uproar.

"What a noise civilized men make"; he thought, "and how can they sleep in the midst of such hubbub?"

Then, trembling as he bent over Kramer, he listened again to the beating of his heart. No, it was not possible that the Wise Man could die so far from his own people; and yet how much he had changed in the last three days!

Upon his extremely pallid face, red spots were appearing; the lips were purplish, and breathing painful. Moacir would have given his life if he could only have cured him.

"Give me a drink, please," begged Kramer, as though waking from a long sleep.

"How do you feel?"

"Much better! Open the blinds and let the sun in."

By the daylight, Kramer could see that Moacir was weeping.

"Why, my dear boy, would you be afraid to see me die? Do not be afraid; you are the soul of my life, and even if some day you should see me no more, I shall always be near you to protect you."

Moacir listened to him in the greatest despair.

All his life he would remember those painful days of sickness.

Some one tapped lightly at the door, and he went to open it.

"Come in, come in, Count," said Kramer.

It was Morani.

Kramer loved the conversation of the Count. After having lived such a long time among primitive men, deprived of all culture, the courteous manners of Morani were very pleasant to him. They made him again the European who delights in the company of distinguished men. The Count began different subjects of conversation, trying always to make them general and so avoid any discussions which might weary the mind of the sick man. Today, however, seeing that Dr. Kramer was somewhat better, he asked him to talk about Tujapà. Kramer, turning toward Moacir, begged him to tell some of the most interesting episodes of their common life.

Moacir began to speak easily, then perceiving that the face of his spiritual father was becoming animated and smiling, he exerted himself to make his accounts more colorful. Kramer looked now at the speaker, now at the Count, amused at the striking contrast. One was the product of a refined aristocracy; the other a child of Nature, a savage without any reversion to civilized type, brought up and educated wholly in primitive surroundings.

"The inhabitants of Tujapà," said Moacir, "as well as the tribes of the Bororos, have absolutely no sense of personal property; they do not concern themselves with the future and they do not know how to obey. My father's great achievement has been

to develop good habits among them, and to correct their bad ones, thus transforming their highest instincts into virtues.

"The inhabitants of Tujapà are convinced that an instrument which may not be owned by the mass but remains the privilege of certain individuals is bound to be injurious to the general good, so that with us there is nothing which belongs to one person only. Everything is the property of all of us collectively. We have not that anxiety for the future which merely makes men restless. The present only has value for us provided it is lived in an atmosphere of brotherly solidarity or fellowship. This sincere collaboration assures our material life and prevents us from becoming like the ambitious, egotistical and wicked men who must struggle individually in order to live. My father has given us this moral law, and we guard it jealously in our minds and in our hearts as the secret of our tranquillity and happiness."

The Count had been listening attentively, but he did not seem to have understood very well, and kept saying to himself: "Either I'm a fool, or they are. Work? . . . That's all very pretty, but what if the Indians don't like to work?" After a few seconds, he asked with a slight smile:

"The people of Tujapà like to work, don't they?"

"No," replied Moacir. "Or rather they don't like to work in the same way that you do. We build our houses, we go fishing, we cultivate rice with the same spirit with which you play ball or give blows with your fist. Work is for us a diversion that lasts only four hours a day, and we employ the rest of our time in doing things that we believe useful for our

development; that is, in increasing our knowledge, in listening to the counsels and instructions of the Wise Man, and in learning music. We have a piano which the Wise Man had brought from São Paulo and which some of the Cabores know how to play, a phonograph with marvelous records, and a violin that we like best of all the instruments."

". . . and which Moacir plays very well," added Kramer.

"Really? And how did you learn?" asked the Count.

"Thanks to my father, who has given me some lessons. When I first entered his house, my deepest feelings were awakened by touching the strings of a violin lying upon a table. At the first vibration of these chords, I felt the strangest emotion. The Wise Man looked at me smiling, and I threw myself into his arms. He then made me touch the strings with the tips of my fingers, and each sound moved me deliciously. That day I forgot my games with little Yandira, and when night came, instead of returning to the people of my tribe, I crouched down behind the Wise Man's door, where I slept. In the morning I woke up in my father's bed, and found him at my side looking at me. From that day I have never left him, and that is the way I have become a musician. What joy I felt at the first sounds I was able to draw out of my violin! I fancied that when I should really know how to play I should be able to charm all the birds of the forest, to tame the serpents, and domesticate the wild beasts."

"And that has happened to you?" asked the Count, a little ironically.

"No . . . but I learned a great truth later on: the harmony of the violin made my heart kinder, tamed my own savage instincts, overcame my wrath and hatred."

Kramer smiled, feeling that he had really been able to give to this pure heart a power that nothing could take away from him.

The Count, without knowing exactly the reason, felt a little ill at ease. Moacir's attitude was troubling him a little. "And what if I should go to Tujapà?" he thought. But the very idea made him smile.

"Moacir, will you play something for me? A concerto of Beethoven?"

"Whatever you wish!" exclaimed Kramer. "But you know he also composes melodies and songs of which he has written the words very cleverly, both in French and in Portuguese."

"Really?" cried the astonished Count.

"What is remarkable about that? I have learned what my father has taught me."

"He was naturally quick to learn?" asked Morani of Kramer.

"Very! Though my dear Moacir is endowed with an intelligence far above the average, still a great many of his companions have easily acquired a good education. You see that is just what I would like to demonstrate in Europe: that is, that with a good, moral education, one would be able to make a truly civilized man out of a primitive being. I am convinced that we should be able to destroy the errors

from which our society is suffering if we had the courage to transform the schools and the press, and to start out on new foundations. The greatest evils from which we suffer come from the fact that the people have acting at their head as directors, men more ambitious than capable, intelligent or literary. Having only narrow ideas, they can conceive paltry projects only, which are the real source of the chaos from which we are suffering. All our present social unrest springs simply from the fact that people sacrifice to their personal interests the harmonious evolution of the mass. Only the wise and the educated are able to conduct Humanity towards good, for their work always tends to improve the existing conditions of Humanity. I still have some doubt, however, for, if I have been able to create a new organization among the inhabitants of Tujapà and to model the new soul of Moacir, I fear, in our society, to run against the age-old customs that it considers as dogmas, and that prevent all evolution. Moacir's soul was virgin as his forests; his mind was not exhausted; his nerves did not know the emotional shocks of our restless life. That is why I have been able to sow in his mind the truth as I conceive it."

"I believe that it would be dangerous indeed to attempt to impose your theories upon our society," said the Count. "There is very little chance of your being understood."

"Count," interrupted Moacir, "you are tiring my father."

"So I am," said the Count, rising. "I beg you to excuse me. I was so engrossed in your conversation,

Doctor Kramer. May I ask your permission to take Moacir to dinner with me?"

"Thank you, but it will be impossible for me," said Moacir, glancing at the patient uneasily as he hastened to refuse.

"Yes, do; I want you to go out of this room a little more," insisted Kramer. "Go to dinner with the Count: you see plainly that I am better."

This last statement overcame Moacir's hesitation. Just as he was leaving the room, Kramer asked him with a facetious smile: "You are not wearing either collar or necktie?"

"No," Moacir replied in a firm tone. "I have already told you that I shall never wear a necktie. That which has impressed me more than anything during these last days," he continued, addressing the Count, "is to see you wearing a necktie. You appear to be as proud of it as of a badge of honor. Do all the men in Europe then wear a necktie?"

"Why, certainly."

"My dear Count, Moacir is always positive in his judgments. He will always be 'the Man without a Necktie'."

The Count took Moacir by the arm, and without grasping the point, repeated, laughing:

"The Man without a Necktie!"



That evening, when Odette entered the restaurant of the Hotel d'Oeste, a newspaper in her hand, she ran to the table where Saraceni, Morani and the other artistes were already seated:

"Just read Count Morani's literary masterpiece, written specially for the *Folha da Noite*!" she said, thrusting the paper under the impresario's nose.

"Permit me to read it aloud," the Count hastened to say.

"Bravo! The author has a beautiful voice, let him read," approved Saraceni, handing the paper over to Morani.

The Count had never thought that he had any flair for journalism, but within a short time he had become fully convinced of it.

Entrance into Kramer's room having been forbidden to reporters, Morani had yielded to the insistence of one of his friends, a journalist, who had persuaded him to write an article about Moacir. That is why, to the great surprise of all the other newspapers, the *Folha da Noite* was publishing an account of the interesting interview that the Count now began reading with great expression:

"Moacir, the Man without a Necktie," began Morani, with an important air. "This article has been written specially for the *Folha da Noite* by Count Alfredo Morani."

He drank some milk while reading his own prose, admiring complacently the pretty turn of the phrases in which he had described the admirable physique of the young Indian, but neglecting to speak of the metamorphosis Doctor Kramer had wrought in the boy's soul. In fact, he scarcely mentioned Moacir's moral qualities and culture; and when he did speak of them, it was only to give the credit to Brazil, the lad's native country, rather than to Kramer. Not having understood all of the doctor's ideas,

he had not felt any necessity of mentioning him. At the close of the article he had merely added a few words about the health of the sick man, stating that it was improving, thanks to the skill of the illustrious Doctor Prado.

When the Count had finished his reading, Saraceni exclaimed: "Behold the most marvelous report," and then lowering his voice he asked Morani: "How much did you get for it?"



Kramer was recovering his strength little by little, and the doctor, who at first had thought his case a serious one, began to take hope again. His patient's pulse had become more regular, he was able to sleep more hours, either at night or in the daytime, and sitting in bed propped up by a pile of cushions, he listened with great pleasure to Moacir playing the violin or reading the newspaper. He often spoke of his plans for his trip to Europe. He would begin with France, which he loved best, then he would go to Italy, so fascinating because of its enchanting landscapes and so noted for its works of art. Last of all, he wished to visit Germany, whose boundless activities he greatly admired. Kramer spoke with enthusiasm of the months that he intended to spend in Paris. He compared this capital to a marvelous forge of human thought, where ideas come forth palpitating, and where men's intelligence finds inspiration and is forced into action. "It is only in Paris," he said, "that I shall be able to make known the studies that I have made

upon primitive men. I shall demonstrate how very seldom a man is born really bad, and how he becomes so merely because of a bad system of education. In order to improve society and make it happier, it is necessary to awaken, in this monstrous epoch of moral decadence, the energy of the master minds suppressed by the violence of ignorant leaders, and to further the action of all superior intellects wishing to communicate their ideals to the people, even at the cost of their lives."

Kramer was becoming excited at these thoughts. His face flushed, his eyes sparkled, and in his great love for Humanity he could clearly foresee the birth of an ideal civilization in Europe. He could already visualize the reign of a man, intelligent and good, beloved and aided by the people, finally roused to a consciousness of its destiny, taking in hand the government of Humanity in order to lead it by moral progress toward universal peace.

Upon hearing this, Moacir became most enthusiastic and was more positive than ever that Kramer was not a mere man but a being sent by God upon earth in order to enlighten the mind of the Indians of Tujapà. In his mind's eye, he could see Tujapà as clearly as though it were illumined by divine light and placed in the center of the world as a fruitful germ.

One day, Kramer expressed a desire to read a morning paper, and Moacir, who was watching him tenderly, felt an intense satisfaction in seeing him turn the pages of the great newspaper, the *Estado de São Paulo*, and read without fatigue the articles that interested him.

"We are on the right track," Kramer exclaimed suddenly, his face radiant. "My dream is going to come true!" And he read aloud, trembling with emotion, an article in which the author foresaw that Europe would emerge triumphantly without war or bloody revolution because of a colossal economic and social reorganization, headed by France and Germany. These nations were going to sign, said the writer, a pact of sincere friendship, that they might move together toward peace and progress.

Antagonisms of race and religious struggles were going to cease, and in a harmonious atmosphere, the European Union was going to give to an appeased world an admirable example of love and solidarity. Two tears ran down over Kramer's dark and ardent face; he raised himself upon the pillows, placed his hand upon his heart and, forgetting all that he had suffered in Europe, cried with all his might:

"Long live France! Long live . . ." but he was not able to finish his sentence. . . . "Moacir . . ."

The emotion had been too much for his weak heart. He murmured once more in a whisper:

"Moacir . . . my soul . . ." and fell back upon the bed, breathing his last.

Thinking that he had fainted, Moacir raised his father's head, moistened his temples, put his ear to his chest and discovering that his heart was no longer beating, began to cry for help, with his arms upraised as though invoking the aid of God—a prey to despair because of the terrible doubt that was overwhelming him.

Hitherto, Moacir had not suffered any great moral griefs, for he had only had to struggle against Nature. By experience he had learned that its blind forces control events to a great degree, and the only impression left him was that strange sensation of fear that he had felt in the darkness of certain impenetrable places in the forest. He had never seen death and could only understand that it, too, plunges us into the shadows.

Kramer's death did not appear to him as a natural thing, for he had always supposed that his wise friend could not die without having accomplished his task, and that his life could not end in this way. . . .

Kneeling at the foot of the bed, Moacir called to him, his voice broken with sobs.

Oh, why did not this mouth continue smiling as it had a few minutes ago? And why did those eyes insist upon remaining closed? Why did not this calm face brighten again and hear him, his son, calling so desperately to him? What breath had left the body of the Wise Man? Why in going away had he abandoned his human form? Why did this shrunken body seem now only the shadow of its former self? Was this all that remained of the man that had given him his soul?

Moacir let himself fall upon the dead man's breast and, embracing him with despair, cried:

"Come back! Oh, come back, or take me with you! . . ."

Count Morani, who had hastened in on hearing Moacir's cries, lifted him up, took him with kindly firmness into his room and laid him upon his bed.

After Kramer's burial, Moacir had become indifferent to everything. Absent-mindedly he obeyed the wishes of Count Morani, who was the only one able to draw him from the depressing inertia into which he had fallen.

The Count, after many years, had lost all sensibility; but Moacir's grief recalled to him far distant emotions; and in comforting him he sincerely believed that he had found an aim in life. He was completely absorbed by his mission and often deprived himself of the amiable company of his friends at the theatre or at poker parties in order to accompany Moacir on a quiet walk and so distract him from his inconsolable grief. This paternal affection for the stranded young Indian had aroused in São Paulo an impulse of sympathy toward Morani who, up to this time, had been considered a cynical libertine. The consideration with which he felt himself surrounded impelled him to the sacrifice, and he redoubled his attentions to Moacir. He explained to the young Indian that he had been touched by grace, and as though he were truly sincere, his eyes filled with tears; he had a profound admiration for his beautiful sentiments, and exclaimed:

"Noblesse oblige!"

How he reproached himself that day when he left Moacir alone while he betook himself to Santos to say good-bye to some of the artistes of the operatic troupe embarking for Italy—finding him, on his return, weeping desperately, and covering Kramer's portrait with kisses! He took it gently from Moacir's hands, comforted him more affectionately than

usual and explained to him gravely that his father had certainly gone to Paradise, and that he, Moacir, must have confidence in God who, in his great pity, aids and protects mankind. The Count even succeeded in convincing himself of this, and of the fact that his affection for Moacir would win for him a celestial reward, thanks to the soul of Kramer, who would protect him.

Saraceni, who came to invite Morani to a banquet that some friends were giving him before his departure, found them in each other's arms.

The impresario was not much touched by the Indian's grief, and still less by that of Morani. His life had not been the kind that develops such tender sentiments. Of a cheerful nature, he had chased away every subject of sadness so as not to feel any useless emotions that might prove injurious to his health. Witness to this moving scene, he felt annoyed, and after having murmured some commonplace words of comfort, invited the Count to the famous banquet. He was already on the point of going when he turned quickly: "Good gracious! I forgot to tell you the most important piece of news. . . . Florette is unexpectedly going to Italy with a rich Brazilian hopelessly in love with her."

The Count looked at him keenly to see if he were joking, then convinced that he was telling the truth, he asked a thousand questions about this sensational escapade, was interested in the slightest details, informed himself upon the gossip of the troupe, and catching the general restlessness in the air was, in his turn, filled with a desire to go away, but . . . Moacir?

"Why don't you take him with you to Europe?" suggested Saraceni. The Count turned around to look at Moacir, and for the first time since Kramer's death, he saw a slight smile on his lips.

They would not, however, be able to leave with Saraceni, because of the steps necessary to be taken in regard to Kramer's legacy. Upon arriving in Brazil, Dr. Kramer had deposited in the bank a small sum which, with the accumulated interest, had compounded, and that he had left in a will to Moacir.

It was finally decided that Saraceni should defer his departure a week in order to have the pleasure of traveling with Count Morani and his Indian protégé.



When Moacir perceived the "Giulio Cesare" in the Bay of Rio de Janeiro, it seemed to him that he had before his eyes the climax of European science. To his naïve mind, it was a symbol of human ingenuity raised to its highest power.

When the majestic ship slipped away from the pier, Moacir felt his heart beating violently. To his ardent imagination, Europe was the beloved one that he was going to rejoin. He sent a last good-bye to his mysterious country, a kiss to the tomb of Kramer, another to his little Yandira.

Standing on the prow, he was watching the boat cleave the water and advance resolutely toward the ocean, when he suddenly smiled at the thought that Yandira could have feared that horrible monsters would come up out of the sea and swallow up his bark.

"How immense is the blindness of men of the forests! Are they primarily men or beasts? Their energy is all devoted to procuring their nourishment, the straw for their beds, the hides of beasts to adorn their cabins. Blind creatures! Oh, Europe! Europe!"

The "Giulio Cesare" glided over the smooth sea of Guanabara under the majestic rock of the Pão de Assucar. The islands scattered through the Bay were ablaze in the last rays of the equatorial sun.

Moacir's gaze was fixed upon the mountains in profile in the distance, and his eyes suddenly gleamed with a wild light. He saw again the palm trees and the brushwood bristling with thorns, and heard the cries of wild beasts resounding in the forest. A few steps away from him appeared a panther. . . . He felt himself seized by a merciless claw, but with a lightning effort he rolled under the belly of the beast. . . . Meanwhile, little Yandira lay on the bloody ground a little further away.

"Is it possible that I am base enough to go away leaving her there alone and abandoned?" But the land was already far away! Moacir, seeing himself slipping away from the coast of his dear Brazil, felt himself lost, astray in a new world, and at frequent intervals he called the name of the Wise Man.

"Come to dinner, Moacir," said Count Morani, tapping him on the shoulder. Moacir followed him obediently and they entered the large dining room.

At every table the only subject of conversation was the Count and his young Indian: "We have an Indian on board, did you know that?—a real live Indian! Count Morani has captured him and tamed him. . . . They say he is very intelligent and even

educated. The Count is taking him to Europe. . . . Where? . . . To Rome, to Milan, to Paris. . . . How original!"

The women were scandalized by Moacir's unconventional manners. He seated himself, so as to turn his back upon them all, and with his elbows on the table, gazed out at the sea. He seemed unconscious of the presence of those who were staring at him with curiosity.

"Come, come, Moacir, turn around! You must not sit like that! Everybody's looking at you," the Count murmured.

Moacir turned around, and not until then did he have any interest in observing these strange new people. A young woman, sitting opposite him, was staring steadily at him. Moacir was delighted with her clear-cut profile, her mouth fresh as a flower, and her great blue eyes with long black lashes, which impressed him profoundly. Their eyes met, and he felt himself deeply moved by a new sensation. Confused and embarrassed, he turned his gaze away and surveyed the immense dining room.

When dinner was finished, the Marquise Reni and Saraceni, the impresario, passing near the Count's table, invited him to take coffee with them in the salon. The Marquise did not cast even a glance upon Moacir. She had already spoken to him in São Paulo and had not found him interesting. "They say he is very intelligent," she said; "perhaps so, but he talks so little!"

She, nevertheless, seated herself so that all the glances directed toward Moacir must include her also. He took that in immediately. This woman who

was looking upon him with indifference, almost with scorn, and was speculating upon the curiosity that he was arousing, bored him. He got up and, lounging farther off in a big, velour armchair, looked at the noble dame with a sarcastic smile. Morani perceived Moacir's ill-humored gesture, but had not the courage to reprimand him.

The beautiful woman who had been seated opposite Moacir at the table, entered the salon accompanied by two gentlemen. She was talking in a lively staccato, smiling sometimes at one, sometimes at the other. She stopped so close to Moacir that the voile scarf covering her bare shoulders, gently caressed his hand. He was oppressed by her heavy perfume, and as though trying to keep his self-control, he brusquely brushed the scarf aside and turned his back upon this creature whose presence he could not tolerate in a world where he was forbidden to touch her.

"What are you thinking about, Moacir? Why are you so sad?" asked the Count, who wanted to make the youth talk.

"Why is it, Count, that in your world you can not take the women when they please you?" The Marquise protested at this unconventional demand.

"I have forewarned you, Marquise, that my Moacir has no idea of polite manners; he likes to say whatever he thinks. His culture has not modified his savage nature."

"There are many things, Moacir," said the Marquise, sententiously, "many things that one thinks, but which one should not say because they are not conventional." It seemed useless to Moacir to reply,

but he could not understand why it was not conventional to say what you thought. It seemed to him more unconventional still to think a thing and be quiet about it, or to say something else as the Marquise was doing.

The orchestra, having ceased playing a terrible jazz, attacked the *Elegie*. The morbid and voluptuous notes moved Moacir who stood up to listen just as he used to do in the forest when he stopped to hear the mysterious harmonies of the birds. He closed his eyes and remained standing motionless in the middle of the salon.

The Count was watching him closely, for he feared that this new kind of life might excite him and possibly drive him to commit some folly.

When the orchestra was silent, Moacir opened his eyes. They again encountered those of the young woman whose skin was as white as milk. He had never embraced a white woman. At São Paulo and at Rio, the women had considered him an inferior being, whereas here on the boat, the European women were continually overwhelming him with languishing glances. He could imagine the sensual delight that he would experience in holding this woman in his arms, in overpowering her. He looked at her again, trembling, and then ran out upon the deck in the hope that the sea breeze might carry away his desire.



When a transatlantic liner from South America crosses the equator, it is customary to organize a

fête, with a masked ball, for the orphans of the sailors.

For the last two days, no conversation was heard on shipboard, except that about dresses, costumes and wigs.

Moacir was so bored by the preparations for this fête that when the day came he felt fatigued before it commenced. . . . The Count tried to make him don an evening suit, and naturally, to put on a collar and a necktie.

"Don't insist," Moacir replied firmly to Morani's pleadings. "I am not going to feel my neck bound up. There are already too many things here contrary to my customs—the boat which limits my steps, the meals at fixed hours, and all these people who keep looking at me as though I were a curious beast. I prefer to settle myself to read in my cabin, or in some corner of the boat where I shall be alone."

He turned his back upon Morani, and hunted up the book steward who kept the keys of the library. Having chosen a book, he snuggled down in a corner without paying any attention to the lively music in the upper salon.

A gentleman sauntered into the library and, smiling, stopped before Moacir.

"Why, do you know how to read?" he asked in astonishment.

It seemed useless to Moacir to reply.

"What is your name?" continued the man, desirous of becoming acquainted with this mysterious traveling companion.

Moacir gave his name without interrupting his reading.

"Thank you. I am the *avvocato* Rodolfo Li-prandi."

"And what is that to me?" responded Moacir, this time not even looking at him.

The *avvocato* went away very much annoyed, mumbling: "He certainly is a savage!"

Outside, in the grand salon, there was a shout followed by peals of laughter.

Moacir ran out to see what was going on. A young Brazilian who was crossing the equator for the first time had just been baptized with a great quantity of champagne.

The dancing began again, and Moacir for an instant watched the whirling couples. He had the impression of seeing the whites celebrate the tribal fiesta of Bacururù in Matto Grosso. To make the illusion complete, it lacked only the movement of the arms ruled by that of the legs, certain contractions of the face, and then . . . the fall to the ground in epileptic convulsions.

He returned to his reading.

Madame Padovani had followed him. She had been mingling with the elegant throng and, as if to escape the heat of the salon, now entered the library.

Moacir saw her, but did not move, pretending to be deep in his reading. Madame Padovani passed near him, stopped before a library full of books, and then asked him: "What do you do to take out a book?"

"It is necessary to call the library steward who keeps everything locked up as though the books might run away."

"Have you read this one?"

"Yes; it is a work by de Maupassant."

"Is it good?"

"Yes."

"Does it deal with love?"

"Yes."

"Is it true that you are a man of the woods?"

"Yes."

"Are you glad to go to Europe?"

"Yes, very."

"Why are you glad?"

"Because . . ." Moacir smiled, "the women there must be very beautiful like you, and the world better."

"Is it true that the men eat one another in the wild woods?"

"No, it is not true."

"And . . . every man loves his wife?"

"His wife? We take and we love the woman who pleases us. Do you not love the one who pleases you, you people?"

"Let me see your hands."

Moacir obediently extended his right hand that the young woman took between her rosy-nailed, slender fingers that she might examine it attentively. At this contact, Moacir was unable to resist temptation. He looked around, and with a quick gesture, locked her in his arms and kissed her upon the mouth. She had not time to recover from her surprise before he had disappeared.



The Count had been noticing that Moacir had a way of looking insistently at the beautiful Madame

Padovani, and that she was leading him on with provocative glances. When she was near him she talked nervously with little bursts of laughter. Morani was musing:

"What possible attraction can Moacir, an Indian, be for a woman of our world such as she is . . . She certainly must love violent sensations!"

She was stretched out on a chaise longue looking at the sea. The Count admired her face whose warm color contrasted with the very pale gold of her hair. "Why is she hunting for new sensations?" he thought. "Her husband must be a business man! A woman cannot be happy with a husband too deeply engrossed in business."

"How old is your savage?" the young woman asked the Count who had seated himself beside her.

"He is twenty-two years old."

"Did you give him the name of Moacir?"

"No, it is the name that was given to him by his tribe: it means 'Son of Sorrow.'"

"I like it."

"Which, him or his name?" asked the Count maliciously.

"Morani, you are impertinent! His name pleases me, and he fascinates me as an interesting object of study. One doesn't run across a civilized savage every day."

"That is true! . . . and then my Moacir is particularly attractive. He expresses himself well and has magnificent black eyes. Have you noticed them?"

"It seems to me. . . ."

They heard the plaintive notes of a violin softly playing a sentimental melody. The air was perfumed

with the salty odor of the sea. The young woman closed her eyes, rose slowly, and wrapping her fur cloak around her, murmured in a troubled tone:

"It is he! Let us go and listen to him."

Hanging on Morani's arm, she entered the golden salon. There was no one there except Moacir who, in a corner of the room, was playing Chopin in a rapt manner. Madame Padovani seated herself near him, and the count, without making any excuse, took himself off, leaving them alone.

Moacir stopped an instant, then began playing the song, *Luar do Sertão*. This melody recalled Yandira vividly to his mind. He again saw her bare figure slipping into the moonlit water; again he felt her kiss, and above the murmuring of the forest, he heard her voice again pleading:

"Don't go away! Ah, don't go away."

He looked up at the woman near him, and thought her frightfully ugly, like a shabby rag doll. He turned his back on her.

She called to him sweetly:

"Moacir, son of sorrow. . . ."

But Moacir played on, making the chords of his violin quiver as his heart was quivering at the memory of the woman to whom he used to sing this song to the moon in the forest.

When his bow had drawn out the last note, he flung himself into an armchair and closed his eyes. He was suffering.

Madame Padovani approached him and looked around her. They were alone in the salon. She stroked Moacir's forehead with her fingers. He did

not budge. She stroked his hair, touched his lips. . . . Then he sprang up suddenly and went away.

The young woman, greatly taken aback, was silent, surprised, humiliated; regained her self-control and went out to take a little walk in the winter garden.

Morani had been watching this interesting scene through the glass doors. When he saw Madame Padovani going out, he started to walk with long strides like one who loves to tramp, and brought himself up before her as if he had met her by chance.

"It is too warm for me in the salon . . ." she said.

"Will you promenade a little with me?"

"Certainly."

They walked briskly together without saying a word. Then the Count led her into a lonely corner and murmured sweet words to her. He caressed her hands gently, covered them with passionate kisses, and finally took her in his arms. She tried feebly to escape, but he held her tighter and kissed her on the lips. . . .

Morani understood perfectly the depths of feminine psychology.



The next morning, Moacir saw Madame Padovani coming out stealthily from the Count's stateroom.

"Just as it is in the forest," he thought to himself looking at her maliciously. Then he went up on the promenade deck where an old German gentleman,

with whom he often talked pleasantly, was waiting to chat with him.

"What do you imagine Europe to be like?" asked Herr Weiss, after the customary greeting and a warm clasp of his hand.

"I think that Europe must be a great anthill of intelligent men enthusiastically preparing a future where all beautiful and disinterested ideas will triumph."

"You think then that the Europeans receive as disciples the fruit of the intellects of the great philosophers and the great writers that you know?"

"Undoubtedly! If we who are mere savages follow the directions of those whom we believe wiser than we are, it is logical that you Europeans would follow your great masters. Outside of his conception of material life, the savage has not many other ideals. Such words as 'Humanity,' 'Fraternity' are unknown to him. Among primitive men there exists only that subconscious instinct of self-preservation which unites them all in the presence of danger."

"The studies that you have followed have developed you a great deal, have they not?"

"Yes, and no—in my heart and in my mind; yes. I have discovered in myself a sensitiveness that I was unaware of. Now I try to act according to the methods of your great men: I try to control my instincts and to develop my soul as Doctor Kramer, my beloved father, counselled me to do. But in spite of all my good intentions, I do not succeed in becoming accustomed to the ways adopted by your society and considered of paramount importance. Your manner of dress and the principles governing your

intercourse that they call in general 'good manners,' seem a chain too heavy for me, and I joyfully get rid of it whenever I can."

"Have you any affection for Count Morani?"

"Yes, he does his best for me, and since Doctor Kramer's death, I look upon him as a second father."

"Is he a business man?"

"I don't know."

An almost imperceptible smile curved the lips of the German.

"And what do you think of the European war in which men died by the thousands?" asked Weiss, carefully watching Moacir.

"That sacrifice to which so many people consented for the triumph of their ideals, seemed to me sublime."

"But . . . when the men of your tribe fight, is it not also for an ideal?"

"An ideal . . ." Moacir exclaimed; "no indeed! They fight in order to rob one another or to gain possession of the woman that they covet."

"All men are alike, my dear Moacir. Man is badly made; from that fact comes all evil." And Weiss, striking his chest, added: "We have here a beautiful armor of bones to hold our heart; our lungs have here a well marked place, whilst the stomach is an elastic sac whose contents we are ignorant of. Men believe that it is their duty to fill this stomach at any price, even though they do not know its capacity. All the world is that way! Don't have any illusions about it, Moacir!"

"No! I cannot conceive of civilization as a mask concealing savage instincts. It is your right to be

skeptical if you wish to, but you cannot prevent my believing in what history has revealed to me of heroes and geniuses. Are there not Asia, the Orient, the great philosophers and the glorious prophets?"

Weiss shook his head and smiled again. After a few moments of silence, he resumed:

"You are going to Europe just at a time when they are about to revive the same struggles engendered by the same men who formerly gave the first Christians as food to the wild beasts. Civilization is an eternal contradiction; and although today they preach the doctrine of a Christ all pity and goodness, men still rend one another like wild beasts, and devour one another. The struggle is a cruel one and will become even more so."

Weiss' face darkened as he looked out over the ocean. Noticing this, Moacir, taking his arm murmured:

"How you must have suffered from past horrors that make you forget all that man achieved! You are not proud of being a European, you say? Yet you have only to look around you to see the genius of man opening a path in this great immensity."

"Machine . . ." murmured Weiss.

"Intelligence," insisted Moacir.

At the beginning of the voyage, Saraceni was always in the company of little Odette, but after his solemn appearance at the fête of crossing the equator, he no longer left his friends. He spent his nights at the bar, gambling and drinking: in the daytime he was either sleeping or taking his exercise on deck.

This morning he was up exceptionally early. As

he was marching up and down, a cigar in his mouth while chatting with Odette, he caught sight of Moacir and Weiss leaning on the parapet talking together. He strolled up to them and finding nothing better to do, joined in the conversation:

"What a beautiful day!" he said.

"What a splendid voyage!" replied Weiss. "The 'Giulio Cesare' is a steady vessel on which one does not seem to be even sailing."

"The *Navigazione Generale* is a colossal power," added Saraceni, recalling that the company had given him a big discount for his return to Italy. They had been chatting a few moments in this way when Weiss perceived that Moacir was becoming very pale and seeking some support, as though suddenly taken ill.

"Are you not feeling well?" he asked; but he had not finished speaking before Moacir fainted in his arms.

Odette ran to find a steward who came to help Weiss, and Saraceni put Moacir on a deck chair.

Hearing the outcry, Morani ran hastily out of the salon, and seeing Moacir inert, his features contracted and his lips pallid, became greatly frightened: "What's the matter? . . . Quick, somebody . . . a doctor, some blankets, some brandy . . . Come, get a move on you; you're all like mummies!"

"Is there no doctor in the first class, then?" cried Saraceni in his loud voice which attracted the attention of the passengers in the salon quietly waiting for the lunch hour.

Madame Padovani covered Moacir with the woolen scarf which she had on her shoulders.

"This boy is dying," continued Saraceni, crimson with rage, "and the *Navigazione Generale* should realize that in bringing him with us, we have assumed a grave responsibility toward the President of Brazil."

"Ah! here is the doctor!" cried Morani, with a sigh of relief. "Stand back there! Don't you see that you are smothering him?"

"He is still living, isn't he, Doctor?" asked Odette trembling all over.

"This will not amount to anything," replied the man of science. "Many passengers near the equator are inconvenienced in this way. Probably he had a slight chill in the stomach. There is nothing alarming about it."

"Bring some cognac," Saraceni told the steward. Morani ran to find a plaid rug, while the impresario, his cuffs turned up to his elbows, began to rub Moacir's legs vigorously, imagining that he was thus giving him a little massage.

After having drunk the cognac, Moacir began to revive.

"My dear boy!" exclaimed Morani, stroking his forehead affectionately. "How you have frightened us! Are you feeling better now?"

"It's all your fault," said Saraceni to the Count. "You do not watch him carefully enough. He has a tremendous appetite, and in this chilly air is quickly seized with indigestion; and then on top of that, arrested circulation and lo! he passes into another world!"

"If that's all the comfort you have to give us, you had better keep your mouth shut."

"Have you cashed Kramer's legacy?" asked Saraceni, standing on tiptoe so as to speak into Morani's ear.

"Is that all you are thinking about in moments like this?" exclaimed the Count indignantly.

Weiss, seated beside Moacir and feeling his pulse in order to verify its regularity, had been the only one to overhear.



The "Giulio Cesare" had passed through the Strait of Gibraltar, and was going by the coast of Spain.

Madame Padovani was always near Moacir, on the pretext that his descriptions of savage life were so extremely interesting to her, and the songs that he sang in memory of his distant mistress charmed her so very greatly.

It was a matter of remark on shipboard that whenever Morani and Saraceni went down to the bar for their poker party, the young woman, pretending that she had a violent headache, retired to her cabin. Evil gossips insisted that at such times it was impossible to find Moacir, for he, too, had disappeared.

On the evening that Madame Padovani did not come to dinner, Moacir waited until the Count and Saraceni had gone to the bar, and then with great precaution slipped into the perfumed stateroom.

"Moacir . . ." she murmured in a caressing voice, holding out her arms to him.

He gazed at her, beside himself with admiration

of her body, softly relaxed. Her blue eyes with their long lashes had a strange sparkle. The fragrance of the woman, a white woman whom he had never embraced, made him tremble, made the blood mount to his head; and he held her close. . . .

Under the caresses which thrilled her, she quivered nervously, overcome by the ardor of this savage love.

"Do you love me, Moacir?" she asked, from force of habit, languorously.

"Do I love you?" murmured Moacir as though speaking to himself, and solving a delicate question. "I don't know. You excite me; but as soon as I possess you, I am thinking of another woman that I left far away . . . in the forest."

"What!" exclaimed the young woman, her pride wounded by this primitive sincerity, "you are thinking of . . ." But she had not the courage to start the scene of jealousy that such insolence deserved.

She lacked the necessary force, felt very weak, and had great need of rest and solitude. Moacir was beginning to weary her.

He continued in a low tone:

"My Yandira has brown skin and a firm bosom. She is perfumed with wild herbs. Her mouth touches one as no one else's. Your white body seems to me cold, and your perfume like that of a flower. . . . I do not possess you as a woman, but as though I were doing something unnatural. I cannot find words to express all my sensations. . . ."

"We shall see each other again in Italy," she interrupted wearily, as if to make him understand that he could go.

"I don't know that I should care to," replied Moacir quickly.

This was their last night. At daybreak the vessel entered the Bay of Naples, smooth as a lake.

Weiss hastened to call Moacir from his cabin:

"Come and see! The panorama is 'magnificent!'"

Moacir, very sleepy, arose against his will. The sun was coming up in the blue heavens like a magic disc of fire. Naples, the city of songs and love, appeared rejoicing in its festival of colors.

Moacir again thought of Rio de Janeiro. The beauties of nature now spread out before him recalled those of his native land.

Weiss interrupted his thoughts.

"Are you going to stay in Naples?"

"No, we are going to Genoa, and we shall stay at Milan."

"Why are you going to Milan?"

"Because the Count wishes me to complete my studies in that city."

Weiss shook his head, and taking from his pocket-book a visiting card, he gave it to Moacir, saying:

"Keep my address, and some day if you have need of a friend, write to me."



The transatlantic ship was to make but a few hours' stop in the port of Naples. The Count, nevertheless, made great haste to go ashore, and called very brusquely to Moacir:

"Come, come, we haven't any time to lose in chatting!"

Moacir looked at him in surprise, and followed him without replying, although he would very much have liked to give vent to his annoyance.

Saraceni accompanied them. This fat man, always smiling, his eyebrows black and bristling like two little thorn bushes, was repulsive to Moacir. He thought him still more ridiculous when he saw him talk and disport himself in the Port of Naples as though he were in a conquered country.

The impresario made a sign to a *carrozzella* * that jolted them over streets and alleyways to the *Via Roma*. They climbed up to an office where Morani and Saraceni were greatly annoyed not to find the person they were looking for. Fortunately after a few minutes of waiting, a thin little man arrived, panting, and he greeted his friends with a flood of words. This insignificant little being, extraordinarily thin, who spoke with remarkable volubility and constantly moved his hands, head and feet, made such an extraordinary impression upon Moacir that he began to laugh with all his might.

The report of a cannon announced the noon hour; and as at Naples luncheon time is greatly respected, the little man hastened to take his friends to the nearest restaurant.

"Dear friend," said Saraceni, before seating himself at the table, "permit me to present to you, Moacir, the king of the forests of Matto Grosso."

"What language does he speak?" asked Cacace, the newcomer, and the little man rapidly examined Moacir.

* *carrozzella*—horse carriage, opened, like a cab.

"Whatever you wish—Italian, French, Portuguese, English."

"No, no, not so many," interrupted Moacir, smiling. "I speak Portuguese, French and Italian fairly well. . . ."

"But he is indeed a phenomenon!" exclaimed the little man with a strident laugh.

Moacir looked at him with curiosity and found him so droll that he thought the mere sight of him would have aroused the hilarity of the entire tribe of Matto Grosso. But he did not understand why the little man asked Saraceni so many questions about him: "How old is he? Does he know how to dance? Is he a prestidigitator? What instrument does he play?" The impresario hastened to reply to all these questions while the Count was trying to hold Moacir's attention in other ways. The young Indian was able, nevertheless, to hear what was said about him, and was dumfounded to hear Cacace say peevishly:

"You must think that we have never seen Indians in Naples if you make us pay as dear as all that!" After that he stood up, and laying his hand familiarly on Moacir's shoulder, added with his customary sneer: "Go, return to your own country . . ."

Moacir shook off his hand brusquely, and turning to Morani said, "What has he then against me?"

"Nothing, but you will have to get accustomed to his manners. Here everyone has the air of being an important personage . . . but they are really charming people, kind-hearted and always cheerful."

While Saraceni and Cacace continued in animated conversation, the Count took Moacir away from their table. When the discussion had quieted down

Cacace, happy again, invited his friends to drive around the city in an automobile.

Their car went up the *Strada di Posillipo*. Moacir gazed, entranced, at the magnificent villas silhouetted against the blue of the sea. Never before had he felt himself such a stranger among the people around him. Even the Count seemed different to him, and in his naiveté, Moacir asked himself: "What is the thing that makes men entirely different from each other since all have hands, feet, noses, mouths, and . . . neckties?" While he was pondering on this, the automobile stopped and they all got out to admire the superb panorama. Between the magnolias and the pines was framed a section of the city illuminated by the sun, the roofs looking as though in flames, and the multicolored houses appearing like touches upon the palette of a painter. In the background, Vesuvius stood out clearly above the bluish coast covered with bright little homes, set in groups one above the other on the hillside like so many flocks of sheep.

Moacir looked at this corner of paradise in astonishment, his nostrils dilating as he breathed in the salt sea air that every now and then wafted the fragrance of jasmine. So motionless he stood, with his head uplifted, his profile clean-cut, his neck bare and well modeled, his dark skin flecked with golden shadows—one would have said that he was a statue of bronze.

Some people stopped to look at him, but he did not even see them. He was happy again.

The hours that Moacir had just passed through had been painful ones to him. These men irritated

him. Why was it? He could not have told himself; but now that he was able to plunge back again into the heart of nature, the savage man within him felt himself become again a part of the great All, and he again recognized the source of his power.

The Count took him gently by the arm and said: "Come on with us, Moacir."

But he neither moved nor answered. He was listening, holding his breath; for a child was singing a sad song to the accompaniment of guitars and mandolins:

*"Napuletana tu non canti più.
Napuletana non t'udrò mai più.
Hai nella voce tutta una follia. . . ."*

The song ceased, and only then did Moacir remember the three men accompanying him.

"Life is truly beautiful!" he exclaimed; and he climbed into the auto, while giving a last look at the blue immensity of the sea.

"Ah! Ah! You find life beautiful, do you?" said Cacace with a great roar of laughter.

"What a fool he is!" thought Moacir for the second time . . . but Cacace continued very seriously:

"Look . . . we are as ardent as the fire of our volcano, our blood boils, and here on this soil, you will find all the grandeur of the world. Science gushes out from our intelligence like the flames from our volcano. . . . You understand me? What is it that bursts forth, do you know?"

"Smoke," replied Moacir innocently, looking at

Vesuvius from which a column of whitish smoke was escaping.

"Then you don't understand at all!" exclaimed Cacace, irritated. "You are not half a savage! From that volcano, fire is bursting forth, do you understand?"

"Just at this instant, I do not think so," Moacir replied, smiling.

"You think you know more about it than I do? I tell you that it is a fire which is spurting out, and you ought to believe me. Do you understand, you dirty black?"

"It seems to me that you don't know what you are saying."

"How's that! . . . do you know that I could throw you out of the carriage and let you make your way on foot back to the boat?"

Moacir looked at him and smiled. At this moment a tramcar was passing the automobile. He did not hesitate; with a quick bound he leaped on to the platform, went inside and sat down tranquilly. The Count was furious, while the astounded Cacace exclaimed:

"He is not a man; he is a monkey."

"But if you treat him badly, we'll never get anywhere," cried Saraceni. "There is nothing for us to do now but to follow the tramcar. It's the very devil! You must be convinced that Moacir is a very cultivated man and that he must not be treated as a savage. He knows everything, has read everything, and is gifted with a remarkable memory. Study has refined him, and he knows his value . . ."

"Do you wish, perhaps, that I should treat him as

a man of the world? Should I call him 'Signore?' Has he come here to play the savage and to earn money, yes, or no? It is not we who have been seeking him; we have no need of his ugly snout."

Count Morani, standing up in the automobile, was gesticulating to Moacir, trying to get him to leave the car, but at Cacace's last words, he exclaimed decidedly:

"We shall never get anywhere under these conditions."

"No," objected Saraceni, "we should not throw the handle after the hatchet. Business is business! Did you see that bound, Signor Cacace?"

"Do you think that if Moacir had made this bound in the *Piazza San Carlo* that he would not have made you a beautiful advertisement? All tomorrow's papers would have printed: 'In the auto of Signor Cacace an Indian . . . a real savage . . . captured in the virgin forests of Brazil . . .'

"Magnificent publicity! . . ." exclaimed Saraceni triumphantly who by his loquacity had induced Cacace to order the chauffeur to drop him at the editorial offices of *Il Faro*.

The Count, taking advantage of a stop of the street car, climbed out of the automobile and rejoined Moacir with whom he went back to the "Giulio Cesare."



Many passengers had gone ashore at Naples: Madame Padovani, the Marquise Reni, some Neapolitans grown rich in America, and almost all the Americans. There was only one North American

left on board, a very thin man with shell-rimmed glasses who was said to have many millions of dollars, and who was constantly shuttling back and forth between New York, Buenos Ayres and Italy on so-called business that nobody knew anything about. Also on board were two elegant young women who were making the voyage as a study trip, they said. They were very well known on the line, and it was noticed that though they left Europe with quantities of trunks, they usually returned there with only a few valises and . . . a South American lover enamored with their black eyes.

Two corpulent Brazilians and an Argentine braggart, who considered himself capable of conquering America in a few hours if he wished to take the trouble, completed the group.

Wrapped in furs and seated near her son in a corner of the salon was Elena Allen, a woman physician.

Moacir approached her while the Count went into the cabin to change his clothes. The lady noticing the gloomy expression of Moacir's face, said to him: "What has happened to you, Moacir?"

"I have done stupid things . . . I am a savage!" and after this preamble he recounted his adventure with Cacace.

"You did quite right, and in your place I should have done exactly the same thing," said the doctor's son.

"It was, nevertheless, not a wise thing to do; I don't know how to control myself and I always act on the impulse of the moment. These people have been good to me, and without reason, I have shown

hostility towards them. My savage instinct always pushes me to revolt, but I hope that in Europe I shall become better."

Elena Allen looked at him in a motherly way.

"You are very good, but will you permit me to give you some advice? Always follow your instinct and you will find that you will do well. Tell yourself that Europe is a great forest where snares and wild beasts are on every hand."

Moacir looked at her with surprise and said:

"Why do you try to destroy my illusions? That is very wrong; you have no right to do it."

Dr. Arnaldo, the son of Elena Allen, took Moacir's hand and said to him in a friendly way:

"Don't worry about it! Your soul is all wrapped up in an ideal, but life is what it is."

Moacir turned and looked up at the sky; the setting sun was tingeing everything with a rosy light, with that magical rose that is found only in Naples and in paradise.

"Life is beautiful," repeated Moacir.

"Yes, that is true," replied the Doctor, "but men make it ugly, make it a petty, wretched thing and transform it into a prison. Ignorance makes them bad; the badness makes them blind. Believe me, all men are like those in your forests—they think only of their material well-being. Rare indeed are those who let themselves be guided in this life by their heart and mind. . . . Just look at that fat gentleman down there at the end of the salon who is talking with such animation! He is certainly talking business. Do you believe that he has seen this mag-

nificent sunset, and enjoyed the infinite sweetness of this exquisite hour?"

"Yes, but he is not a European; he is an American."

"Is not an American simply a European who has emigrated? He has changed his exterior aspect, his manners; he is more rude but often more sincere. As to his instincts, they are not different from those of all other men."

Moacir chagrined, went away without answering. "It can't be that this is so; the Allens, like Weiss, are too pessimistic . . . what do they want of me? Why should they keep trying to kill my illusions?"

Saraceni, panting, dripping with perspiration, climbed up the gangplank just as the boat was about to start; and as soon as he was on board he asked if Moacir and the Count had returned. The steward hastened to reassure him, and a half hour later all three were dining tranquilly at their usual table.

Nevertheless Moacir was pensive and Morani kept watching him uneasily, afraid that the afternoon's events might have aroused his suspicions.



The following evening, the "Giulio Cesare" entered the port of Genoa whose encircling hills were sparkling with thousands of lights, like a sky sprinkled with stars. Upon the pier was a crowd of people pushing and yelling at one another. Moacir, wedged between Morani and Saraceni, descended the gangplank and, having reached the last step, was just about to place his foot upon the land

that he had so long wished to know when he stopped, seized with a strange presentiment. An inner voice counselled him not to go any further. Certainly in ten days he could return to Rio . . . be near his well-beloved Yandira in the forest; but the Wise Man would not be there any more. . . . The Count seeing that he was not following him, turned around. "Come, come, Moacir, hurry up!"

"I would like to go back. . . . I don't know what it is that I feel, but I am seized with a sudden dread."

Saraceni took him by the arm, laughing at him derisively, and dragged him away.

"You have fallen back into your childhood, upon my word, Moacir! In an hour from now your bad humor will have disappeared. Cheer up! You are going to taste the joys that Italy offers you. You are going to become acquainted with purely civilized people!"

They arrived at the Grand Hotel Miramare at the dinner hour. Morani and Saraceni hastened to change to evening dress, while Moacir went out on the great terrace overlooking the port. Lighted by the moon were masts, cordage, antennae outlined upon the sky like skeleton trees of the forest without branches.

Moacir looked at this fantastic vision with childish joy and felt reassured.

The first sounds of the orchestra interrupted his reverie. Turning around, he saw the grand salon brilliantly illuminated. At one table, a young woman starred with jewels and a young man carefully groomed were exchanging, with every mouthful, words which must have been very tender, judging

by their languishing looks. Further away a drowsy old gentleman started every time that shouts arose from a group deep in a passionate discussion. At another table, some women as thin as fashion required, were eating and drinking with such attention that they had the air of making the most delicate chemical experiment.

While watching them, Moacir could not help thinking of marionettes displayed in a glass case. "Why," he wondered, "do civilized people feel the need of smiling when they meet? Why does the orchestra play when no one listens to it? Why do those looking at each other try to hide under a false attitude their desire of mutually examining each other? Why this everlasting mask?"

While he was asking himself these questions, the Count hunted him up and took him in to dinner where the orchestra was attacking a melody of Puccini's. At the sound of music, Moacir shuddered and suddenly felt a great need of tenderness. . . . He thought again of Kramer, and two tears sparkled in his eyes.



After the very abundant dinner, Saraceni asked for cards without even consulting the preference of the Count who would rather have given himself up to that blissful relaxation which aids digestion—and the two commenced their usual game.

Moacir took advantage of this opportunity to go back on the terrace and plunge again into his memories.

Morani was sad. He was thinking of the happy days when he was not obliged to bother himself about business, and he longed to get rid of speculations that exacted little, yet were not agreeable to his aristocratic tastes. Among the women who were dancing, he suddenly thought that he recognized one of his old mistresses. When he was certain it was she, he wanted to know more about the little stout man who was with her, and so asked Saraceni about them.

"Yes, I know him well . . ." replied the impresario. "Before the war he used to manufacture chains of gold . . . imitation gold. . . . Then, during the war, he began to manufacture projectiles, at the call of his country, and now, . . . he possesses several millions, and has learned to dance. Ah! . . . What one is permitted to do when one has millions! That is why it is necessary for us to have millions. . . ."

. . . "By no matter what kind of means," added the Count, sighing. "But do you believe that we would really be able to earn them by exhibiting Moacir in the principal music halls of Europe?"

"No, we would make money, but not millions! Our expenses would be very high. . . . You will soon see what our stay at the Hotel Miramare is going to cost us!"

"Tomorrow we go to Milan! I wanted to lodge Moacir at the Miramare just so that his first impression should be a good one and in order to give him a good start."

"You have too much consideration for that young-

ster! You ought to make your man without a necktie understand that it is you who are the boss."

"I think that you are mistaken, Saraceni. Moacir is more easily managed by gentleness than by violence; but let us look over our contract."

The Count and the impresario entered into a discussion in which each one greedily defended his own interests. Their only point of agreement was the sum to be offered to Moacir—it being well understood that they would give him the smallest sum possible, when it came to settling their accounts.

"Would a savage have any need of money?" observed Saraceni shrewdly. . . .



An elderly man whose elegant bearing showed that he was an old, aristocratic Frenchman, carnation in his buttonhole and monocle in his eye, came up to Moacir who was seated astride the balustrade of the terrace.

"Be careful . . . look out," he insisted in bad Italian, "or you will fall on the other side."

"Merci bien, Monsieur, mais je n'ai pas peur. Le jardin est tout près."

"You speak a very pure French. Where were you born?"

"I was born in Brazil, in the province of Matto Grosso among the savages," Moacir replied, smiling.

"Among the savages? It is not possible! But then . . . where have you learned French? . . . not in the forest, I suppose!"

"Yes, monsieur, in the forest. I was taught by a Frenchman, who lived among us."

"Truly? What was his name?"

"Samuel Kramer."

"Kramer? . . ." murmured M. de Saint-Clément, wrinkling his brows.

The good-natured friendliness of the old gentleman suddenly made Moacir very expansive.

"That is my name too, for I am his adopted son. Over there in the forest, he was called the 'Wise Man' and everybody adored him. I always feel him so near me that I cannot believe that he is dead. We were to have gone to France together, for I was overwhelmed with the desire to know Europe. That gentleman that you see below there—Count Morani, seated near the column and talking with that stout man—is the one who after my father's death, acceded to my desire and brought me to Italy. I am certainly going to France soon, for it is a country for which I have the greatest admiration. You cannot imagine how I feel finding myself here at last after having been saturated for so many years with European literature!"

"I can easily believe you; but since you are going to Paris, I shall find you there, without doubt. My family will be very happy to meet you, and if you should wish to be our guest, it will give us great pleasure to welcome you to our home. Besides, you will not be able to appreciate Europe without spending some time in Paris. Paris is the center of civilization; it is the intellectual capital of the world."

"After having visited Italy, the Count will surely take me to Paris."

"Count Morani doubtless has a large fortune?"

Moacir shrugged his shoulders without replying.

"Would you like to go into the salon for a little while? It is not very warm outside now."

Moacir looked longingly at the sea trembling in the moonlight, but for politeness he followed M. de Saint-Clément.

As they were crossing the hall, an elderly woman in a very décolleté gown, took M. de Saint-Clément by the arm and murmured in his ear:

"Where did you find that good-looking monkey?"

"O you little simpleton! This savage is very interesting and is perfectly civilized."

Moacir, who happily had heard nothing, smiled amiably at the departing lady, and seated himself near M. de Saint-Clément. A deep sympathy attracted him towards this man so naturally courteous, and he delighted in his language that he had first heard spoken by Dr. Kramer.

They talked of the war, of the pact of reconciliation between France and Germany and M. de Saint-Clément went to his room to find some postal cards and war photographs. He ordered two Benedictines, and showed Moacir the brightly colored postals.

"Nice, the *Promenade des Anglais* . . . it is superb! . . . Here is Cannes. There is Monte Carlo where one enjoys life."

"I know," exclaimed Moacir, "but it seems a terrible thing to me that in Europe there should be a city where they live on an industry created at the expense of the weak and foolish."

"All society, my dear Moacir, is based on the same principles as this industry. Monte Carlo does not

hide it. . . . That is all the difference. Believe me the imbecile is an imbecile at Monte Carlo as everywhere else. . . . Life is like a game of roulette; and though there may be some who are playing '*en plain*,' on a '*cheval*' and on a '*carré*' there will always be '*zeros*' where the players have nothing and the '*roulette*' cashes in everything." *

Moacir did not understand very well, but he thought to himself that this man, in spite of his worldly appearance, was by no means stupid.

While he was talking, M. de Saint-Clément was handing the postcards one by one to Moacir, who examined them attentively. After the series of the *Côte d'Azur*, came that of Paris. When handing him the first one, M. de Saint-Clément closed his eyes and sighed:

"Paris!"

Although this insistence in presenting the beauties and the grandeurs of France in little doses was somewhat tedious, the deep love that M. de Saint-Clément manifested for his country moved Moacir deeply. His thoughts flew away to the wild forest, to the huts of Tujapà, where he again saw the Wise Man, his little Yandira, Siso . . . and for the first time he felt overwhelmed by a great homesickness. He cast a glance around the grand salon, perceived all the pale faces, all emerging from collars stiff as pasteboard, and felt afraid of being alone.

The Frenchman, reading his thought in his eyes, tried to give him courage:

"Paris is the country for everyone. No one is ever alone there. A welcoming spirit exists there

* "*En plain*," "*cheval*," "*carré*," "*zeros*"—roulette terms.

that places you immediately at your ease. You never feel yourself a stranger there. . . . Where are you going after Genoa?"

"To Milan."

"Will you stay there long?"

"I don't know."

"Oh, but I insist absolutely upon your seeing Paris! Here is my address, and do not forget to let me know when you are coming. I will go to the station to meet you. Promise me to come!"

Moacir promised him with enthusiasm: "Milan, Rome, Paris, Berlin! After that I shall go to London, I shall see Spain, all Europe, the great mother of civilization!" The antique oriental civilization appeared to him a dream that only European genius had been able to realize. What was Tujapà before the arrival of Kramer? What was Brazil before the arrival of the Europeans? Did not the Americas owe their prosperity to European genius? The world, in the mind of Moacir, had only one great power—Europe.

PART II

THE evening of their arrival in Milan Saraceni, who had through a friend procured passes for *La Scala*, took Moacir and the Count to hear "Madame Butterfly."

This performance made a profound impression upon Moacir. His imagination, even at its liveliest, had never been able, in spite of all that had been told him, to conceive of a spectacle so magnificent as this.

In the immense theatre was assembled an elegant public; and under the prismatic light of the great crystal chandeliers, the women, in their most beautiful gowns, masterpieces of the best dressmakers and tailors of Turin and Milan, displayed their shoulders and bare arms covered with gold and precious stones.

Rovescalli's scenery, in tints at once tender and luminous, gave such a realistic impression that it seemed little short of miraculous.

The music soothed the soul of Moacir who, under its influence, felt good and happy. It gave birth in his heart to such a need of universal love that he bestowed a look full of affection upon the Count, trying to make him understand all his profound gratitude.

On coming out of the theatre, Morani said to Moacir:

"Have you any need of money?"

"I, no—why should I?"

He had never understood the necessity for money which the savages of Tujapà never used; and Morani had taken good care that he shouldn't. This evening when giving him a bill of fifty lire, he said to him, smiling: "You are not in Brazil, my dear fellow; here it is necessary to have money and plenty of it to live. Be careful not to lose it."

Some days later, the Count said to Moacir:

"Would you know how to go all alone to Saraceni's? He wants to see you."

Moacir hadn't any desire to see Morani's friend, but not wanting to displease him, he acceded to his wish and went to the impresario's home.

"Oh, why here's our dear Moacir!" exclaimed Saraceni, when he saw the Brazilian appearing on the threshold of the studio.

"How are you? Come in!" and grasping his hand affectionately, he led him into a room where a young woman was stretched out upon a divan, tranquilly smoking a cigarette.

"This is Moacir, the king of the forest," said the impresario, presenting him to her. "This genuine phenomenon, in addition to the Italian that he speaks readily, knows four other languages; he has at his finger tips all the history of the world, zoology, . . . geography and astronomy. . . . You have before you, my dear, a regular prodigy."

"The woman is not so bad," thought Moacir, "but as for the other one—he is just a bluffer and a regular idiot."

The young woman arose, looked Moacir over from head to foot, and burst out laughing.

"So that is your savage! But there are plenty like him to be seen in the Arcade* if you will only sit there for a while."

"Don't talk nonsense, Milly," retorted Saraceni, irritably.

Milly with her hands upon her hips, went up to Moacir and looking boldly into his eyes, said to him:

"Is it true that you are a savage?"

Moacir laughed heartily. This woman with eyes outrageously darkened, with scarlet mouth and with cheeks daubed with rouge, looking more the savage of the two, amused him by her effrontery.

"What do you do? What is your name? Do you know how to dance? Are you married? Have you children?"

These questions succeeded each other so rapidly that he had hardly time to reply. Finally Milly insisted upon knowing if he knew how to dance, and having received an affirmative response, she obliged Saraceni to seat himself at the piano, and approaching Moacir made him, with gentle force, dance with her. After a few turns around the room, she stopped suddenly and escaping from Moacir's arms, exclaimed familiarly:

"Aha, my little man, I've got your number! You have a way of squeezing your dancing partner which is perfectly clear to me. You are really natural, no doubt about it." Then turning to the impresario, "I believe that you will be able to make a go of it here; your Man without a Necktie is going to be a stunning savage."

* The "Arcade" glass covered fashionable place where all types meet and show their characteristics.

Moacir smiled.

"Run along now, I have to talk business with him," whispered Saraceni in Milly's ear. The young woman obediently bowed graciously to Moacir, and sending him a look that might inflame an entire tribe, said:

"See you later, . . . savage! . . ." and passing in front of Saraceni, she caressed his abdomen with a little slap, and said: "I prefer him to your big-barreled figure, my old man!"

The impresario shot her a furious look, but she was already going away, singing a song that was then all the rage.

Saraceni coughed, offered Moacir a cigarette, then stretching himself out in a big leather chair, invited him to sit near him:

"That is *La Scala* at Milan," said Saraceni, pointing to the picture that Moacir was looking at. "Do you like it?"

"Very much."

"Would you like to be an artiste?"

"An artiste! But I don't know how to do anything."

"You could dance!"

"Dance?" exclaimed Moacir in surprise.

"Yes, dance, why not? You would be well paid; you might earn even thirty lire a night. That is a big sum!"

"What do you want me to do with it?"

"You are an unheard-of creature. Gracious! It takes money to live in Europe, a good deal of money, especially if you want to travel. . . . Besides that, the Count has lost in these last few days very

heavily at play, and it would be only fair that you should help him meet his expenses. Keep in mind that your work would not take more than two hours an evening, and that you would be able to spend the rest of the day just as you pleased—what are one or two short hours!”

He handed his guest a glass of liqueur and added:

“You wouldn’t be glad to have some money when there are in Milan so many gay little women only asking to be amused?”

Moacir did not understand very well just what this man was trying to say to him, and remained thoughtful.

“Come, now, swallow this little drink . . . then tell me what you think of my idea.”

“I don’t know: it would be necessary for me to talk it over with the Count. . . .”

“Talk it over with him then if you want to, but I have a special proposition to make to you that will assure you an engagement for a fixed time: three months at Milan, three at Turin, two at Genoa, four at Naples. All your traveling expenses paid and thirty lire a day.”

“How would you expect me to continue my studies if I were traveling around in this fashion?”

“Oh, it wouldn’t be necessary to go to schools in order to study. And you would never again have such a chance to visit cities, monuments, libraries, museums, . . . in fact anything that interests you!”

“What is it that I must do?”

“Oh, very little! Just dress up like an Indian and dance.”

Moacir had not been attaching much importance to Saraceni's words, but at this ridiculous proposition he burst out laughing.

"I? Dress myself in the costume of an Indian! . . . But in Matto Grosso we haven't any costumes. . . ."

"That doesn't make any difference, you'll put one on just the same. It wouldn't be decent to dance in public in the costume . . . or . . . rather, in the lack of costume of your tribe."

Moacir replied laconically:

"I will talk it over with the Count."

"You can talk it over with him right here. I am going to call him up on the 'phone. . . ."

"There's no hurry about it. . . ."

"But, yes, there is." "Hello . . . hello . . . is that you, my dear friend? How are you today? This is Saraceni speaking. Moacir wants to ask your advice about something: I will hand the telephone over to him."

As Saraceni was holding the receiver out to Moacir he was obliged to speak:

"Do you know why Saraceni wants to make me dance? He has just made me some business propositions: do I have to accept them?" asked Moacir.

"Why, certainly! It's a splendid idea! In the first place, it will amuse you greatly, and then you will be in the midst of crowds of pretty women, and you will be earning money. Now, listen to me! Sign that contract and I will explain to you in detail all its advantages when you come back to the hotel."

Moacir understood, but in a vague way. It was the first time that a proposition of this kind had

been made to him, and he did not even know what a contract was. "What is this thing that they want me to do?" he said to himself, imagining the most extravagant things.

Saraceni put before him several sheets of stamped paper covered with illegible writing and, handing him a pen, said:

"It is a simple formality."



When Moacir left Saraceni's house, the first fog of the fall was descending upon the city. This fog enveloping men and things, gave them a ghostly aspect that also chilled Moacir's heart. He wished to hasten his steps so as to reach the Count's home more quickly, and to hear some words of comfort; but he was crowded among the throngs that at this hour were filling the streets. Pushed here and there, jostled, obliged to stop at every step, he felt more lonesome than ever in this mob, more isolated than on an infinite ocean. He couldn't understand why civilized men feel the need of living crowded together, one upon the other, when there is so much room in the world.

When the Count saw him enter the hall of his hotel, he ran to meet him, and his first question was, "Did you sign the contract?"

"Yes," replied Moacir. "Didn't you advise me to do so?"

"Absolutely, and you did just the right thing! Always listen to my advice and you will get along

well. Let us go and drink something to your future success."

He took him in to dinner, ordered champagne, and throughout the entire meal kept talking about works of art, monuments, and antique remains of Roman civilization which they would have the opportunity of admiring in the course of their journey.

That night Moacir slept, his mind rocked with rosy dreams. In these dreams Europe appeared to him like a terrestrial paradise . . . where a multitude of pretty women, with lips as red as cherries, were dancing passionately before him.



"Your turn, Moacir! You come on, playing the mandolin and singing in a low voice, just like this!"

Saraceni took the mandolin from Moacir's hands and supporting it gracefully upon his paunch, advanced with mincing steps toward the proscenium, humming the chorus of the Brazilian song, "Caboclo."

Although having watched for several days the work of getting up the stage setting and following the demonstrations of the impresario (tremendously impressed with his own talent) Moacir, at this, could no longer keep from bursting out laughing, to Saraceni's great indignation. On the whole the rehearsals were going very well. Morani and Saraceni were satisfied; and while one was already dreaming of a grand tour of the United States, the other was calculating the profits that an engagement at the Win-

ter Garden of Berlin might bring in. Moacir also was satisfied, for the rehearsals amused him greatly. They made him sing his choicest songs, play on the mandolin and violin, and dance the fantastic dances of his tribe, with steps that Saraceni, by dint of some retouching, had contrived to make even more suggestive.

"Bravo, Moacir!" exclaimed Saraceni, his face radiant as he grasped the lad by the hand.

"I shall make a great artist of you yet; Watch your voice, especially on the trills. Pay attention to the high notes! You are to make your *début* tomorrow evening. Keep your mind on your triumph, and be specially careful not to be afraid of the public."

He took Moacir aside and, in order to prove his sympathy, put in his hand an advance of twenty lire, on account of his contract.

Moacir left the theatre and started towards his lodgings. For some days past he had been living alone in a small furnished room that he had rented of an old woman. At first, he did not like being separated from Morani; but when he heard that the Count was now going to live with his mistress, he resigned himself. On his way home, he kept dreaming of his *début* and trying to imagine how he would feel upon finding himself the following day in a large hall filled with people staring at him. At the corner of the street, his way was blocked by a crowd of people gazing with curiosity at some gaily colored posters. Going closer, he saw that they represented a North American Indian crowned with feathers, with daggers at his belt and a hatchet in his hand. Underneath was printed in large type:

OCTOBER 22

For the First Time in Milan

MOACIR

The Wonderful Indian from Matto Grosso

The Paganini of the Virgin Forests

Musician-Singer-Dancer

Impresario: ANNIBALE SARACENI

Orchestra Leader: Tullio Belli

Price: Admission, 2 lire; Chairs, 10 lire

Moacir was seized with a tremendous desire to laugh, but he controlled himself, fearing someone might recognize him.

A street gamin shouted in a high voice: "It's an Indian from *Porta-Cicca!*" (the most crowded part of Milan). Everybody ha-haed. Moacir shuddered and turned away, but no one had noticed him.

He continued slowly on his way, looking in at the shop windows, and at last reached the "Arcade." Here he stopped, fascinated by the magnificent spectacle of the Duomo. The cathedral was bathed in violet shadow, and upon its highest spire lighted by the last rays of the setting sun, the Holy Virgin shone forth in her golden robes.

"Men are curious things," reflected Moacir. "They worship a God in whose image they claim to be made, and in order to address their prayers to this invisible God, they construct temples of extraordinary magnificence. . . ."

A weak voice interrupted the progress of his thoughts.

"Have pity upon me, my good Signore! I have nothing to give my little ones to eat and do not know where to go for the night."

He whirled around and saw a woman with an emaciated countenance, wearing no outside wrap to keep out the cold, except an old black shawl thrown around her shoulders. She had a baby in her arms, another at her side, and held out her hand pleadingly.

"What! You do not know where to go for the night! Why not?"

The woman did not understand Moacir's question and kept repeating in supplicating tones:

"Give me alms! Help me for charity's sake!"

"Charity! . . . That is a word that I have never understood. Are you ill?"

"I am hungry. My husband is dead, and I cannot leave my two children to try to find work. They have turned me out of my lodging house because I was not able to pay. It is ten days now that I have been sleeping . . ."

A paroxysm of coughing cut short her words, and she burst into sobs.

Moacir took her by the arm and dragged her away from the crowd. As they went along, he was thinking that this woman might well reproach him for being well protected from the cold, for having a soft bed, for sleeping so warmly; and he was ashamed of his comfort. He stopped at the foot of the stairs of the Duomo and said to her:

"Why do you not enter here?"

"That is the house of God. It is not for the poor."

Moacir thought this response absolutely illogical. Taking the wailing baby in his arms and supporting the mother, he entered the church. The most profound silence reigned within, and in the darkness he could not at first distinguish the presence of any living person. In the soft light that filtered through the stained glass, he was finally able to make out a kneeling man. Going up to him he said timidly, in a low voice:

"This poor woman is ill; she has two babies. I myself am a stranger here, and . . ."

The man at his devotions looked up at the intruder who was just annoying him in his holy meditations and, without saying a word, went to kneel a little farther away at the foot of an altar where two wax candles were burning.

The woman murmured: "Come! Let us get away from here; you can see how useless it is to insist."

A man wearing a black robe approached them, twisting his bent body as though his legs could scarcely support him, and demanded:

"What are you doing here?"

Moacir tried to explain the sad situation of his protégées, but the sacristan, or beadle, did not even wait to hear the end of his first sentence before interrupting with:

"What do you expect me to do about it? Send her to the almshouse hospital!" and grumbling, he disappeared into the deep obscurity of the temple.

Nonplussed, Moacir turned toward the woman, and saw her weeping at the foot of a crucifix.

"Come on, courage!" he cried in a decided tone.

"Get up and come with me." Taking the children in his arms, he led the three miserable creatures into a neighboring restaurant. The room was warm and cosy, and deliciously appetizing odors were coming in from the kitchen. The waiter scowled at these strange customers with distrust and went to consult the proprietor. The response was doubtless a favorable one for, upon leaving his employer, the waiter prepared to serve them. Everyone did honor to the repast. When the dessert arrived, the older of the children, who was sitting on Moacir's knee, clapped his hands and laughed again and again, while the poor woman kept repeating in an excess of gratitude:

"God bless you, Signore! May He reward you!"

Moacir was delighted to see the children so happy and he played like a youngster with them.

It was not until he paid the bill that he discovered that there was only one lira now left in his pocket. What should he do then with his protégées? It did not take him long to make up his mind and, in spite of the poor woman's protestations, he took the three to his own room. He gave them his bed, threw himself down on the rug, made himself a pillow from a pile of books, and covered himself with his cloak. The poor woman kept coughing almost the entire night, and the younger of the two children cried incessantly. It was not till the first streaks of dawn lightened the room that mother and children fell tranquilly asleep. Looking at them tenderly, Moacir was recalling the morning that he himself had awakened in Kramer's bed . . . when he was startled by three sharp knocks upon his door.

Tiptoeing across the room so that the floor boards would not squeak, he started to open the door. There stood his furious landlady, with arms akimbo.

"Well, well! This is a pretty state of things!" she stormed. . . . "So you have brought a woman into my house, have you, and her brats in the bargain?"

Moacir pushed her gently outside, asked her to speak in a lower tone, and led her into a neighboring room.

"No, you don't! What do you take my place for, then? Do you think that I am going to let you lodge in my house all the ragged trash that you pick up in the street? That would be a pretty howdy-do!"

Moacir gave her a look of such scorn that she calmed down immediately. He took advantage of this to tell her the pitiful story of her chance guests and, either because she was touched by the tale or, perhaps because she was in a hurry to get rid of her unwelcome lodgers, she telephoned to the municipal hospital.

Moacir thanked her for her kindness, and a broad smile spread over his landlady's face when he asked her if she could lend him twenty lire. Then the virago's face suddenly darkened, and it is probable that if she had followed her first inclination, she would soon have treated Moacir to a sample of that choice billingsgate that she reserved for vulgar outbursts. But Signora Antonelli hesitated. She reflected that her lodger had paid her two months' rent in advance, that the Count, who really was a genuine Count, was the guarantor for this young man, and that upon every wall in the city were posters announcing their débuts. Reassured by these consider-

ations, she went into her chamber and returned shortly after with two ten-lire bills which she handed to Moacir.

He spent almost the entire day running from one office to another, trying to secure a certificate of the woman's pauperism, and answering the numberless questions of officials wishing to know why he was looking after the welfare of this poor woman and in what relation he stood to her. Then he had to go to the doctor's office, and it was not till late afternoon that he was able to cross the threshold of the hospital, accompanied by the sick, worn-out woman. There he still had to answer endless questions; everything that he had accumulated had to be verified to make sure that all conditions of admission had been complied with; and finally the poor woman was admitted to the refuge.

Moacir said good-bye to her, embraced the children, and was just going away when the nurse called his attention to the fact that the certificate was for the woman only, not for the children, and, consequently, it would be necessary for him to take them with him. At that, the mother took her babies in her arms and murmured sadly:

"Then I would rather go with them. I cannot be separated from my children."

Just then the house doctor passed by, and Moacir, with trembling voice, begged of him:

"Doctor, do admit these children. It isn't fair that they should not remain with their mother just because they have no permit!"

"It is the regulation," replied the physician, shrugging his shoulders and walking off.

"But then where should I take these two unfortunate little children?"

"It is indeed a question of unfortunate little children," bellowed a deep voice, suddenly resounding near him. "And the performance, what are you going to do about that? Have you given it up?"

Moacir swung around and saw Saraceni, red as a tomato, mopping his streaming brow.

"Come along now! The curtain rises in an hour. Is this the way you do things?"

Saraceni slipped ten lire into the hand of the hospital attendant, asking her to take care of the children for the night, and then grasping Moacir by the arm, hurried away with him.

At the door of the hospital, Moacir turned again to say good-bye to the poor woman, but did not perceive anyone but the nurse who, pocketing the money, saluted him, bowing her head with a kind smile.

When they entered the theatre, the first number was already in full swing. Morani came to meet them, greatly excited. He wanted to know what had happened, but Saraceni would not give him time to talk.

"Bye-and-bye! Help him get dressed now! That is more important."

Moacir found in his dressing room two bouquets of flowers—one from Morani, the other from the impresario. The Count helped to make him up, darkening his eyes, drawing two scars on his body, adjusting the feathered headdress, helping him into a gaudy jacket—in fact doing everything in his power to make him look as much as possible like a wild

Indian. He accomplished his work with the feverishness of a sculptor putting the last touches to the statue that is to be his masterpiece. From time to time, he backed away for a few steps so as to get the general effect and murmured, "It is magnificent!"

Moacir let him do it all but, catching a glimpse of himself in the mirror, thought the result perfectly ridiculous and the outfit one that would not have been at all satisfactory to the Indians of Matto Grosso.

The bell rang.

"It is your number," announced Morani.

The impresario opened the door, and the sight of Moacir in the costume that he had designed, overwhelmed him with joy.

"Fine! Come on now! Be sure to keep very calm, and do not let anything frighten you!"

They came out upon the platform:

"Begin singing in a low, far-away voice, and as you advance increase it in volume."

Saraceni touched a button and the orchestra began the song, "Luar do Sertão." The curtain rose slowly and Moacir had already taken one step upon the stage when a shove from Saraceni pushed him back into the wings.

"Your mandolin! Where is your mandolin?" cried the impresario. "What have you done with it? Good God, stir your stumps! Morani, rush around and find it!"

Morani dashed into the dressing room, returned, running with the instrument, and Moacir made his

entrée as naturally as though he had never done anything but play the wild Indian all his life long.

A murmur ran through the hall, and the applause burst forth.

The stage setting represented a primeval forest, and no detail had been omitted that would give the public the impression of the jungle in all its savagery. Upon a tree was perched a little stuffed monkey, and from the side-scenes issued the roar of wild beasts.

Moacir had arrived at the theatre in a bad humor, but now he sang and laughed, laughed and sang, so that the orchestra leader was obliged to be agile indeed to keep up with him.

The hall was filled to capacity, and Moacir was seized with a foolish desire to make faces at all these fascinated people who could not take their eyes from him; and he gave way to extravagant gestures just for the fun of seeing them so excited. He was here to dance, and so he danced with graceful lightness, making his body accord with the rhythm of the music, in supple and rapid movements. His jacket, a little tight, constrained the freedom of his motions. He took it off and flung it among the trees. The forest trembled! . . . When he let himself fall exhausted, the applause burst forth and cries of "Bravo! Encore! Encore!" were heard all over the house; but Moacir, without even bowing, picked himself up and went back into the wings in paroxysms of laughter. Morani and Saraceni clasped his hand with grateful ardor and begged him to go back on the stage and sing again.

"They bore me," responded Moacir, and he went toward his dressing room.

"Come, come!" repeated the impresario, following him. "Come back and sing! Don't you understand that the public is impatiently awaiting you?"

"What difference does that make? I have said that I would not sing any more, and I shall not change my mind."

In vain Saraceni appealed to his professional conscience, recalled his contract, begged him, threatened him, and was finally obliged to make an announcement to the audience, begging them to excuse the artist whose uncivilized ways he had not yet, so he said, been entirely able to tame.

Moacir undressed tranquilly, slipped on his modest street suit and, perceiving that the Count was prattling with the artistes, left hastily to avoid being noticed. Reaching his room, he threw himself upon his bed and fell into a sound sleep.

When Moacir opened his eyes the next morning, the day was already well advanced, the falling rain was beating against the window panes, the sky was gray, and he felt very much depressed: "My exhibition yesterday must have been perfectly ridiculous," he said to himself. "And all those people that were gaping at me were even more stupid than I! Why did I agree to such a contract? Just because others urged me to do so!" And suddenly he felt deeply humiliated.

As though to take him out of his depression, Signora Antonelli came smiling into his room to give him the morning paper, containing enthusiastic ac-

counts of his début, and she congratulated him upon his great success. Moacir did not like this woman, whose soft-spoken words displeased him, and he dismissed her with some curt words of thanks. He left the house and went almost on a run to the hospital. He was not permitted to see the sick woman on the pretext that it was not visiting day, but the nurse assured him that she would have special charge of her and that she had already had the children admitted into an orphanage. In spite of this woman's affability, Moacir went away annoyed and despondent. With a troubled heart he was edging along the walls in a dark street crowded between two rows of gray houses, when, passing a fence covered with posters, he saw a blind man offering boxes of matches to passers-by. Moacir went up to him, and put a lira in his wooden cup. The blind man touched the coin and thanked him, smiling.

"Why do you stay out here in the rain, instead of finding a more sheltered place?" Moacir asked him.

"Oh, Signore! This is a good place, and is worth the bother of getting wet! Since they have put up at the corner of the street some posters representing some kind of a savage, the people throng to look at it, at the same time passing by me and making my business good."

"Where do you live?"

"At the People's Hotel, for the time being."

"Is it free?"

"No, but I pay only one lira a night."

"How much can you make in a day?"

"That depends upon the generosity of the passers-by, Signore. The only hope for us poor unfortunates unable to work lies in public charity and in the good heart of the people."

"Are you obliged to come here every day?"

"Every day, Signore." And the blind man added, smiling, "if I wish to eat. Whether it is snowing or whether the sun is shining, I must sell my matches and my pencils, for if I held out an empty hand with nothing to sell, they would put me in prison."

"In prison?"

"It is late, Signore; will you be kind enough to guide me over to the opposite pavement? It is time for me to be going."

"Certainly, and have you earned much today?"

"Two lire."

After leaving the blind man, Moacir found himself, as usual, at the "Arcade."

It was nine o'clock; the sky was clearing.

Leaning against one of the columns, his hands in his pockets, he gazed up at the cathedral, whose fine carvings lighted by the moon, showed a perfection worthy of the hand of God. Art had given life to this marble, cold as death, and Moacir saw in it a symbol of European genius. This monument was undoubtedly a masterpiece . . . but then that universal happiness that it tried to glorify . . . wasn't that a vain word? For after all, if this God, who required magnificent temples, does not permit the unfortunate to find therein any corner for rest, could one truly call him the "Saviour of the World"?

Moacir recalled the man who was praying and

the sacristan, and musing on the great indifference that they had shown, he wondered what was the use of prayer to such people as they.

Absorbed in these considerations, he went slowly towards his lodging house.

He had scarcely opened the door when his landlady rushed to meet him.

"For the love of God, Signor Moacir, run as fast as you can to the theatre, for the performance is already begun. . . ."

Moacir did not understand why this poor woman was in such a state of excitement.

". . . the Count and Saraceni have been here to hunt you, and they are perfectly furious . . . if you had seen Signor Saraceni you would have been scared, too! . . . Run along, run along, fly to the theatre! There is not a moment to lose . . ."

Moacir entered his room quietly while the landlady, on the other side of the door, was still trying to persuade him. He picked up a book, stretched himself out on his bed and lay down to read.

Meanwhile Saraceni, gesticulating and sighing, was again entering the theatre, followed by the Count.

Everybody there, from the artistes down to the firemen and mechanics, realized at once that something very serious must have happened. The mere sight of the wild-eyed impresario, pacing up and down like a bear in a cage, left no doubt about that.

The tremendous publicity made by Moacir's début had attracted to *The Eden* an enormous crowd, and Saraceni was putting his wits to work to find a way to soothe the protests of the public,

by substituting some other attraction in place of the savage about whom they were all so excited. He thought of trained dogs, of a prestidigitator, of Odette, and even had a wild idea of disguising Lari, the tenor, as an Indian; but he had to give up this idea for fear of compromising his reputation as a popular impresario.

There he was sitting, holding his head in his hands as though trying to squeeze out an idea, when he caught sight of Morani, who, calm and smiling, was arranging a rose in Milly's hair! This sight redoubled Saraceni's wrath.

"Are you perfectly heartless, or are you a complete idiot?"

At this energetic interruption, the Count turned around and shot a furious glance at the impresario, without succeeding in intimidating him.

"Are you, or are you not, acting as the father of Moacir?—Yes? Then for God's sake, what are you fooling about there for? If instead of hanging around Milly, you had been looking after your young colt, I would not now be in the soup."

Everybody began to laugh and even Saraceni could hardly keep from smiling. His rage vanished and almost resigned, he said to the Count:

"Well, then, what are you going to do about it?"

"Go out front and make an announcement," replied Morani. "Invent some kind of a story; perhaps they won't make too much fuss."

"I have an idea!" cried Saraceni, bouncing up. "Raise the curtain."

He ran into Odette's dressing room; with a stroke of the brush, he plastered down the four hairs that

still remained on the top of his head, arranged his necktie, took a dash of perfume and going out on the stage, began addressing the public with his most gracious smile.

"Ladies and gentlemen . . ." he commenced, with all the gravity that the situation demanded, "the very select public that has come this evening to *The Eden*, has made such an impression upon the savage nature of the Indian artist who should now be standing before you, that he is at present sick in his dressing room, so that it has been impossible for us, in spite of all our efforts, to make him come out." (*Murmurs of disapproval through the house.*) "Ladies and gentlemen, I am confused, mortified, desperate; but persuasion has no effect upon a primitive being, and I dislike to use violence. I am not able in this gracious, intellectual metropolis of Italy (*loud applause*) to make an Indian, snatched from his fragrant forests, understand by force the right that, borrowing a poet's expression, you have bought at the door, on entering. Still another reason, a very grave one, makes me indulgent towards this unfortunate youth. Today is the anniversary of the tragic death of his mother, the very memory of which makes me shudder with horror! . . ." (*Signs of eager attention.*) "Moacir is a child of one of the most warlike tribes of Matto Grosso, one of those tribes always on the warpath, which when not fighting one another, are killing panthers, lions, hyenas and boa-constrictors. During a terrible combat with the tribe of the Bororós, Moacir and his mother, who was extraordinarily beautiful, were taken captives. The chief of the Bororós, in order to punish the un-

fortunate woman for not having yielded to his wild desire, gave orders for her to be killed; and as those savages are also cannibals, she was roasted . . . and devoured . . . before the terrified eyes of her child" (*signs of horror and great emotion in the audience*). "Now you know why our young Indian was called Moacir, which means in his native tongue, 'Son of Sorrow.' Later on, the white men arrived in this far-away region, and annihilated the Bororó tribe. The little Moacir was rescued by pious Catholic missionaries who educated him and brought him up. But he has always kept before his eyes the sight of that terrible tragedy. At this very moment, although ill in his dressing room, he is weeping and dancing feverishly, according to the customary rites of his native land, in order to commemorate the death of those who are dearest to him.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I appeal to your pity and to your generosity. We will replace the Indian feature reserved for you on our program by that of some trained dogs which were to have made their début tomorrow night. This first-class feature brings you, among other marvels, the dog Bobby, an animal endowed with truly human intelligence who has won great fame on many American films. This extraordinary animal . . . but I will not talk to you any longer, but leave you to judge for yourselves of his exceptional work. The performance will now continue."

Saraceni ended his discourse with one of those high-flown periods of which he had the secret and left the stage amidst furious applause.

As he went into the side scenes, still trembling

with triumph, his glance fell upon Milly, Odette and Lari, who were writhing with laughter.

All his courage fell: "Then while I have been toiling to save the situation, see what you have been doing! You are a child, yes—a child! And I, idiot that I am, thought that while I was breaking my neck trying to propitiate the public, you at least would have had the sense to go out and hunt Moacir!"

"I am going now," replied the Count, "but I never could have missed witnessing your *début*. My congratulations, old chap, you have been perfectly splendid!"



The bell rang three or four times before Signora Antonelli consented to open the door. The Count entered Moacir's room, followed by Milly.

"Ah, here you are at last," he cried, scowling at the youth lying on the bed. "And will you please tell me what you are doing here?"

"I am reading."

"We have been hunting for you all over Milan, and have already spent twenty lire for taxi fare. Are you trying to play some kind of a joke on us? Why didn't you come to the theatre this evening? What kind of a way is this to treat us?" You are not a man. You are ruining us. Don't you remember the clauses of the contract you signed? Have you or not signed a C-O-N-T-R-A-C-T?"

"Sir," replied Moacir, calmly, "have you not, yourself, forgotten the promises you made me about taking me around Europe?"

"Not on your life! I remember them perfectly, and . . . I will carry them out; but I did not promise to have you visit Europe at my expense. On the contrary, you should be grateful to me for having found you a way of making money without doing hardly anything."

"What the Count says is perfectly just," added Milly, rattling the papers on the bureau.

"Indeed it is not just," replied Moacir, getting up quickly.

"Well, what are you going to do about it, if you don't want to come to the theatre any more? Don't you know that I would never give you another cent?"

"That makes no difference to me."

Milly burst out laughing.

"But you are no longer at Matto Grosso, where you simply had to reach out your hand to pick bananas; if you want to eat, you will need some money. . . ."

"I am going back to Matto Grosso. I am going there tomorrow. Do you understand? And you are going to be compelled to send me back."

Moacir went to open the window, and the Count, cowed by this threat, remembered that the only means of getting anything out of Moacir was to be gentle with him.

"If you wish," replied Morani, tenderly, "I will go with you even to São Paulo. . . . That is my duty. . . . I will even go with you to Tujapà if you wish it; but what you are doing now is not worthy of you. You know well enough that if Saraceni wished to give you a place on the stage, it was for your own good. It is because he has discovered

in you an artistic nature, and it is because he wishes to have you give it expression in a beautiful situation. He has spent an enormous amount of money on your publicity; he has made engagements, trusting to your good faith, and if he does not keep them, God knows what the outcome will be! I should not be surprised if they threw him into prison. In a world so well policed, they do not permit people to do just as they please. What would society be if anyone could do just as he pleases? A chaos."

The Count perceived that his words had hit the mark, and he continued more and more tenderly:

"If you have any appreciation of all the affection that I have lavished upon you, my dear fellow, you must follow my advice and you will see that you will come out all right."

Milly winked her eye, took Moacir by the arm, saying, "Leave my Moacir in peace and let us go and have a fine supper at the Savini."

Moacir accompanied them to the Savini, listened to all the idiotic things that Milly kept saying, looked at the Count and found him suddenly aged. He felt a little remorseful. After supper, Saraceni arrived with Odette, and they wound up the evening happily as though nothing had happened.

When Moacir again found himself alone in his room, he reproved himself harshly for having promised that he would go again regularly to the theatre. Why in the devil had he been so weak? Had he been afraid to live his life alone? But it was too late now to go back on his promised word.

He went regularly to the performances, and at last resigned himself to this kind of life. In order

to forget his loneliness, he spent his days plunged in the study of the occult sciences. He wished to convince himself that death does not exist, and that the soul of the Wise Man had not deserted him.



Moacir had just gone home after having spent the morning in the Academy of the Brera Palace.

The pictures of the great Italian masters, the masterpieces of Leonardo da Vinci and Raphael, the gentle expression of the madonnas and angels, the pale face of the dying Christ, covered with blood, had all made a profound impression upon him.

"The men who have created such masterpieces as these," he mused, "must have drawn their inspiration from the exaltation of such sentiments as have inspired the Wise Man. They have not wished simply to put color on canvas in order to create any picture whatsoever, but to give a vivid expression to the spiritual light which sprang from the Orient."

He was deep in his thoughts when the door opened suddenly, and Saraceni, accompanied by Morani, burst into the room.

"Listen, Moacir," began the impresario, without giving the boy time to recover from his surprise, "you're a fair-minded man, a smart fellow, aren't you? Just listen to what has happened!"

"Not on your life," interrupted the Count, laying his hand upon Moacir's shoulder. "It is I that you must listen to first. It is I who have brought you to Europe. It is I in whom you ought to have confidence!"

"You idiot!" retorted Saraceni. "Listen to me now!" And the two, glaring at each other like fighting cocks, began talking so excitedly and at the same time that it was impossible for the unfortunate Moacir to catch a single word of what they were trying to say to him.

"Tell him first of all what we agreed at São Paulo! I then promised you twenty per cent of the net profits, not a cent more!"

"It was agreed that if I brought Moacir over, you would reimburse me for all the expenses of the trip, and you would give me besides thirty per cent of the receipts."

"You are raving, or you have taken cocaine, upon my word! And how about those nights when Moacir didn't want to play—are you taking them into account? I lost then more than 10,000 lire. Do you understand that?"

"Don't listen to him, Moacir; he's a bandit. Every night he makes more than two thousand lire net profit, and even when you did not play, he made expenses by trading on the gullibility of the public."

"Ah, that's the way it is! I'm a bandit, am I? . . . All right! . . . perhaps you can tell me what you have done with Kramer's legacy?"

"That's none of your business! That's an affair to be settled between my dear Moacir and me, and you have nothing to do with it. You will do better to give me what you owe me . . . instead of trying to be foxy with me."

"You haven't anything to say! You haven't done a blamed thing! It's he and I who have borne all the brunt."

"Thief . . . cheat! . . ."

"You can go on talking that way to me as long as you want to, because you know insults don't have any effect on me. As to the question of cash, not another cent to you, do you get me? . . . Try entering a suit against me if you want to."

"A lawsuit? . . . Some kicks in the back would be all that I would get out of that, yes!"

"Try it then, you fool!"

"Take that!" A resounding smack landed on Saraceni's rubicund face—and they went at one another like two boxers in the ring.

Moacir had listened without saying a word. When they came to blows about it, he watched the struggle with great interest. It reminded him of the panthers' struggle for the bleeding Siso.

The Count fell, and the impresario, snatching up a paperweight of bronze, was about to hit him on the head when Moacir was upon him with a bound, and stopped him by twisting his arm and making him powerless. He then threw him over his back, ran down stairs with him, and threw him into the street like a bundle of dirty linen.

Signora Antonelli, attracted by the noise, had run out of a neighbor's apartment where she was paying a call; but when she saw Moacir carrying on his shoulders a struggling man, she fled hurriedly into her room where, trembling from head to foot, she kept repeating ceaselessly:

"My God, have pity upon me! He has turned into a savage again!"

Going back into his room, Moacir found the

Count fallen into an armchair, but holding out his arms to him:

"You have seen what a brute he is . . . what a dirty rascal?"

For the first time, Moacir realized that this man had a skinny face, little swollen eyes, thick, damp lips. Standing before Morani he surveyed him smilingly, amused to see him in this plight—imploring pity, his collar undone, his clothes in disorder, his necktie knotted like a rope around his neck.

"You are smiling, Moacir, but did you see that wretch? He wanted to rob me; he wanted to bleed me to the last drop. But you defended me, didn't you? You are grateful to me for all that I have done for you, aren't you?"

Moacir did not open his mouth. He now saw clearly through his protector's game and read his mind.

"You will protect me, won't you? For it is I, who have brought you here; and I have always loved you. That dirty rascal wanted to get hold of Kramer's legacy in order to avenge himself on me. But you know well enough that the small sum that the Wise Man left you has been used to pay the expenses of the trip . . . that it is very expensive. Why look here!" drawing some hotel bills out of his pockets. "Just look at these! The hotel at Rio, the ocean voyage—first class, the Hotel Miramare at Genoa . . . You can see for yourself that they have all been carefully set down by me. It is necessary that we should agree about it all, for your own interest. I intend to adopt you—to make you a Count. I'll let him see what mettle I am made of! . . ."

He looked at himself in the mirror, and seeing in what a state he was, set himself immediately to put a little order in his appearance. He straightened his part, smoothed his hair, buttoned his collar, retied his necktie, and brushed his coat.

"Brigand! Brigand!" he kept repeating all the time that he was adjusting his toilet.

Moacir, motionless, was amazed at this man who, a few moments before, was lying out on the chair, pallid, defeated, overwhelmed . . . and now standing erect before his mirror, dressed up, hair pomaded, was putting his elegant necktie in place as if nothing had occurred.

"The necktie!" thought Moacir. "These are the kind of men that wear it."

Morani brushed his hat carefully and, his face wreathed with smiles, held out his hand to his ward.

"Thank you, Moacir. I will leave the bills with you that you may examine them more carefully. After tonight's performance, we will resume this discussion among the three of us. Now that he knows your strength, it will make him reason more wisely. He's a coward, you know! He's afraid! I shall arrange all this myself, and he will only have to sign. When he sees your fists, he'll sign all right! Don't you worry. . . . See you later, Moacir!"

Morani held out his hand for the second time but, as Moacir gave no indication of seeing it, he started toward the door. Just as he was crossing the sill, he stopped, drew a bank bill from his pocketbook and put it on the table.

"I am leaving you one hundred lire, for I am

sure that rascally Saraceni has not given you a cent. See you later, my dear child!"

He made a pirouette, saluted Moacir with a wave of his hand, and went out.

Moacir ran to the door and closed it with a double turn. He felt the greatest need of being alone with himself, of regaining his poise and putting his thoughts in order. He felt overwhelmed with great sadness. . . . Morani had just taken from him many of his illusions. He would not see him again; he preferred still to retain some bit of faith in human goodness. He wanted to get as far away as possible from Morani and from Saraceni. It could not be possible that all Europeans were like these two sharpers. There must be some other men with whom he could live, and with whom he would find justice, goodness and faith.

He looked around him as though he would blot out the sight of the disgusting scene that had just taken place before his eyes, but everything in the room—from the shabby, wrinkled curtains down to the big chair holding out its empty arms to him—seemed trying to recall it to him.

He leaped up with a bound, listening only to his instincts, and with the frenzy of a man who feels himself trapped, got out his valise and crammed into it his books, his clothes—everything that belonged to him. He pressed to his heart the picture of Kramer, embraced it many times and placed it very carefully in the midst of his other possessions. He glanced down the corridor to see if anyone was passing, listened at the door of his landlady to make sure that she was at home, took his valise and went out.

In the street, he stood a few moments undecided—not knowing which way to turn. Then as though an idea had just struck him, he crossed over toward the corner of the *Piazza Fontana*, where he was used to seeing the blind man. He was there now, in fact, leaning against the wall, his head up so that no one could doubt his misfortune, opening and closing his eyelids in order better to attract the attention of passers-by. Moacir put a coin in his bowl, and said:

“Say, my good fellow, could you give me the address of the People’s Hotel?”

The blind man’s face lighted up with a smile.

“Certainly! . . . for I seem to recognize your voice. Are you not the stranger who gave me a lira the other day?”

“Yes, indeed, I’m the one.”

“And you wish to live at the People’s Hotel?”

“Why not?”

“Oh, well! . . . Take tram No. 20. It will let you out almost opposite it. You can’t mistake it. It’s a large, five-story building and looks like a school. . . . A little bit of advice. . . . If you intend living there, get on good terms with the steward. . . . Give him a tip, and you will find yourself very well treated.”

“Thank you! Good-bye . . . and hope to see you soon again.”

A half hour later, Moacir entered the People’s Hotel of Milan. The director examined him from head to foot as though he had come to ask for some confidential position; and after numberless questions, he gave him a room and told him that, accord-

ing to the rules, he would be able to occupy it only at night time.

"If you care to put your valise in the wardrobe, you must pay three lire more a month," added the director, with the air of saying: "Just as you please. Everything is paid for down here. That may seem to you a little dear, but we can't give everything for nothing."

Moacir paid, put his valise in the wardrobe and took the key that the steward gave him with the kindly warning that if he left it in the locker he would run many chances of not finding his things again.

"What comedians all these people are!" thought Moacir. "They give the impression that it is impossible for them to think seriously. If I had to live constantly among them, I should soon become a fool." He recalled the beautiful days passed on the steamer and at the Hotel Miramare. How simple and agreeable everything there had appeared!

A man with a mass of black hair passed by with a package of books under his arm and went into a room on whose door was written "Reading Room."

Moacir followed him and found himself in a large room with whitewashed walls and large windows. On two rows of tables were heaped newspapers, reviews and pamphlets. Some men were excitedly arguing; others were reading. In one corner, two fellows in shabby clothes smeared with mortar and plaster, were sleeping in their chairs, their arms hanging down.

In the midst of one group, a man in a large hat was skilfully cutting the silhouette of his neighbor

from a sheet of black paper. Thanks to this art, in which he was a past-master, he was able to live modestly without too much effort. He boasted of his success in securing the exact profile of the prettiest woman as well as of the homeliest man.

"Wait a moment! I am going to make a crack at that bareheaded chap down there!"

Moacir approached him with curiosity.

The artist applied himself to his work.

"Look here! Isn't that a perfect likeness?"

"Bravo for the Man without a Hat!" said Moacir, laughing. "Could you make my profile, too?"

"Yours? Why not? You are a foreign type. Are you an Eskimo, a Tartar, or a Russian?"

The man, wearing a big, black, flowing tie, began cutting the paper, occasionally stealing a glance at Moacir.

"You don't wear any necktie. Isn't your neck cold?"

"No."

"Look here! All done! Do you like it?"

Moacir looked with childish joy at the black profile that the artist was carefully mounting upon an elegant little white card.

"Well, I'm not so ugly," he thought to himself, as he gave a lira to the artist, who looked at him with compassion and handed back the money.

"Nonsense, you must be a millionaire! Keep your money to pay the hotel. I only take money from the smart people, those who can pay for cafés, ocean baths and mountains. They are richer than I am, but I wear a larger hat than they—and that makes it all right. I am not a penniless wretch, you know. I

spend the spring at the lakes with the high-toned people; Christmas festivals and New Year's day at Rome; winters in Switzerland like an American; and the Carnival at Nice. I have stopped here only on my way, and if I have chosen this hotel, it is because I find here certain types that are worth the trouble of looking for. Why shouldn't I? I am an artist—and here I do not prostitute my art."

While talking, he had silhouetted the group gathered around the table. When he had finished this masterpiece with a few cuts of the scissors, he held it out to Moacir, saying:

"I will make you a present of this one, and if you like it I will count upon you to show it to your friends and acquaintances."

Moacir thanked him and, after having expressed his admiration, was about to sit down beside him, when the Man with the Big Hat turned to say a word to a pale man with faded blond hair, thin, with light blue eyes, very much occupied at the moment doing up packages of postcards.

"Don't you want me to help you?" asked the artist.

"Yes, indeed," replied the other, with a very strong German accent. "Will you be kind enough to count the cards and put them in groups of a dozen?"

"You do it," said the artist to Moacir, handing him the postal cards.

Happy to have found friends and to be able to make himself useful, Moacir set himself to the task.

The cards represented views of Paris, Berlin, Constantinople, landscapes in Siberia and other

places; but on every one was a medallion with a photograph of a blond man, under which read: "Herr Friedrich Müller, World Traveler."

Moacir happened upon a card of equatorial Africa and hastened to ask the World Traveler:

"Did you also go into these virgin forests?"

Herr Müller stopped his work, and after having examined Moacir attentively, probably to make sure of his race, replied:

"No, sir; I have not had time to go there yet. Before the war I was traveling for a German house that has since failed; so it happened that after the demobilization, I found myself without a job, and I decided to travel over the world on foot . . . when I am not able to take the train. I am selling these cards for the education of the public; but when I shall have finished my tour of the world, I shall write a book. . . ."

"With your feet, naturally," added the artist, slyly.

Herr Müller was not nonplussed by such a little jibe as that and, spreading out a package of cards as he was accustomed to do before his clientèle, said:

"This postal card with my picture, dressed in my costume of World Traveler, represents the sanctuary of Mecca."

"You have been there?" asked Moacir.

"Not yet; I have only planned to visit it. But that does not concern the public; that is my professional secret. But are you not a foreigner? What country do you come from?"

Moacir felt somewhat embarrassed.

"America."

"America! . . . North or South?"

"I was born in Brazil. Have you been there?"

"Sir, your persistency in always asking me where I have been is annoying. I repeat that I am a World Traveler . . . afoot. Isn't that enough for you? Just be patient! In time I shall go to your country also."

"I don't believe you will!" said Moacir, smiling. "I was born in Matto Grosso among the savages there. . . ."

"You were born among the savages? Oh! Oh!" . . . And the blond man, leaving the artist to sort out the postal cards, approached Moacir. "Do you happen to have about you some photographs of your country? No? That's a pity, isn't it? Then tell me how they live down there. I adore voyages, and I should be delighted, in case anyone should ask me for facts about your country, to be able to give them some."

Moacir, while tying up the last packages of cards, explained to the World Traveler, who hastened to take notes, about the usages and customs of the tribe of the Bororós.

The Man without a Hat, while cracking some nuts, waited until Moacir had finished answering the thousand questions which Müller was asking before saying:

"What is your name?"

"Moacir Kramer."

"You are entirely wrong not to wear a necktie," sputtered the artist. "The necktie and the hat are the only things which distinguish men from monkeys."

"Give me your hand, Kramer," said the Man without a Hat. "My name is Bar Eli, and I was born in Russia."

Moacir felt deeply moved at hearing himself called for the first time by his father's name. Confused, he held out his hand to Bar Eli, who grasped it with effusion.

"And you?" said the World Traveler to the artist. "From what country are you?"

"I was born a Roman. I have grown up in Rome; and there I shall die."

Moacir looked at him with curiosity and was about to ask him some questions when a house-attendant entered the room, ringing a bell.

"What is that?" asked Moacir in surprise.

"That's bedtime," replied Bar Eli.

The Man without a Hat took the Man without a Necktie by the arm, and like two old friends they climbed the stairway to their rooms.

Moacir left Bar Eli reluctantly. As soon as he was shut in his little room six and a half by seven feet long, he felt very much depressed.

"Kramer. . . . Kramer!" he sobbed, throwing himself at the foot of the bed, as on the day when death had taken away his benefactor.

Since that time, he seemed to have been living in a dream, and to awaken suddenly with the sensation of falling into a bottomless abyss. He recalled the Count as he appeared in Brazil. What possible connection could there be between this gentleman who had taken him into his arms after the death of the Wise Man, who had tried to console him, to explain to him the lofty significance of his motto "*Noblesse*

oblige," and Count Morani, who had stolen Kramer's legacy, and who, in company with the impresario, had wished to exploit him by exhibiting him as a monkey? . . . And this Saraceni who pretended that he had only one desire: to make a great artist of him, and yet who would have mashed the head of Morani rather than share the profits that had been made upon him? . . . And the man who was praying so devoutly in the church that his heart was inaccessible to charity? Were all these people then just wearing masks?

He tried to go to sleep; but these folk kept constantly moving before him—a band of phantasms that gave each other blows, burst out laughing, danced, grimaced—whilst a voice kept murmuring obstinately in his ear: "Masks! They are all wearing masks!"

Fatigue finally overcame him, and he fell asleep.

Toward morning he had a vague impression of hearing a bell whose sounds came near and then went away; but snuggling down under the covers he continued his sleep, giving himself up to the sweet repose that often follows a troubled night.

He started up out of his sleep, shaken by two strong hands, and saw beside his bed a man looking at him severely.

"What do you want?" asked Moacir angrily.

"It is time for you to get up."

"I shall get up when I please."

"You are a pretty fellow! The rules require that everyone shall have left his room at eight o'clock so that we may begin the housework."

"Then it is really necessary for me to get up?"

"Yes—quickly, right on the jump, for I have no time to lose," said the house-attendant in a tone that admitted of no reply as he left, banging the door after him.

Moacir got up regretfully.

"Am I then really a man?" he asked himself. "The Count and Saraceni made me sing and dance like a jumping-jack. Here they compel me to go to bed at the sound of a bell, and to get up when it pleases them. How queer people are!"

He went down to the vestibule and found the Man without a Hat waiting for him there.

"Where are you going, Moacir?"

"I don't know: I am hungry."

"Haven't you any money?"

"Yes."

"How much?"

"I don't know."

"Bravo!" exclaimed Bar Eli with admiration. "Then come to breakfast with me."

They went to a restaurant a few steps from the hotel, where Bar Eli seemed to be well known, and even approved by the rosy-cheeked mistress.

"How is your appetite today, Signor Bar Eli?"

"As usual, Signora Rosetta."

"Well, then—two eggs, a pear, some cheese and a cup of coffee—will that do? And what for your friend?"

"The same thing," ordered Moacir.

The proprietor disappeared into a back shop, while the waiter set upon the old, round marble table the indispensable toothpicks, salt, pepper and sugar.

The Man without a Hat fixed his gaze upon the Man without a Necktie, and said to him:

"You told me that you were born in Matto Grosso in Brazil, did you not? Then how is it that your name is Kramer?"

"I was adopted."

"By whom?"

Moacir recounted the events of his life, not omitting the last scene between Morani and Saraceni, and concluded:

"You would have thought that two snarling beasts were struggling to snatch their prey; and I felt their fangs digging into my flesh. Really while they were fighting, I felt something die within me."

Though Bar Eli's life had been a very tumultuous one, he had never encountered any case similar to Moacir's. He listened silently and with much interest.

"What do you think of our civilized world?"

"I don't know . . . I cannot judge. . . . I am mastered by circumstances, pushed by an unknown force. I feel as if everything that surrounds me is hostile. I feel at times a stranger to everyone—even to myself."

"And Kramer never explained to you why he cultivated so devotedly moral rather than material beauty?"

"No, never."

"He did wrong."

"Why?"

"Because of the way in which he has brought you up, you will never be able to feel at home in Europe. To be sure, not a few Europeans have known how

to assimilate Oriental philosophy; but most of them have understood better the philosophy of Machiavelli or that of the superman. When the conquering Romans, eager for the grossest pleasures, comprehended that from the Orient was emanating a force more powerful than their own, they had only one idea—to annihilate it; but as they were unable to stifle the truth, they masked it before revealing it to the world. That is why pagan materialism has never ceased to dominate us. It is undeniable that the Occidentals have created marvelous works, but almost all of them have been in the material domain. The progress that they have made has only improved the lot of a minority, for their evolution is still in a primitive state; and we take part every day in the bestial and useless struggle to secure for ourselves riches that might easily be acquired with a little love.

“The power of men, as Kramer told you, resides entirely in the spirit, even though the world today is dominated by the most cynical materialism and the most abject hypocrisy. That is the triumph of Machiavelli, Moacir; and that is why men do not enjoy peace.”

Bar Eli’s ideas made Moacir very pensive, for he did not yet understand them well. After a few moments of silence, he said:

“Nevertheless, you esteemed and appreciated Doctor Kramer, did you not?”

“Certainly. He was more intelligent than other men.”

“Aren’t your ideas the same as his?”

“My ideas? . . . if I had any, yes, perhaps. Ever

since I was born I have known nothing but persecutions and sorrows. A brother whom I adored and who had Kramer's ideas is dead in Siberia; and my parents, perhaps, are living over yonder. That would surprise me though, for life there is very hard. I have two brothers in Europe, unless they may be in America. What does it matter, since we shall never see one another again? I live absolutely alone with myself and my books. I have acquired only one certainty: that men are wasting their time in giving out useless theories and suffering uselessly. It is not that they are bad, but they are ignorant. They are born fools and remain idiots."

"No," replied Moacir. "You cannot deny that man is intelligent when you see the discoveries he has made, and the way he has converted the wildest of the virgin forests into magnificent cities."

"Yes, but *he* is always the same. Man has changed merely the exterior aspect of the world. In the place of huts we have magnificent palaces; in the place of moonlight we have electricity . . . but man himself has not developed."

"Nevertheless, I am no longer a mere man of the forest, with a mind upon which fleeting sensations leave no imprint!"

"You have a clear vision and you have had no need to build palaces, monuments and aeroplanes. Your conquest is entirely an inner one, and that is why you have not found those whom you have met congenial to you. There are a few choice spirits, but the masses, rich or poor, are always the same."

Moacir would gladly have continued to catechize Bar Eli, but as his companion had entered into con-

versation with the plump lady at the cashier's desk, he did not interrupt them.

They passed the day together, and the Man without a Hat explained to Moacir the system that he had adopted in order to live. But this system, to tell the truth, was merely a *modus vivendi*, which enabled this young man of delicate health, without a cent of capital, and with a very keen intelligence, better adapted to study than to the exploitation of his science, to live on good terms with society.

For certain physical reasons, and because of a succession of political circumstances, Bar Eli was an intellectual vagabond—the kind that modern society calls “déclassé,” but who, in another environment, might have been able to do much good for humanity. By sheer will power, he had succeeded in conquering the bitterness of existence, forcing himself to be cheerful and to see only the humorous side of life. Very witty and likeable, he had succeeded in winning a great many friends who often invited him to their homes, where he sometimes met persons wishing to learn one of the many foreign languages that he knew to perfection. In fact it would have been difficult to classify Bar Eli in any hard and fast way. He might have been termed the Eternal Student or the Joyous Professor. He did not wear a hat because he felt that this accessory of the toilet had an influence upon the mentality of man. “When a man has a hat on his head,” he said, “he no longer has any personal opinion. He has only that of all those who wear the same hat that he does. If he happens sometimes to have an idea that is really his own, it is because he has taken his hat off.”

When Bar Eli was speaking seriously, he laid bare his soul, as when talking to Moacir. This young Indian, filled with the highest aspirations and wandering bewildered in a strange country, excited his pity and made him wish to destroy the boy's illusions without doing him too much harm. "In fact," he told himself, "one man always gives something to another, and Moacir has made me understand the uselessness of the necktie—a very important thing."

Having some points in common with him, Moacir became his best friend.

For many days at a time they could have only short interviews because the Man without a Hat was often obliged to be with his pupils; but on Sunday evenings they returned together to the People's Hotel and passed many hours together. Moacir was frequently glad to meet the Man with a Big Hat who, always imperturbable, was cutting out his silhouettes from black paper while saying to a group of friends: "I am going to create a masterpiece; and when I have accomplished it, I shall put it under the noses of the idiots who pretend that I have no talent."

One day this artist, having done very little business, was coming back to the hotel in a very bad humor.

The World Traveler was in his usual place, and there were some new arrivals: an old man with a long white beard was dictating to a youngster a letter to be sent to his daughter who had gone to America, and he was shedding many tears as every phrase recalled his sorrow.

Moacir looked at the poor man and suffered with him.

"What are you thinking about?" Bar Eli asked him.

"Why did this old man let his daughter go so far away into a distant country?"

"It is poverty that forces them into exile, and compels them to wander all over the world struggling to earn their bread."

"But why are there rich people and poor people? Doesn't the earth produce enough to nourish everybody?"

He recalled his first lonely walks at night in Milan. He saw again the emaciated face of the poor sick woman and her two children, and the blind man obliged to ask for alms in the rain; and he murmured in a low voice: "Alone! . . . All alone on the earth! . . ."

"I shall be free tomorrow, so long live freedom!" cried Bar Eli, trying to divert him. "We will go to visit the *Pinacoteca*, where there are many interesting things to see; and we shall go to the *Castello Sforzesco*. It seems to me that you understand better the things that are difficult than those that are not!"

"Thank you," replied Moacir, unable to stop looking at the old man who was still weeping.

Just then there came into the room a strange individual, a man with his cap pulled down over his eyes, his coat collar turned up, his hands in his pockets, and the swaggering strut of a bully. He did not speak to anyone, but settled himself in a chair with his feet on the table. He was followed by another young man wearing an elegant cloak who

had in his hand a little valise like those that traveling men carry. He went over to a table where several men were gathered, and opening his valise with the greatest circumspection, he drew out a little package that he passed stealthily to his neighbor, while mumbling some words, loud enough, however, for everyone to hear:

"I will give them to you for two lire, but they are worth at least thirty. I need money. I am selling my overcoat, too, although it is brand new—twenty lire."

His neighbor took the package and opened it. It contained neckties. He handed over the two lire and hastily pushed a necktie into his pocket.

The salesman made the tour of the room, and his merchandise brought him many clients. Moacir only did not want any. What would he do with them? As the salesman, nevertheless, insisted, he finally bought a necktie and even the overcoat.

"Why," he asked Bar Eli, "does this man take so many precautions about selling his merchandise?"

"For two reasons: first, because selling is forbidden here; and second, because these are stolen goods."

"Stolen goods? . . . and you let me buy some of them!"

"Why not? Look around you. All those who had any money have bought something. It is in this way that solidarity is understood in the People's Hotel."

The seller of neckties had just approached the artist and said to him:

"You have not done any great business today, eh?"

As for me, I have nothing to complain of. Things have not gone too cheap. Have you paid the hotel?"

"No," replied the artist, "I have hardly made enough to eat."

"Well, then, anyway, take this! Pay me back when you can."

The thief gave him four lire and seated himself beside the artist and turned his back on the rest of the company.

"Solidarity!" murmured Moacir, in deep thought.

"There are in the world," explained Bar Eli, "some men who are men in name only, men that society has rejected, men conquered by life—victims of their physical or moral weakness. But for these human derelicts there is a law though it may not be found in any code—a law that is none the less sacred to them and that obliges them to help one another: it is the law of solidarity which is accessible only to the humble and to the oppressed."

"How is that?" asked Moacir. "Is not the law of solidarity universal? These men that live here, are they not like other men?"

"No, the men that live here are beyond the pale of the law; they are under the ban of society."

"And we—what are we?"

"We—I don't know! One sure thing is that we have certain points of resemblance, a common ancestry—from the viewpoint of our bringing up; and the odd thing is that since I have been watching you, I have come to the conclusion that it might not be so difficult to improve the condition of the world, after all. It is evident that your Bororós kinsmen did not

think in the same fashion as you do, but it is also evident that Kramer has made a Man of you. . . ."

The house-attendant came in, ringing the bell. Moacir looked at him with disgust. Any man whose business was that of thwarting the will of others was detestable to him.

The Man without a Necktie and the Man without a Hat were going out of the reading room when they saw, over in one corner, the blind man arranging in piles on the table the coins that he had received during the day. Moacir went up to him and questioned him. The blind man recognized his voice at once.

"You are here, too?"

"Yes, but I have not yet had the pleasure of meeting you here."

"That's so! Queer, isn't it?" And the blind man, without paying any further attention to Moacir, went back to counting his money. He kept touching the coins one by one and fingering each pile to assure himself that he had the correct amount. When he had counted and recounted them, he put his fortune in an old leather purse that he tied together many times with some twine, and stowed carefully around the belt of his trousers.

Moacir, who had watched this performance with some surprise, said to Bar Eli: "Why is this man so devoted to his money?"

"Instead of calling you the Man without a Necktie, we ought to call you the Man of the Question Mark. Why is that man so devoted to his money? Because he is blind—that's all!"

Moacir shook Bar Eli's hand fervently and re-

tired to his little room. The life led by these civilized men seemed to him curious indeed. He was especially amazed to see them constantly on the go—aimlessly getting up, working, eating, talking, weeping, laughing, going to bed; doing it all over again the next day, and so on endlessly. "Life," he thought, "is only a circle, and are we, like the earth, to spend our time in going around in a circle?"

During the night, he seemed to hear a banging of doors and heavy steps in the hall, but did not know exactly what was happening.

As daylight was breaking, he felt a hand clutching his arm, while a voice implored:

"For pity's sake, don't call out! I'm a comrade."

Moacir opened his eyes and saw beside his bed a young man pale as death, anxiously looking at him.

"What do you want?" cried Moacir, sitting up in bed.

"Hush, hush, I beseech you, do not give me away!"

"What do you want?" repeated Moacir in a lower tone.

"My accomplice has been arrested last night!"

Then Moacir recognized the necktie-seller of the day before.

"Look! I have my pockets full of money. If you do not give me up, this money is for you."

"I don't need it. What do you want me to do?"

"The police arrested my friend last night, and I have escaped by a miracle. I found your door open so I came in. . . . I knew that they would not come here to hunt for me in your room because you

are a stranger. When the rising bell rings, I will put on your hat and I will slip out in the crowd with the others—the boy will not recognize me.”

The unfortunate fellow now begged; in his eyes was the terror of a beast trapped by the hunters. Moacir got up and gave him his hat. The other one took it and, without even asking permission, also put on Moacir's overcoat. Moacir let him do it.

Outside, they heard the man with the bell passing down the hall.

The thief opened the door cautiously, and went out. Moacir listened a moment, then, not hearing anything unusual, began to dress.

Some minutes afterwards, the man with the bell knocked at his door.

“It is time to go out,” he cried, sticking his head in the half-open door. As he was going to close it, Moacir grasped him by the arm.

“How do you expect me to go out if you shut me in?” and passing in front of the boy he went away whistling, ignoring his dismay.

The angry boy called to him in a threatening tone, but Moacir did not deign to turn around.

“Another idiot—and already tipsy,” murmured the keeper of the People's Hotel.

Moacir stopped at the corner of the *Via Simonetta*, where he came face to face with the World Traveler carrying an enormous wallet, arrayed in cape, knickerbockers and Tyrolean cap, even including the indispensable feather. He was going slowly along, supporting himself with an Alpine stock as though he were descending Mount Rosa. Moacir invited him to breakfast, but Müller declined the invi-

tation. He had planned to explore the most crowded corners of Milan in the company of the Man with the Big Hat, and he could not break his word to his friend.

Bar Eli joined them, his pockets full of books that he had taken out from the library.

"Let us go to Rosetta's," said Moacir, "and I will tell you what happened to me last night."

"Good gracious," exclaimed Bar Eli, after having looked him carefully over. "You are making progress—you are not wearing a hat any more! I, for my part, have given up my necktie. A hat, you see, is an ignominious thing. As a matter of fact, when one meets a friend or goes into a house, one has to take it off as a sign of respect."

"As for the necktie," replied Moacir, "it separates the heart from the brain and strangles truth."

Laughing like two children, they entered the *Café Rosetta*, where Moacir recounted the night's happenings. He had scarcely finished his story when the thief entered the café, his coat on his arm and his hat pulled down over his eyes.

"I shall never forget what you have done for me," he said to Moacir. "Here is your overcoat and your hat."

"Sit down," commanded Bar Eli. "Tell us a little bit about what has happened."

"My story begins well, but it ends badly," said the thief smiling. "For two years now I have been following this trade, and I have never been caught, neither has my accomplice. But last night . . . I am sure there is a police spy outside here—the scoundrel! Bah!"

He looked around, and as though a suspicion had just crossed his mind, he got up brusquely.

"It's better that I should not hang around here too long—it looks suspicious."

He gulped down his coffee, paid for everybody, and went off. Moacir watched him and saw him go out rapidly, skulking along the walls and then losing himself in the crowd.

"What a sad life," sighed Bar Eli.

"Poor little chap!" said Signora Rosetta. "His head is a little hot, but he hasn't a bad heart. He was sent to the front when only seventeen years old. How could he then under such conditions have learned a trade? And then . . . he is a foundling. . . . It is necessary to live somehow, and there must be some outlet! I have often given him the scraps from the kitchen, and yet . . . he has gone away without even saying good-bye to me."

Moacir could not take his gaze from the street. He asked Bar Eli: "What is it that she called 'a foundling'?"

"It is a baby that is alone in life."

"Isn't everybody alone in your society? I am alone, too: what do you advise me to do?"

"Nothing. Do the birds do anything? They content themselves with crumbs, and they find the crumbs always handy. Have you ever seen one of your Bororós die of hunger? It is important to learn the art of doing nothing. In working, you do more harm than good. You increase production, and as too much has already been produced, you create misery. . . . That man is a fool who makes himself

the slave of riches without reaping its benefits. He who does not work is the only sensible one."

They left the café, and on the way to the *Pinacoteca de Brera*, in the *Via Torino*, they met a funeral.

"One less to cumber the earth," said Bar Eli, sentimentally, "one more to enrich it."

Moacir looked at him in surprise:

"Don't you believe in the immortality of the soul?"

"If men had a soul, it would be known. For my part, I believe that they have only a stomach!"

Moacir recalled that Weiss, on the *Giulio Cesare*, had said to him almost the same thing.

"See what fools they are," said Bar Eli. "When men are alive they can do all the evil they wish without anyone finding fault; when they are dead, they are put in a box lest they run away."

A stylish young man on the other side of the street saw them, and called to Bar Eli:

"Hey there! I have something to say to you."

"Can't you put yourself out a little?"

The young man crossed the street laughing, and took him by the arm:

"Come with me. I must introduce you to a charming woman who has two sons that are idiots, and she is hunting for an intelligent professor to teach them."

"That's just the job for me," cried Bar Eli, and turning to Moacir, he said:

"I'm sorry to leave you; but business before everything. I advise you to go to Monza to see the automobile races. You can tell me afterwards your im-

pressions; they will amuse me. We can meet again at six o'clock if you wish, in the restaurant on the *Via Orefici*. We will dine together, and I will pay."



Moacir was on his way back to the city, after having been to the automobile races as his friend had suggested, when he felt a hand on his shoulder. He turned around and perceived the World Traveler accompanied by the Man with the Big Hat.

"Where did you come from?" Müller asked him.

"From the automobile course."

"We have spent our afternoon at the boxing match. There was an old acquaintance from the People's Hotel there who fought six rounds. We didn't want to miss that."

"It was marvelous," exclaimed the Man in the Big Hat; "and I tell you they struck hard! The people, too, were not stingy with their applause. It is astonishing the feverish joy that one feels at seeing two people knock each other down; and one moment I was in such a state that I would gladly have fought with those beside me! And yet, I am a peaceful man. And you—did you enjoy yourself?"

"No," replied Moacir; "when I got out to the automobile course it seemed to me that the people had all gone crazy. They yelled, applauded, gesticulated, ran along the barriers and did all they could to excite the racers to go more quickly. I shall never be able to understand the interest that there is in seeing one car arrive before another one; or in one

man's achieving a victory over another. Isn't the result always the same? Just before I got there, a car had upset and turned over on its driver, crushing him completely. It is so easy to see that such accidents are inevitable: but the crowd rushed out there on tramway, in cars and taxis, as though each one wished to arrive first. To arrive before what? What is the reason of this speed folly?"

"It is because man is always interested in surpassing his fellows. 'Who comes late is badly lodged,' says the proverb."

"For my part," added the World Traveler, "I have come to the conclusion that sport rather than intelligence takes you on the road to fortune."

Although these explanations only confused Moacir more than ever, yet he did not dare to ask any more questions. Suddenly remembering that he had an appointment with Bar Eli, he contented himself with merely saying:

"To what country are you going after Milan?"

"To Switzerland, probably," replied the World Traveler.

"And when are you going?"

"As soon as we can get our passports. Would you like to go with us?"

"If you want me."

"You would be the same savage there as here, and then . . . it is better not to stay too long in places where one is known. Have you a passport?"

"Of course—why shouldn't I have?"

"I thought that as a savage you would inspire sufficient confidence, and they would let you go through the world as you wished."

The three of them decided to go together and, delighted at the idea, they began to make a thousand plans.

"Let us found a society:" suggested Müller, "we will live and work together like three brothers."

"I'll take care of the cash," said the Man with the Big Hat, "for I love practical affairs! You can give me what you think best for my services."

"Switzerland is beautiful, isn't it?" asked Moacir.

"Magnificent! I will let you see the rest of my postal cards when we get back to the hotel," the World Traveler hastened to reply. "And after Switzerland—Paris! Paris, my dream, my true love! . . ."

"A love from which no German has yet recovered," interrupted the artist.

"Don't mix politics with business," retorted Müller, annoyed. "I have always loved France, and during the war every cannon-shot sent upon Paris, echoed in my heart."

This remark reminded Moacir of the charming Frenchman whose acquaintance he had made in the Hotel Miramare.

"How long before we shall reach Paris?"

"That depends upon the business we do in Switzerland; for they say that in that country they are particularly prosperous now, due to the high rate of exchange," said the World Traveler.

"I have some friends at Lugano who greatly appreciate my art, and with whom I have promised to stay two months. They will welcome me with open arms. . . ."

"Excuse me," interrupted Moacir, "but it is late. I must hurry, for Bar Eli is waiting for me."

"We will go with you."

The three men hastened their steps. As they entered the *Corso Vittorio Emanuele*, they saw a crowd gathering as though something unusual had happened.

"It is the day of the popular assembly," explained the Man with the Big Hat. "The orators of each party are exciting their hearers against those of the opposite party."

"Those are merely children's games!" added Müller.

"Yes, but games of children who hit hard because they believe that they know why they are striking," observed the artist.

They entered the restaurant in the *Via Orefici*, where Bar Eli was just sampling a big apple. At the sight of the Man with a Big Hat, he could not repress a gesture of annoyance. That individual with his materialistic theories had never been congenial to him. The artist knew it but did not bother about it. When talking with Bar Eli, he took the opportunity to explain that, thanks to his own way of looking at life, he had been able to go every day to the restaurant and choose the best dishes: whereas he, Bar Eli, with all his science, had often been obliged to content himself with meals of peanuts and water.

As usual, they were getting into a heated discussion when they were interrupted by an unwonted excitement in the street. The crowd was running as though threatened by a grave danger, and taking

refuge in the shops and under the *portes cochères*. Some of the fugitives rushed into the restaurant, their faces white with fear, while the proprietor and the waiters hastened to lower the metal curtains in front.

Very much puzzled, Moacir turned a questioning glance toward Bar Eli.

"Don't be afraid;" he said smiling, "these are just little squalls."

In no time the square was deserted. From the foot of the street was coming slowly a compact throng bristling with red flags and with placards, on which was printed in great letters "*Viva l'Internazionale!*" *

A grave and solemn chant arose from the crowd—a sad, socialistic chant as from downtrodden people:

Forward, O people to the rescue!
The red flag will wave!
Long live, socialism and liberty!

The dark mass came to a standstill. No one spoke in the room. Soon appeared another troop which came up rapidly, singing a new song:

"Youth, youth,
Spring of beauty."

Some hundreds of young men in the black shirts of the Fascisti ran now through the streets, using their cudgels.

* Long live the International United Workers.

Children of the same mother—all these men were ready to hurl themselves against one another. Why did they hate each other so? For what holy cause were they going to sacrifice themselves?

"Close up quick! Drop the iron curtain!" cried the manager to the waiters.

The first revolver shots resounded to the cry of: "*Viva, Lenin! Viva, Mussolini!*"

The cavalry charged, and the horses' hoofs clattered over the pavements with an infernal noise.

"Quick, close the iron shades—for the love of God!"

A very old waiter ran to the door, but had scarcely reached it when he put his hands quickly to his chest, staggered a few steps, and sank to the floor. Bar Eli took him in his arms while the others gathered around them. The poor man had been struck with a bullet from a revolver. He closed his eyes, smiled humbly upon his customers, gave a long sigh and, dropping his head upon Bar Eli's arm, expired.

While they were laying him out upon a table and covering him with a cloth, Bar Eli murmured, as though expressing his inmost thoughts:

"This is Christian love!"

Outside on the street, mingled with shots from the revolvers and the trumpets sounding the riot act, were cries, imprecations and blasphemies.

The restaurant had filled with people seeking shelter, and now upon every face one could read the horror of the drama of which only the echoes could be heard. Shut in, huddled together, with death in their midst, these people were living through a trag-

edy with heavy hearts while following the development of seemingly interminable events.

Suddenly, near the door, the Fascist song again resounded, stronger, nearer:

*"Youth, youth,
Spring of beauty."*

The startled women sprang to their feet, and the proprietor cried: "*Viva, Mussolini!*"

There was a knock on the door—a shudder ran down their spines! The door opened; it was the ambulance that had come to take away the corpse.

The deserted streets were blockaded by the troops. The drama was over.

Little by little, the restaurant became empty, and each one, still trembling, vanished to his home.

Moacir remained quiet, still under the stress of the emotion that this tragic scene had aroused. Bar Eli, on the contrary, had resumed his cheerfulness; and this gaiety made the heart of the Man without a Necktie bleed.

Was Bar Eli disillusioned to such a point that nothing could ever touch him again?

The World Traveler, who was smoking nervously with trembling hands, ordered a drink.

"You will see what a good business we shall do in Switzerland and in France!"

"We shall see!" responded the Man with the Big Hat. "In any case, I shall always associate myself with the one of you two who succeeds the best. The man who knows life is the one who puts himself on the strongest side. If Mussolini is recognized as a

great man and passes for a genius, I shall think as he does."

Bar Eli, who was not accustomed to drink, emptied a great glass of wine at a gulp, and this soon made him very talkative:

"I would like to go away, too. The climate of Milan certainly does not agree with me. It is too damp for me and is bad for my nerves. If I remain here, I shall become neurasthenic or rheumatic. I am going on the other side of the Mediterranean into the land on the edge of the desert, to work among those who have always preferred to be the oppressed, rather than the oppressors—among those that are despised because they have always preached Love and await the Messiah who will come to save the world. I have seen enough blood spilled. History is but a collection of crimes: mankind is satisfied only in the midst of slaughter. Civilization gives me the horrors."

"You are tipsy," roared the Man with the Big Hat. "Or rather, it is the death of this unfortunate who has just died in your arms that has driven you crazy. One man more or less—what difference does it make? For the last forty years, he has been a waiter in a café. When I was still a child, he was already an old man, dragging his feet in the sawdust. He remained standing only by habit, and doubtless because his feet were becoming still more flat. Every day that might have come to him would have been but a day of suffering that he has escaped now. He died with a smile on his lips. Did you see it?" . . .

*It is not true that death
Is the worst of all evils
For it is the relief of mortals
Who are tired of suffering.*

Everyone was silent. Bar Eli took the arm of the Man Without a Necktie, and they went back with the other two to the People's Hotel. Moacir took comfort in the thought that in a week's time he would be leaving. "I have not had any luck in Italy," he thought. "Kramer was right! The people there are at the mercy of leaders who do not know how to educate them or, maybe, do not want to educate them, but why?"



Moacir spent the week before his departure with Bar Eli and Müller. The Man with the Big Hat, having made the acquaintance of a charming woman who had offered him her heart and . . . a lodging, had decided to remain and not abandon his conquest.

The night before Moacir's departure, he wanted to get his passport visaed. After having been made to wait more than an hour in a dark room, the guard decided to take some notice of him, and took him into a little office that was heaped with piles of record books so dusty that they seemed to him like old bottles ranged in a cave. Before the desk in the center of the room, was seated a fat man with olive skin, black shining eyes and a face crossed by an enormous mustache. While signing some papers littering his table, he said to Moacir:

"You want to go to . . . to . . . ?"

"To Switzerland," murmured Moacir.

"Oh, yes, exactly! You are an Indian, aren't you? And what's your name?"

"Moacir Kramer."

"Are you an East Indian or a German?"

"I am an Indian from Brazil."

"Son of . . ."

"Of Henry Kramer."

"Pardon me . . ." and he looked through some papers that he had before him from which he read: "Of the late Henry Kramer, born in Paris? How's that? Your father born in Paris, and you an Indian? What kind of a story is that?"

Moacir did not reply; but the official, who prided himself on his shrewdness, thought that he understood and, smiling, continued:

"Where do you come from?"

"From Matto Grosso."

"Where is that country?"

"In Brazil."

"In Brazil?"

"And you came to Italy as a music hall artist?"

"That is not true," replied Moacir, beginning to lose his patience.

"How is that? Weren't you engaged at the Eden?"

"See here, Signore, these are things which concern me only! I have come here simply to get my passport visaed."

"Beg pardon, Signore, but these affairs do concern us very much indeed. It is our business to know whom we admit into our country, and for what reason. Furthermore, I cannot visa your passport for

there has been a complaint entered against you. Is it not true that you signed a contract with Signor Annibale Saraceni and Count Morani? . . . They are two very worthy people who have spent a great deal of money for you, have given you some of it and have made engagements in your name. As you, on your side, have not felt any obligation to fulfil the conditions of that contract, it will be necessary for you—in order to reimburse them for the troubles that you have caused them and the expenses into which your resignation has dragged them—to turn over to them the sum of thirty thousand lire that they claim from you. For my part, I couldn't give any passport until you have settled this affair with these gentlemen."

Moacir received this news like a knockdown blow. Finally, with a shaking voice, he was able to say:

"Those men are rascals!"

At these words, the commissioner, bursting with indignation, said:

"The men of whom you speak are respectable persons: I beg you not to insult them."

"Rascals! They are rascals!" repeated Moacir.

"Get out of here or I will have you arrested," roared the commissioner, pointing to the door.

Without losing any of his calmness, Moacir went up to the desk with his fists clenched and, fixing his eyes on the man, said:

"I am . . . an Indian from the wilds of the forest. Do you understand . . . an Ind . . . i . . . an, and . . ."

The commissioner undoubtedly understood very

well, for he calmed down at once and closed the interview with an amiable smile.

"Oh, well, my dear friend, find a good lawyer who will defend your case, and come back and see me again. I shall then take great pleasure in giving you your passport."

Moacir went away sadly. Was it possible that this idiot of a commissioner could prevent his departure? In the first place, why did he owe thirty thousand lire to Saraceni and Morani? They had not given him a cent of Kramer's legacy; they had spent it all in a little more than a month, and they still owed him the money. All the people around here were perfect fools!

The World Traveler was awaiting Moacir in the reading room of the People's Hotel. Seeing him enter with frowning brows and flashing eyes, he hastened to ask the reason.

"Never mind, we can fix that up another way," said Müller, after having heard his story. "Instead of passing through Switzerland, we can go directly into France, and we can turn the trick of getting across the frontier without any passport. We can get off the train at the last Italian station, and come together again at Mentone, on foot. This is a little bit of a walk . . . but it will be excellent for our start as globe-trotters."

PART III

THE MAN without a Necktie and the World Traveler got out of the train in the *Gare de Lyon*, just as Paris was beginning to light up. Moacir noticed at once that the people here were moving around much more briskly than in Italy, that they were more smiling and festive.

Paris! The memory of the happy years spent with the Wise Man came back to his mind. To find himself here in the very city where Kramer was born was for him the realization of a beautiful dream. What would have been the joy of his protector to share with him this long awaited hour! Why had the dead man been deprived of this last consolation? Moacir approached Paris with heart and soul renewed, having recovered all his faith and all his illusions.

Each of them was wrapped up in his own thoughts as he walked along. When they finally arrived at the modest hotel that the World Traveler had chosen, they decided to go to bed, although it was hardly nine o'clock. But they must get up early the next morning to start business.

They were up before the clock struck eight. The World Traveler carefully opened an old valise, took out an aluminum atomizer and a little linen bag; then he took a swallow of water and moistened Moacir's shoes. When he had finished this preparatory work, he rolled his sleeves up to the elbows, re-filled the spray with the dust in the bag, and sent it out upon the shoes and the clothes of his friend.

He did the same thing to his own clothes—and thus the two were transformed into regular globe-trotters, as authentic as possible.

These preparations had greatly amused Moacir, but Müller insisted that one should never joke when it is necessary to carry on a big enterprise.

“Whatever may be the means we are obliged to use,” said the World Traveler, sententiously, “we should always regard them seriously. It is no little thing when it comes to being successful, and that ought now to be our only aim in life. Nothing is more detestable than not to believe your own lies when you want to make other people admit their undoubted truth.”

Moacir could not make out whether Müller was really convinced of what he was saying, or whether he was merely amusing himself by exploiting human credulity. As he watched him, he was amazed to see with what professional conscience he plied his trade. He studied the geographical maps and underlined the routes and crossways that he might have taken, as though he had really made the tour of the world afoot. He studied the manners and customs of all kinds of people and spoke about all the countries on earth with the positiveness of a man who had been there.

Müller expended so much will power in the exercise of this profession that brought him little but privations or fatigue, that Moacir could not help admiring him even when he indulged in such childish tricks as sprinkling dust on their clothes. What he could not understand was why Müller had to live in

such a way. When they entered a neighboring café, very shrewd indeed would have been the person who could have guessed that these two globe-trotters, covered with mud and dust, had just simply stepped out of their hotel!

The people, much interested, stared at them, but the World Traveler did not deign to honor them with even a glance. He gulped with relish a cup of coffee, and then took some packages of postcards out of the bag that he carried hanging from his shoulder.

These were views of the Bay of Rio Janeiro. In the corner of each card could be seen the World Traveler photographed against a background of oleanders, holding by the hand a little Indian, and surrounded by savages armed with spears and arrows.

A customer sauntered up, and the World Traveler immediately took advantage of this opportunity to tell him about his experiences in Brazil, and to present the young Indian he had captured. The Man without a Necktie excited great interest, and numberless admirers bought cards as much from curiosity as to aid this valiant explorer to continue his journey through France.

Moacir had the greatest desire to laugh while Müller was working this claptrap, but his companion threw him such a supplicating glance that he made a great effort to keep his face straight. The World Traveler left the café with a radiant face, and taking Moacir by the arm promised him affectionately that he would never leave him.

This first success suggested to him the idea of making an announcement of his return from Brazil in one of the large dailies, and, so to one of these editorial offices, they directed their steps.

They were about to cross the *Rue de Rivoli*, when they were obliged to stop to let pass a procession that was coming in their direction preceded by a great crowd of people. It was the mutilated soldiers going toward the *Arc de Triomphe*. The blind were clinging to the arms of their relatives, and the faces of some of them were so horribly disfigured that they no longer looked like human beings. All of them had their breasts starred with decorations proclaiming their glorious martyrdom. A little girl held out her hand to one of the unfortunates who was dragging himself painfully along on crutches. When Moacir looked at her, she noticed it and smiled timidly back at him.

Greatly moved by this sight the Man without a Necktie was, nevertheless, unable to understand the passivity of these unfortunates. How could they, forgetful of their sufferings, glory in these scars of human cruelty? Why did they not rebel?

When the procession halted for a moment, it brought close to him a mutilated soldier whose little cart was pushed by an old woman with an emaciated face and blue eyes glittering in sunken sockets.

The man had broad shoulders, and a vigorous torso, but no limbs. His features were fine, but all one side of his face was disfigured by a big gash in which the eye was nothing more than a bloody trough. Horrified, Moacir instinctively hid his face in his hands. The old woman noticed it:

"I am his mother," she murmured.

In this unhappy throng this woman alone seemed to be conscious of the stark reality and to be fulfilling her sacred duty in showing men, to their shame, this pitiful human wreck.

The procession started on again, and the woman pushing the little cart marched with them, moving painfully along, her head down as though bowed by the weight of her overwhelming grief. Moacir turned towards the World Traveler and saw him wipe away a tear with the back of his hand.

The line moved interminably. Some young people marched by, still strong and vigorous; but all were marked with the ferocious stamp of Death—which, jealous of seeing them escape, had tried to place his indelible impress upon their bruised flesh.

Moacir was grievously surprised. In all the forests he had known only one mutilated man, and even his scars had been made by wild beasts. He had to come among civilized men to learn that the human heart contains hatred and cruelty.

The World Traveler started quickly on in the direction of the office of a big morning paper. He came out of it even more quickly than he went in. As they had not even let him in, he experienced a profound disillusion.

"Humanity!" he cried. "I have only one word to say to you, but that word I shall repeat until my last gasp. Die like a dog!" And shaking a menacing finger in the air, he repeated angrily, "Die like a beast!"

They then went to another newspaper, where this time they were fortunate enough to be received. An

amiable reporter invited them into his office and listened complacently while Müller recounted his little story.

"Dear sir," he said, when Müller had finished—and it was evident that he was making fun of him as the witty French have a famous way of doing—"are you sure that you are not mistaken as to the origin of your Indian? For my part I am inclined to believe that he comes from the tribe of Senegalese." The World Traveler, wounded in his self-love, and moreover, certain of Moacir's origin, disagreed bluntly and maintained his opinion with so much vehemence, that finally the reporter, to calm him down, bought some postal cards for which he generously paid a franc. Although he had not promised to announce his arrival in the newspaper, nor that of his mysterious savage, the World Traveler thanked him, nevertheless, and after having told him of another episode of his adventurous life, clasped the reporter's hand vigorously as though he were an old acquaintance, and went out, dragging Moacir with him.

Out in the street, depression overtook him, and he wanted to go right back to the hotel.

They were occupying a small room and sleeping in the same bed in order to economize.

On that night, seated in a chair, with brows wrinkled, elbows on his knees, and head in his hands, Müller could not make up his mind to go to bed. What thing could disturb him in this way? What thing is always stirring the heart of Europeans? It seems that they can never get any rest, thought Moacir.

Suddenly the World Traveler raised his head, and the Man without a Necktie saw in the dusk that his eyes were burning with a strange light, and his lips were trembling.

He straightened up, and opening his shirt front, exclaimed in a voice broken with emotion:

"Look, Moacir! Look at my wound!"

A deep scar crossed the thorax.

"You see, it has entered my lungs . . . I am a man down and out. . . . I have two old people dependent upon me for a living. But you . . . I understand that you could not be content with this . . . do whatever you wish, for I have nothing else to propose. You serve me, I serve you. We are two pariahs of life. We simply exist . . . that is all."

Müller's words upset Moacir; he felt surging within him a sentiment that he had not yet experienced, an ill-defined fury, a wrath which drove him to revolt, a need to curse without knowing who should be the object of his resentment. What was this evil which poisoned the heart of civilized men only? Why was not the Wise Man here to make him see it clearly?



For several weeks they continued thus to go around Paris, eking out a painful existence. Moacir felt great pity for this unfortunate man who, in order to earn his living, was obliged to conceal his sufferings under a mask.

Every night they went back to their hotel still more depressed because this uncertain life was more enervating than mere fatigue. Moacir had become

indifferent to everything. Reading no longer gave him any pleasure, and he often passed before the most beautiful works of art without mustering the courage to look at them. This existence which was, after all, only a continual chase, this profession which consisted of getting money out of people by rascality, this perpetual lying, irritated him and made him spiteful. He longed to revolt yet suffered from his helplessness. He had a deep pity for this poor man who was sustained only by the desire of earning money to help feed his own people and keeping at it even though in physical torment. From time to time Müller would stop to get his breath, for his cough harassed him; then turning to Moacir, he would say: "Are you tired?" What a difference between this courageous companion and Morani! The Man without a Necktie was beginning to understand the value of money! What good use he could make of it now if he only had some of it! His helplessness exasperated him . . . but what could he do?

Müller's business prospects were not very bright. One day he said to Moacir:

"You've had enough of living with me, haven't you?" Moacir did not know how to reply, and his friend continued sadly, "I never had a chance. I believe that if I should begin to manufacture glasses, people would begin to lose their nose!"

One morning Moacir found that the World Traveler had resumed his way, leaving him alone. He had left upon the table ten francs and a postal card with his picture upon which he had scrawled a few words of excuse, and he ended by advising Moacir to get

back to his own country with the help of the Brazilian Consul.

"Poor Man!" exclaimed the Man without a Necktie, after having reread the card, and he was moved deeply. He took up the ten franc bill and examined it on all sides. "Why do civilized men attach so much value to these bits of paper so ridiculously printed? Do they not understand that in giving to these small notes the rights of life or death over individuals, they cannot have peace in their hearts?" Had he, himself, done all he could to help the World Traveler, and what was he going to do now? . . . Go to the Brazilian Consulate? Return home? Never!! The memory of the little that he could take back from civilization would embitter his life forever. . . . No, it could not possibly be that this was what the Wise Man had wished to make him love. What connection could there be between the pathway flooded with light that Kramer had delighted to follow and this dark alley through which he had been wandering ever since he landed in Europe? He would be going back in a worse condition, with hatred in his heart. . . .

No, it was not possible that in this atmosphere of progress, mankind must suffer more than in the depths of the virgin forest. He must stay here. He recalled the French tourist at Genoa, at the Hotel Miramare, and hunted among his papers for the card that he had given him. He found it almost immediately, "Gustave de Saint-Clément." His mind was made up. He dressed himself carefully, put on his last white shirt, open at the throat, and took his way to the *Champs-Élysées*.

On arriving at the Saint-Clément mansion, he encountered a doorkeeper in livery.

"I would like to speak to M. de Saint-Clément, if you please."

The gold-laced porter examined him from head to foot. The people whom his master was accustomed to receive did not generally go on foot, and certainly they were not dressed in such fashion as this which he was sure was incorrect.

"M. de Saint-Clément is not at home," he said, finally; and as Moacir did not budge, "M. de Saint-Clément is not at home; do you understand?"

Just at that moment, a young man of great distinction, very elegantly dressed, came out of the door. The obsequious porter hastened toward him, took off his hat and murmured a few words in his ear. The young man turned to Moacir.

"Do you wish to see my father, Monsieur? Follow me, perhaps he has not gone out yet."

Moacir followed him up the great marble staircase lighted by antique wrought iron lamps. In the vestibule a liveried valet came to meet them, helped them to take off their coats, and ushered them into a salon whose walls were decorated in white and gold and adorned with large oil paintings. The floor was covered with a crimson carpet, so soft that it made Moacir feel as though his feet were sinking into the soil.

"Be good enough to sit down. I am going to call my father."

The young man went away leaving his visitor alone in the salon.

Moacir had never been in so luxurious a house.

The elegance of the objects surrounding him appealed to him after the miserable existence that he had just been leading, and gave him an agreeable sensation of repose. While he was amusing himself watching some goldfish swimming in a bowl, the door opened, and he saw M. de Saint-Clément who came to greet him with open arms.

"Monsieur! Monsieur! I have not forgotten our meeting, and I have always hoped that you would come to visit me in Paris."

Moacir was agreeably surprised at this cordial reception and, having regained his confidence in himself, recounted his adventures.

M. de Saint-Clément was highly amused at the recital of the combination invented by Saraceni and Count Morani. He even laughed about it until tears rolled down his cheeks, which rather surprised the Man without a Necktie. M. de Saint-Clément had the air of a lively man, but for him to be amused at the story of these two pirates was rather surprising.

"France," he said gravely, as though reading Moacir's thoughts, "would never abandon the son of its friend, Brazil. You will be the honored guest of a French family."

The day passed rapidly, thanks to M. de Saint-Clément's exuberant amiability. When night came, Moacir went joyfully to his room. How different it was from the one that he had just left! And he ensconced himself in a big armchair in order to better enjoy the satisfaction that so much comfort was giving him. While the marks of friendship with which Saint-Clément overwhelmed him interested

him, he could not understand why they were so cordial. Experience had made him distrustful, for he had learned that man never gives anything except in the hope of return payment.

He glanced around his room. Upon a small table was a crystal vase filled with red roses that exhaled a delicate perfume. A picture on the wall caught his eye. The canvas represented a country road bordered with trees stripped of their leaves and holding up their skeleton branches to the sky. Not a ray of sunlight lightened this gloomy country. On the muddy road, an old man wrapped in a cloak and holding by the hand a child muffled in a shawl, seemed to be struggling against the wind. Toward what end were they plodding along? Some day the old man would stop forever, buried under the dirt that would finally overwhelm him, and the child would go on alone until the day when he in his turn, would become a man and would take by the hand another child to lead a little further toward the day when . . . he, too . . . Moacir shuddered. Had not he, himself, been taken by the hand, sometimes by one sometimes by another, like a child? He looked out of the window at the street lighted by thousands of lamps. The crowd was hurrying along the pavements, and the automobiles were following one another without intermission, in an interminable file. Where then, was all the world going?

He closed the blinds, and threw himself down upon the bed. Half asleep he dreamed he saw Kramer before him, and Yandira with her head upon old Siso's shoulder. When he awoke, the sun had melted the snow and was trying to come in through the blinds.

He opened the window that it might enter, and picking up his violin, started to play as he used to do. As he played the last notes of the song of the forest moon, he heard discreet applause from the other side of the door. Exasperated, he threw his violin on the bed, exclaiming irritably, "It will never be possible then to have a moment's peace to one's self or to live an instant alone!"

Someone knocked on the door. He did not answer.

He then heard the voice of M. de Saint-Clément who persisted:

"Are we disturbing you, Moacir?"

He opened the door and found there Mme. and M. de Saint-Clément who, smiling, were waiting for him to permit them to come in. He reproached himself then for his bad humor and thanked them for their kind hospitality. He took the opportunity to express his increasing admiration for Paris and to praise the beauty of their dwelling. He heard himself talking, surprised at his own enthusiasm, for in truth he did not feel entirely at ease in this sumptuous dwelling; and these men in livery, who were always showing him little attentions with their eternal smile, annoyed him.

Furthermore, the Saint-Cléments themselves did not seem to him absolutely sincere. Take it all together, he was not happy, and yet he was doing his best to make them think he was.

For the first time, the Man without a Necktie was obliged to put one on, and although it was a conventional tie, he suffered excessively from it.

Through her glasses, Mme. de Saint-Clément examined this exceptional man whose portrait her

husband had painted in such enthusiastic terms. But the more she looked at him, the less she found in him the savage that her husband had depicted. Very skeptically, she said to her guest:

"Were you really born in Brazil?"

"In the virgin forests," replied Moacir.

"And is it some time since you left there?"

"About a year."

Mme. de Saint-Clément turned to her husband, trying to read in his eyes whether they were making fun of her.

"It is entirely true, my dear. M. Moacir has been in Europe only about a year, but I must tell you that he has received a most exceptional education. A Frenchman who went to Matto Grosso after the war, on a voyage of exploration and study, found there a little Indian who surprised him by his intelligence. He took him with him and soon had transformed him into this gentleman that I have the honor of introducing to you."

"You have already explained all that to me, but I must say that in spite of it all, I was far from expecting to find before me a man as distinguished as M. Moacir."

Moacir bowed and while doing so caught a glimpse of himself in the glass and it seemed to him that his visage had borrowed the same expression as that of the men in livery.

Mme. de Saint-Clément went down the great marble stairway leaning on her husband's arm. Dressed as for an official ceremony, she was listening with interest to the list of friends and journalists that M. de Saint-Clément had invited that evening. Moacir, who was following them, noticed that upon M. de Saint-Clément's bald pate was reflected the light from the chandeliers, and that his wife was walking with difficulty, because of the constraint of a too tight skirt. He did not listen to what they were saying for he felt utterly indifferent to it. A *valet de chambre*, upright as the figure one, received them at the door of the dining-room. Another pulled a chair from the table, respectfully waiting for his mistress to take her place before approaching her.

Moacir was watching all these maneuvers with such interest that he failed to see that M. de Saint-Clément was motioning him to a place by his side.

Paul de Saint-Clément entered in company with one of his comrades of uncertain age, with hollow cheeks, deep-set eyes and a nose like an eagle's beak. He was an intimate friend of the family, a novelist à la mode. This petty celebrity was named Alfred Planchette. Although still young he had had the luck to find a publisher who had been willing to bring out his two novels: "*La femme sans chemise*" and "*La dernière découverte de Phrynéès*." The titles had intrigued him, and the public had hastened to respond to their appeal.

M. de Saint-Clément talked continually. His wife, while always seeming to agree with him, invariably

ended by contradicting him without his perceiving it. He was so convinced that harmony reigned in his household that he had no idea that his wife had different opinions. The noble Frenchman did not conceal his satisfaction as a host in having at his table a real Indian who spoke the purest French, and whom he had had the pleasure of meeting just as he had arrived from the virgin forests. He expressed his admiration for Moacir with such enthusiasm that it was truly a pity that he had not an audience more disposed to enjoy his eloquence.

M. de Saint-Clément's son was listening without saying a word . . . indifferent to all that was happening around him. He had elegance and British phlegm, having lived many years in England when completing his studies.

Mme. de Saint-Clément was shocked to see that Moacir had no idea of etiquette, and that he had allowed himself to come down to dinner without a necktie. She could not help staring at him through her lorgnette, lowering it only when pointing out to him the correct fork that he must use when eating fish. At the sight of Moacir's remissness, Mme. de Saint-Clément was filled with the noble desire to teach him some good manners.

"Banana cake à la Brésilienne!" exclaimed, smiling, M. de Saint-Clément, delighted at the surprise; and while the waiter was serving the cake, he took occasion to praise the intelligence of his cook who so cleverly accentuated the friendship between France and Brazil.

Alfred Planchette engaged then with M. de Saint-Clément in a discussion about chefs, cookery, Brazil,

Indians, and the vast forests of South America that were still unexplored and, from time to time, they looked toward Moacir as if to ask his assent. He had learnt, on that evening, how to move his facial muscles with a certain elasticity so that he gave the impression of bestowing his approval upon all that was said. However, he was not listening and felt like glued to his chair as though sitting in front of a camera. He observed meanwhile the big dining room, the massive furniture, the valets, the porcelain, the silver and glass, and kept asking himself why the Saint-Clément family needed all this paraphernalia in order to eat. How far were they from the theories of poor Bar Eli who used to insist that in life one must be contented with crumbs, as the birds were!

Finally Moacir was able to rise from the table and follow the others out of the dining room, passing before the valet who, stiff as a stake, had again taken his stand at the door.

Alfred Planchette, who had given his arm to Mme. de Saint-Clément, confided to her that he was going to write a new romance in which he would make a study of Indian psychology; and having conducted her to a divan, he went over to Moacir and asked him to come and sit beside him.

Paul de Saint-Clément, according to the English custom, had retired into the smoking room to smoke his pipe and read the papers.

A servant brought M. and Mme. de Saint-Clément two visiting cards on a silver tray. They glanced at them, smiled, and went out quickly.

Moacir, bored by the questions that the novelist

kept asking him, was answering listlessly. He was comfortably installed in an armchair near the hearth, and with his eyes half closed, was indulging in blissful ease. He felt sure that not only would he lack nothing in this house, but that he would enjoy here every desirable creature comfort. Only one thing disquieted him; what hobby would these fashionable people ride? Like the patrons at the cinema, he awaited the *dénouement*, after which he would have a right to go to bed.

He did not have to wait long to have his curiosity satisfied.

A valet de chambre came to take him out of his meditation, begging him, very respectfully, to follow him.

"What for?" demanded Moacir.

"Mme. de Saint-Clément awaits Monsieur in the Louis XV Salon where all the newspaper men are. If Monsieur will be good enough to accompany me. . . ."

The firm yet obsequious tone in which this man insisted, compelled Moacir to follow him.

Although M. de Saint-Clément presented him, he immediately gave the floor to his wife who had decided to direct the interview. Mme. de Saint-Clément, flushed with excitement and very proud of her importance, made Moacir sit down and brought up to him MM. Picard and Jean Mérout, two pontiffs of the great press; and the questions commenced to rain upon him.

Thus interviewed, Moacir had not time to take in what was happening before Mme. de Saint-Clément had already replied for him to these gentlemen. She

even responded with an astounding superfluity of details.

Jean Mérout began rapidly to take notes, and the Man without a Necktie had the unexpected opportunity of hearing the story of his life recounted by someone who did not know it, and the disagreeable experience of having said, without opening his mouth, heaps of useless things.

With Mme. de Saint-Clément on his arm, and escorted by the journalists, Moacir then made his entrée into the grand salon. They all formed a circle around him. Every glance was fastened upon him, and in an instant he found himself the prey of a swarm of pretty women whose perfumes came toward him like incense.

Confused, awkward and embarrassed, he would have been glad to escape and take refuge with two men chatting together a little farther away, but their attitude discouraged him. Imperturbable in their stiff shirt fronts, encased in clothes faultless in cut and style, their necks encircled with the same kind of black necktie, they had the air of twin brothers assembled for a family reunion.

Mme. de Saint-Clément was going from one to the other continually repeating: "He's an Indian; an Indian from the tribe of the Bororós of Matto Grosso. He was adopted by a Frenchman who brought him up and called him Moacir which in his tribal language means 'son of sorrow'—Such an adorable name and so poetic!!"

Conversation, nevertheless, was languishing, and M. de Saint-Clément was going from one group to another, trying to arouse a little gaiety by his witti-

cisms that he thought exceedingly funny but at which nobody laughed.

An impression of disillusion was spreading through the salon; everyone had the air of expecting something, and each one looked at Moacir as if to say, "Is *that* all?"

"To tell the truth," said Mme. Souzé with an ironical smile, "an Indian is nothing so very extraordinary. . . . His skin is bronze and not red, as is generally believed, and with his almond-shaped eyes, his black hair, and regular nose, he is in fact like any other man . . . but more robust and very fine looking which makes it all the better."

"But why then did he come to Paris?" asked Madame Laporte.

"To startle the natives!" exclaimed witty little Suzanne.

Pretending not to hear, Mme. de Saint-Clément turned to M. Laporte, a little dried-up lawyer with shining skull surrounded with a crown of black hair, a man politically influential who was, for the time being, greatly occupied in finding a female bulldog to mate with the dog of a breed that he had acquired on his last trip to London. He was expatiating complacently upon practical means of selecting canine breeds, and Moacir, overhearing him, found that on this point the inhabitants of Tujapà were far in advance of the Europeans, since they were taking "man" as the animal of prime importance in their selective process of racial improvement. Their way of doing things, however, would deprive them forever of having a lawyer like Laporte born in their midst.

The little Suzanne, accompanied by a group of young girls who were eating Moacir up with their eyes, came over to him, and the sprightliest one asked archly:

"Are there any houses in Matto Grosso?"

"No, we have only huts," replied Moacir.

"But then when it rains, the rain must come through the roof, and you must all catch cold."

"That sometimes does happen, but as we have no doctors we soon get well—that's one compensation."

". . . And do they marry in your country?"

"They must from time to time."

"And . . . do you know how to dance?"

"Certainly," replied Moacir, amused by their twaddle, "and when I dance, I wear a special suit with long pantaloons and a little short vest embroidered all over. . . . It is very pretty."

"Have you got it here?"

"I never part with it; it is a souvenir very dear to me."

"Oh, show it to us! Let us see it, won't you please?" they all begged.

Moacir went to his room, dressed himself up in the suit designed by Saraceni, and thus metamorphosed made his entrée, violin in hand. He was happy again.

This apparition was received with great enthusiasm and even greeted with discreet applause.

M. de Saint-Clément was overcome with joy. His wife, in her eagerness to take in the effect of Moacir's original appearance, entangled her lorgnette in the folds of her lace.

"Bravo! Bravo!" she murmured. "This time they can see that he is a real Indian."

"What children they all are!" thought Moacir. "Men never get over the delight of dressing up, and it is necessary to make fun of them in order to make any impression upon them."

When he had played the violin, the interest that he had aroused greatly increased, which was quite natural, for never had one heard in a Parisian salon the songs of the virgin forest, especially when played by a real savage.

Moacir had just sung the song, *Luar do sertão*, when there was an unusual movement in the room, and he heard murmurs of:

"Here is Baroness Anderman!"

Baroness Anderman was one of the richest and most elegant women in Parisian society. Married some years before to Baron Anderman, who had been captivated by her marvelous beauty, she had at once made herself a place in the first ranks of the fashionable world. She it was who had just entered into the large salon, escorted by M. de Saint-Clément, Laporte, and the inevitable Alfred Planchette. Every one turned to admire her. Tall, slender, clad in a robe of silver tissue so very décolletée that her shoulders were entirely bare, she certainly was unusually beautiful. Her face was of a very pure oval; her bright blue eyes veiled with a sort of melancholy, her perfectly shaped mouth, her little nose with transparent nostrils slightly dilated, her soft hair of that inexpressible color that dead leaves reddened by the Autumn sometimes have—all these gave her a faultless beauty. When she smiled, her

cheeks brought out two dimples which gave her the artless expression of one of Raphael's virgins retouched by a modern painter.

She stopped to look at Moacir and begged him to continue his song. Standing, listening with her eyes half closed, she swayed to the sweetness of the melody.

Moacir could not conceal the emotion that this ethereal apparition aroused in him. She noticed this, smiled and with an indolent gesture lightly touched the musician's face with the perfumed feathers of her fan.

Meanwhile, Mme. de Saint-Clément, having drawn Picard and Mérout into a corner of the room, submitted to them an idea that seemed to her very original.

"How would it do to illustrate the interview with Moacir by some photographs?" The gentlemen approved enthusiastically, and the chauffeur was immediately sent to the newspaper office to get the camera.

As soon as he had returned, and Picard had set up the instrument, Mme. de Saint-Clément grouped them all together. Moacir was put in the center of the group, his violin under his chin as though he were playing; near him was the Baroness, and around them the guests who were implored to assume a rapt expression.

When each one's position was definitely arranged, Mme. de Saint-Clément motioned to the servants, and the grand salon was plunged into darkness. The magnesium exploded, blinding everybody. Tac! . . . the first pose was taken! They wished to make a

second picture in case the first was not successful, and then they decided that it would be well to use all the plates that they had.

The guests, though obliging, began to rebel at the fourth pose and to show some signs of fatigue. Moacir, who was greatly amused at this by-play, obeyed the commands of his hostess, and let himself be photographed full face, profile, three-quarters standing, lying down, or seated at the feet of the Baroness, without making the slightest objection.

"Just a little more patience, I beg of you!" cried Mme. de Saint-Clément. "This is the last pose. Suzanne be a good girl now, and keep quiet for a few minutes."

Moacir again seated himself, and the fan was provocatively tickling his neck with its feathers when darkness fell upon the salon for the seventh time; he then seized the hand of the Baroness suddenly, and kissed it.

"Is everybody ready?" . . . asked Mme. de Saint-Clément who had not much confidence in the absolute stillness of her friends.

No one answered; only Picard cried out:

"Go ahead!"

Tac! . . . the last photograph was taken. The lights came on, and every one heaved a sigh of relief.

Moacir scrambled to his feet again, but Baroness Anderman was no longer near him. She was talking tranquilly with Mme. de Saint-Clément at the end of the room, with her back turned to the company.

They broke up into little groups, and discussed the pose which might turn out the most successful, and

especially the one in which each might appear to his best advantage.

Left alone in the middle of the room, nervous and overexcited, Moacir felt the need of breathing a little fresh air; so he took advantage of an opportunity to slip out of the salon and shut himself up in his own room where he could throw the window wide open.



When everyone had gone, M. and Mme. de Saint-Clément seated face to face, felt in spite of the fatigue that overwhelmed them, the greatest satisfaction in the success of their evening. Tomorrow all Paris would be talking about them.

M. de Saint-Clément wiped his brow while his wife told him of a plan of campaign that she was going to put into execution the following day.

It concerned the education of Moacir, and the means to be employed to teach him to meet the world, to dress conventionally, to behave himself at the table—in fact to give him some notion of that etiquette of which he seemed so lamentably ignorant.

“You are quite right, my dear, and your observations are entirely correct,” approved M. de Saint-Clément who had been following his wife’s little speech with great attention: “but we shall have to proceed with a great deal of tact; it is most important not to wound Moacir’s feelings.”

“Moacir is evidently very sensitive, and it will be well to handle him very carefully.”

“The task that you have set yourself to accom-

plish is an arduous one, you must not forget that. It is not in everyone's power to know how to tame a savage."

Paul de Saint-Clément, who had escorted the Baroness to her home, returned just in time to hear the end of his aristocratic parents' conversation. He was constantly amazed at the passion with which they regulated every detail of their lives, and the zeal with which they assumed heavy responsibilities when Fate had provided them with sufficient fortune to permit them to live in the greatest tranquillity. They were, according to his point of view, molded on exactly the same model, like two doves from the dove-cot, yet they were putting themselves to more trouble to spend their income than many take to earn their living.

When they had made up their minds to do something—and the lively imagination of Mme. de Saint-Clément was always finding something to do—they devoted all their powers to carrying it out. Whether it was taking a trip, or engaging a new domestic, they threw themselves into the affair with the same zeal as if the honor of their house depended upon it.

Paul de Saint-Clément was of an entirely different character. The English education that he had received had taught him not to give free rein to his impulsive temperament and to meet life calmly.

He knew how to hide his impressions, and when he was depressed or preoccupied, it was not perceptible except by the perpendicular wrinkles in the middle of his forehead.

His way of living was a matter of frequent comment. He was said to be madly in love with Baroness

Anderman, but no one so far had been able to find any proof that he was her lover.

He interrupted his parents' chat, and after having called their attention to the fact that it was almost daybreak, sent them gently to take a little rest.



Comfortably installed in one of the armchairs of Moacir's room to whom he had come to say "good morning," Alfred Planchette, shameless bore, was giving free rein to his garrulity.

It was four o'clock; Moacir had an appointment at five, and had no reason to think that Alfred Planchette would go soon; so, after asking his guest's permission, he began to dress himself as though his caller were not there.

He combed his hair carefully, took out a black suit of clothes—a masterpiece of Paul de Saint-Clément's famous tailor—and around his starched collar he tied artistically a handsome black necktie.

"You are making a grand toilet," said Planchette. "Where are you going?"

Moacir evaded this question by asking another.

"Have you come to pay me a visit or to see the Saint-Cléments?"

"Both; I am going to dine with them this evening; so I have come early to be sure to find you without annoying you, because for some time past it has not always been convenient for you to see me. Mme. de Saint-Clément complained to me the other day, that you seldom give her the pleasure of your company. Yet you know how much she values your society."

"Is that so?" asked Moacir, putting on his overcoat. "Oh, well, I will try to get her to pardon me, I promise you that!"

He shook hands with Alfred Planchette more warmly than usual, as though to apologize in this way, and left hurriedly.

Hailing the first taxi that he met, he ordered the driver to take him to the *Pavillon Bleu*.

Although Moacir was an habitu   of this celebrated restaurant, now that he had become the idol of Paris, all eyes were fastened upon him when he entered it accompanied by the elegant Baroness Anderman. They seated themselves at a table beside the Countess Renan who was taking tea with little Suzanne and M. Picard, now the journalist    la mode.

At an adjoining table was Mme. Laporte nibbling some cakes, in company with Jean Dussol who was about to sip a third appetizer. After having greeted the Baroness cordially, she whispered in his ear: "And . . . what will Paul de Saint-Cl  ment think of that?"

"What do you want him to think of it? He'll have to get used to it. . . ."

"The Baroness is more beautiful than ever to-day," exclaimed with enthusiasm the Russian artist, Agaroff. "What a pity that this Indian should have interrupted an idyll so promising!"

"And . . . what does Baron Anderman say about it?"

"Nothing! . . . He works for his idol, and although he may not be the favorite, upon my word, I'd just like to be in his place! . . . for a few hours, naturally."

"Will you keep quiet? Horrors!" exclaimed the blonde Mme. de Rochelle.

Had Moacir been able to understand the excitement that he was occasioning he would have been shocked, but for the moment he was too much occupied to take it in.

"Moacir, a little more tea, I beg you."

"Moacir, do you not see that the Countess wishes another cake?"

"Moacir . . . I am cold," said Suzanne mimicking the Baroness.

Moacir served tea to the Baroness, offered a cake to the Countess, and covered little Suzanne's shoulders with the cloak that she had let slip down on the back of her chair.

"What docility!" observed the Countess; "one would never suspect this of a savage. I wish . . ."

"You will escort me home, will you not?" interrupted the Baroness, not wishing to let herself be preceded by the Countess whose ways she knew.

"Certainly, my dear Madame," Moacir hastened to reply, "and with all the more pleasure since the Baron has invited me to dine with you this evening, if I am not mistaken."

"Why, so he has!" exclaimed Mme. Anderman; "I had forgotten it. I am very thoughtless!"

Little Suzanne coughed, the Countess colored slightly, and in order to conceal her annoyance, turned the conversation eagerly upon the charity fête, organized by the Renans, at which Moacir was to perform:

"I am counting on a profit of at least five thousand," said M. Picard.

"Oh, we shall make more than that!" simpered the Countess. "With the co-operation of M. Moacir, there will be no doubt of it." The look with which she accompanied this sentence was such a burning one that Moacir, out of countenance, hastened to pass her the cakes, as though to excuse himself for not doing something better.

This gesture reassured M. Picard. As society journalist in charge of the rubric of the salons, he had a terrible fear that some disagreement might develop between Baroness Anderman and the Countess Renan, whose relations were already strained—in which case the Countess' concert might miss fire, though he had announced it several times in his paper.

Moacir, about whom he was writing three articles a week, was a great source of income to him. He, therefore, took advantage of a lull to separate the two antagonists, and to offer with much tact to escort the Countess home and, on the way, obtain some additional information that he needed about the organization of the fête.

Suzanne repressed a yawn and asked what time it was. The Baroness arose, and Moacir followed her.



Moacir returned home later than usual that evening, went down the hall on tiptoe so as not to waken the Saint-Cléments, and shut himself in his room. On the table were two letters from Bar Eli. He took them up, examined them carefully, and put them down again without opening them. He felt fa-

tigued and was not in the mood to admit that the last letters from his friend had troubled him. Besides, why should he read these? He knew what they contained. Thanks for the check that he had sent him and, as usual, advice ornamented with philosophical sentences. He had read to the Baroness one of the first letters that he had received from his friend in the People's Hotel, and, smiling, she said:

"Your friend thinks too much; he discusses every topic, he tries to understand everything. What is the use of tormenting himself in this way? Life is what it is, and we can not change it. Nature has given us all instincts and is not it God who created Nature? Let us not try to know why. I believe in my God: I pray to him reverently and ask him to pardon my faults. Isn't that enough?"

"She is good," Moacir thought to himself, "and she is right, too."

He got up the following morning fully determined to spend the entire day with Mme. de Saint-Clément, and beg her to pardon his neglect. He went down on the veranda at breakfast time and, while waiting for his host and hostess, opened Bar Eli's letters. The first one was gay, playful, overflowing with good humor; the other one said:

"My letter is short, but not short enough; because I have only bad news to tell you. For the past week, I have been ill in a hospital in Rome. Shall I be able to continue my journey to Palestine, and where will they bury me? Who knows? Life is a waltz that one dances with a wooden leg. Your last letters did not seem to me very frank. Take care! Beware of the necktie! Affectionately yours."

Very much touched, Moacir decided to write a long letter to his unfortunate friend and send him some money.

M. and Mme. de Saint-Clément came out on the veranda, responded coolly to his greeting, and seated themselves. They had decided to show their displeasure to Moacir by looking disapprovingly at him for a little while. At his first excuses, however, they were completely disarmed.

"So it seems, my dear fellow, that you have become a cavalier of the Baroness? You are at least liked by the Baron, and what impression does he make upon you? And is the day fixed for your concert? You know that everyone is predicting a great success for you. Just among ourselves, my dear Moacir, tell us the truth: are you really in love with the Baroness?"

The last question surprised and troubled him. It had not occurred to him that he might fall in love. After all, why shouldn't he? The Baroness was very attractive, and there was still ringing in his ears the sweet "until tomorrow evening" that she had murmured to him the night before while her charming little hands pressed his as though to retain them forever.

"No," he replied, brusquely, "don't worry about that, I am not in love with the Baroness." And to make sure not to betray himself, he began to talk at length about the Baron:

"I do not understand him any better than I did the first time I saw him. He is an enigmatical man, entirely absorbed in his business, one who, even in his own home, looks as if he were just making a

call. Yesterday I was able to study him a little longer than usual, while he was talking with Billy Thomas, that American whom your son brought with him. Well! I could make out but two things: one, that he has a very keen glance, and that he drinks slightly. He truly has not the air of a man suited to that adorable woman."

"Such is life!" concluded M. de Saint-Clément: "But tell me, Moacir, do you know what time my son left the Andermans?"

Mme. de Saint-Clément shot a severe glance at her husband. Why in the devil must he ask such a useless question? Paul certainly was no longer a baby.

"Oh! simple curiosity," replied M. de Saint-Clément, smiling good-humoredly.

"He left a little before I did."

"Moacir, are you going to be busy today?"

"I am entirely at your disposition, Madame."

"Splendid! Then you will go with me? I have some shopping to do, and afterwards we will go to Mme. Laporte's for tea."

"With great pleasure."

"I shall expect you then at three o'clock. Are you dining with us this evening?"

"If it does not inconvenience you."

"Bravo! I believe you are beginning at last to understand how you have deserted me."

"Exactly so. I cannot forgive myself, Madame, but you must pardon me. . . . I am only a savage, and it will require some time for me to become a perfect cavalier."

"No, that is not the real reason . . . the Baron-

ess . . . appropriates you a little too much, Moacir."

"It is the life of Paris, Madame, which fascinates and overwhelms a man as simple as I am."

"Well, perhaps so," said Mme. de Saint-Clément, but little convinced. "I will pardon you. *Au revoir*, then, until three o'clock."

Moacir bowed and kissed her hand.

M. de Saint-Clément had settled himself in a corner of the room to smoke and read the newspapers. Not wishing to disturb him, Moacir went up to his room and noticed that it was ten o'clock. He sat down before the Louis XV secretary, took out a sheet of note paper and his fountain pen, and wrote:

"My dear Bar Eli . . ." but he got no further than that, rose hurriedly, took his hat . . . and went out.

He went into the *Pavillon Bleu*, where he stopped just long enough to drink a cocktail; went to the bank, made out a check to Bar Eli, placed it carefully in his pocketbook, and then turned his steps toward the quais. Absent-mindedly he took the road that led him to the Baroness. On the street, he passed Paul de Saint-Clément, who pretended not to see him. "Why didn't he speak to me?" Moacir asked himself, but he had other thoughts in his head and did not pay much attention to this incident. He was strolling along without any particular objective, but when he perceived the Baroness' house in the distance, he could not resist the temptation to see her again, and hastened his steps.

The domestic who opened the door, received him with an ironic smile, immediately suppressed.

Moacir did not like domestics. The hypocritical smile of this particular one, made him still more detestable than the others. Nevertheless, he had to admit to himself that it was really not the hour for paying a call. He sought some excuse and found one immediately:

"Will you please say to Madame, the Baroness, that if she wishes it, I am ready to accompany her horseback riding."

The man bowed, ushered him into the salon, and disappeared.

It was too late for Moacir to go back, but why in the devil had he come at this hour to the Baroness' home? Evidently it was not the correct thing to do . . . and if the servant had smiled, he had not, perhaps, been entirely wrong. What kind of a reception would the Baroness accord him? For in truth he had never accompanied her to the *Bois*, although he had often offered to do so, and the excuse was a very poor one. A doubt entered his mind. In his anxiety, he had not noticed what weather it was. He hurried to the window and raised the curtains . . . the sun was shining brightly. Well, then, his request was not so very ridiculous. And then, hadn't he always the good excuse of being a savage? But what if she should send him away without receiving him? No . . . that wasn't possible. He had an overmastering desire to see her again, he would see her.

The door opened. Upon the knob he saw the servant's hand. His heart beat violently. . . . Two interminable seconds, and then the Baroness appeared, arrayed in elegant negligée.

"What has happened?" she asked him; "nothing serious, I hope?"

"No, nothing serious, do not be uneasy. . . . I am like a child. . . . This morning I had such a longing to see you again. . . ."

"Ah, how you frightened me. . . ."

"Why?"

This "why" was charmingly artless. The Baroness now regained her *sang froid*:

"I was afraid of an accident; the Baron went out early this morning, and one never knows what may happen . . . with the automobile . . . the train. . . ."

"You love him so much, then?"

The Baroness hung her head without answering. With her beautiful hair unbound on her shoulders, her lowered eyes, her hands clasped upon her knees, she looked like a madonna at prayer. It was the first time that he had seen her in this way, and he was seized with great pity for this proud woman baring her soul before him.

"You really love him so much?"

The Baroness looked at him for a long time, tears veiled her eyes.

"Don't ask me anything . . . I beg of you," and she clasped her hands in a gesture of supplication.

"Are you suffering? . . . I never would have imagined it. And I thought you were so happy!"

The Baroness gave a light sob, dried her eyes, and pressed closely to him.

"Are you suffering? . . ." repeated Moacir.

She put the tips of her fingers on his lips. He took

the hand thus offered him and kissed it passionately. She sighed sadly.

"You have not told me yet why you came this morning."

"No, but that is not of any importance. Tell me what it is that makes you suffer?"

"I beg you not to insist."

Was it involuntarily that her glance fixed itself upon the portrait of Baron Anderman placed above the console table?

"Your husband? . . ." murmured Moacir.

She hastily turned the conversation.

"In order to punish you for having come to surprise me so early, I am going to keep you for lunch."

"It was because . . . but . . ."

"No excuses, I won't accept them. Give me time to dress, and I shall be with you. Meanwhile you can make yourself comfortable, and read the newspapers like a good boy. Then you can tell me what Picard says in his article about our next concert. That will interest me very much."

She stood up, held out her little perfumed hands and rosy and smiling, having recovered all her gaiety, she flitted away before he had time to stop her.

Left alone, he began distractedly to turn the leaves of the newspapers, then got up and began marching up and down the room. Suddenly his eyes fell upon the Baron's photograph, and he picked it up in order to observe it more closely.

There the mystery must be. The Baron had always seemed to him an enigmatic being, and now that he was able to study his portrait more carefully,

Moacir discovered energetic lines in his face, even a cruel mask. "This man certainly has no heart," he thought to himself, and he turned the photograph around so as not to see it any more. He again picked up the newspaper and plunged into an article by Picard. Suddenly he bounded up, "What, next Wednesday? Countess Renan has fixed the date of her concert without notifying me? That is ridiculous! I never shall have time to get ready in three days!" as the Baroness entered, he held out the paper to her.

"Take it, read it yourself!"

"Is it possible?" she exclaimed. "What a viper she is! Right after lunch we will go to her home, and she will have to do whatever we tell her. Let me manage it. It is necessary that all Paris should appreciate that this concert is the official consecration of your magnificent talent."

They lunched alone together, and Moacir spoke little. He preferred to let himself be rocked in the sweet illusion that she was everything to him and that he would never leave her. This thought consoled him. As soon as they left the table they went directly to the Countess' home.

"She absolutely must put off this concert until the following week," said the Baroness, firmly. "I wish this concert to be a great success, and it is necessary for you to have time to prepare yourself."

Mme. de Renan was unyielding:

"You can understand that since I have been preparing for this evening for more than a month it would be impossible for me to change it now. I have managed to secure the Brazilian Ambassador. . . . I have put aside many of my own personal plans in

order to invite the Minister of Foreign Affairs, who has consented to honor the fête with his presence. I can not do anything better." She deliberated a few seconds and then, sighing, repeated: "No, really, I do not think I can do better than that. Monsieur Moacir will have plenty of time to prepare himself. Is he not ready now? I am very sorry indeed not to be able to accede to your wishes, but the programs are already printed. . . . You see then how useless it is to insist."

The Baroness, nervously fastening her coat, turned to Moacir and said: "Then there is nothing for you to do, my dear friend, but to go to your room and work." Then turning to the Countess, she added: "And, just the same, I feel quite sure of his success."

"That is what I am strongly hoping," responded the Countess in an acid voice, "and I wish it for you with all my heart." She arose under the pretext of telephoning to her florist, and the Baroness and Moacir took advantage of the interval to take their departure.

"What a viper!" murmured the Baroness, as soon as they were out of hearing. "It is evident that she did it on purpose." Moacir tried to pacify her, assuring her that three days would really be amply sufficient for his preparation, but the Baroness was in a bad humor.

"Do not leave me alone, Moacir, I am a little nervous; I need to have someone near me. Go and get your violin and return to practice with me. I wish to help you practice myself."

Moacir obeyed like a child. When he reached the

Saint-Clément home at four o'clock, he was told that Mme. de Saint-Clément had just gone out, after having waited for him an hour. He left a little note of excuse to explain to his hostess what had delayed him, and went away again, humming a tune.

On his return he found the Baroness in the company of Paul de Saint-Clément. The reception that they gave him seemed to him rather chilly. The Baroness looked angry, and Paul, in order to appear undisturbed, was seated at the piano, playing some stray chords.

"Bravo, Moacir," he said, "the Baroness told me that she was expecting you, and I wanted to stay in order to say 'how do you do' to you. Although we have been living in the same house, it is curious that for some time past it has been difficult for us to meet each other."

Moacir, without realizing the irony of Paul's feigned amiability, took his violin from its case, placed it on the table and sat down.

"Play us a little of Beethoven," requested the Baroness.

He stood up and began the Ninth Symphony, but he soon perceived that neither of them was listening to him. Paul de Saint-Clément awaited its finish with impatience, arose at the last stroke of the bow, and bowed to the Baroness in order to take his leave. Instead of holding out her hand to him as he expected, she turned to Moacir, and in a voice too sweet to be sincere, said:

"I thank you for having come, my friend. When I hear you play my soul is filled with peace and repose. . . . I have such need of it!"

Paul de Saint-Clément smiled slyly, and holding out his hand to Moacir said: "You will excuse me . . . but I have an appointment, and I am already a little late," and he went away without even turning around.

Moacir picked up his violin, but he was worried: "Why had Paul de Saint-Clément appeared so nervous? And had he been trying to make me understand that he alone could visit the Baroness? Surely something had occurred between them that I did not understand. . . . Why, this very morning even, had not Paul pretended not to see me?"

The Baroness' countenance had regained all its serenity. Moacir suddenly stopped playing, put his violin on the table and throwing himself down in an armchair, put his head in his hands.

"What is the matter with you?" asked the Baroness sweetly.

Nothing at all. He longed to throw himself down on the ground, to hurt himself: but it would have been impossible to give any reason for this longing. He was wretched . . . very wretched . . . that was all that he knew about it.

She stroked his hair lightly; he trembled. "Do you like me to do it; have I offended you?"

"No. . . ." He would have liked to go away quickly, as far as possible from her, from Paris, from everyone; but an invisible force riveted him to the place.

"Are you jealous?"

These words, murmured almost tenderly, made him jump. He turned around, and taking her hands, gave vent to the avowal so long repressed.

"I love you. For the first time I know what the torment of love is. Do not repulse me; you are everything to me and in order to possess you, I would be ready to endure the most cruel torture."

His eyes filled with tears, and she felt his burning hands pressed hotly upon hers.

"I love you. . . . I love you!" kept on saying Moacir.

The blood mounting to his brain, was hammering on his temples and blurring his sight. He knelt before his idol, kissed the hem of her robe, caressed her dainty ankles. His emotion was so great that he felt keen suffering. She, although troubled by the expression of so violent a passion, felt an intense joy at the sight of this savage, tormented by desire, but controlling himself, dominated by her. He was the prey, he was the slave!

He clasped her knees with such frenzy that she was almost frightened, but this strange fear stimulated her senses.

Upon the heavy carpet, the body of Moacir was admirably outlined, so that only his face, disordered by passion, was under the light of the electric lamps. A griping curiosity seized her. What would it be like to be loved by a savage? And she let herself fall back on the divan, half-closing her eyes.

She was trembling like a child, and holding out her hands toward him in a suppliant gesture, she murmured: "Have pity on me. . . ."

As for him, he could only keep repeating to her: "If you knew how I love you!"

She made him sit beside her, and noticed that his hand was nervously clutching a velvet cushion.

"Let us talk together, Moacir; this silence troubles and oppresses me. Let us talk, Moacir . . ." and, overcome, she let herself sink into her young lover's outstretched arms.



The Baron, a cigar between his lips, planted himself firmly on his long legs before Moacir, and bombarded him with questions:

"You have been in Paris for some time?"

Moacir did not reply; he was looking for the Baroness, who had disappeared. The Baron had to repeat his question.

"I don't know how long exactly, perhaps seven months, perhaps eight months."

"Do you like Paris? You must have found life congenial in the midst of such interesting, intellectual people! . . ."

"Yes, perhaps . . . that is to say, certainly," replied Moacir, distractedly.

"Which authors do you prefer?"

"I adore Victor Hugo and I have a horror of Machiavelli, although in the long run, the writings of one have had no more influence upon the human mind than the other; for no one has ever tried to draw any lessons whatever. Your progress, of which you are so proud, is confined entirely to the mechanical world, and serves only to debase the world. From a spiritual point of view, you have made no development whatever, and it is still, I think, to the virgin forests that you would have to go for an

ethical code which, although in an embryonic state there, is still superior to yours."

The Baron laughed contagiously, and exclaimed:

"Admirable! I never would have expected such a lesson from you!"

Moacir was about to reply sharply, but he was too preoccupied with wondering what had become of the Baroness to enter into a discussion.

"You are, nevertheless, well settled in Paris. In a short time you have become celebrated here; everybody adores you. Admit that all the same it is pleasanter here than in the virgin forest . . ." said the Baron, good-naturedly.

"Here? . . . But never have I felt more alone, even to such a point that solitude terrifies me. I always have the impression that some vague danger is menacing me here."

"You will get used to everything in time. It is the first impressions that make you nervous."

"That must be it," exclaimed Moacir, his face suddenly becoming serene again.

Anderman noticed it and turned around . . . the Baroness was approaching them. Without even deigning to honor her husband with a glance, she said to Moacir:

"That Countess Renan has done all she could to spoil your part in the program. Fortunately I have succeeded in making her modify the lighting of the stage scene. The footlights were so placed that the glare was directly in your eyes. How could you, under such conditions, concentrate sufficiently to play your very best!"

"Thank you," said Moacir . . . "but nothing will

happen to distract me; you needn't worry about that."

The scraping of chairs and the noise of voices coming from the big hall told them that the guests were taking their places.

Kissing the hand of the Baroness, Moacir murmured: "It is for you that I shall play this evening . . . for you alone"; and he left abruptly, without even thinking of saying good-bye to the Baron. He climbed with a firm step, the stairs leading to the stage, amidst the applause of the entire audience. Then silence fell. Attentively the distinguished assemblage waited for him to begin.

A slight tremolo, like a sigh, came from the violin, then became louder, and louder still, until it filled the entire hall. It was the passionate soul of Moacir that was singing under the bow, pouring into other hearts the love overflowing from his own. When the violin ceased playing, applause burst forth unanimously. A voice cried out: "Bravo! Bravo!" A spectator had not been able to restrain his enthusiasm.

The Countess Renan exulted. She it was who had organized this concert, and to her would come all the glory. She looked at the Baroness, gloating in the expression of spite on her countenance.

Mme. de Saint-Clément was singing the praises of Moacir to Baron Anderman. The good lady had completely forgotten the faults of her protégé, for one always forgets the faults of those who succeed.

The Baroness well understood that it was to her Moacir owed his triumph. She felt proud of herself for having inspired so strong a passion as to make Moacir interpret it in wonderful music.

Laporte and Planchette had murmured in her ear: "Moacir is madly in love with you." All the others knew then, too, that she it was to whom they owed this unforgettable moment.

Moacir played again, and the enthusiasm kept increasing until it became simply indescribable when he sang his picturesque songs of the forest.

His music stripped of all artifice, the pure and simple expression of the instincts of primitive man, was a curious mixture of light and joyous melodies and of homesick, anguished plaints, like the mediaeval canticles.

One after another, he sang all the songs that he had composed in the heart of the silent forest, under the inspiration of the whispering trees and the murmuring streams. As he sang them, his past unrolled slowly before him. He saw himself again a child, taking his first steps near his beloved mother, and recalled the atrocious drama that had stolen her from him. He saw again the friendly glances of the Tupy and the Bororós. He heard the howling of the wild beasts seeking their prey, and the hissing of the serpents. . . . He saw Siso again . . . his first friend . . . his dog that he loved so much. All this now seemed far way, so far that he wondered if it were not a dream.

The first notes of the song "Moonlight in the Forest" recalled little Yandira. . . . How she had wept! The bow trembled in his hand. He saw himself going farther and farther away . . . leaving the forests in order to become a man . . . and finding in his pathway only grief and disillusion. . . . Perhaps those whom he called to mind had found

happiness and joy again, but he was tortured by an indefinable torment. Under the bow, the violin quivered; his song was no more than a sob. He sought the eyes of the Baroness. Unmoved, near Paul de Saint-Clément, the Baroness was not even listening . . . !

The violin's last note breathed a passionate plaint, like the cry of a dying child. The player's sight became dim. He had just time to see Baroness Anderman, who was coming toward him smiling, a great throng clapping its hands—when an uncontrollable emotion seized him by the throat, confused his thoughts—and he became unconscious of everything around him.



Moacir returned to consciousness with a horrible headache and breathing with great difficulty, in spite of the cushions that were supporting him. He knew nothing about sickness, and he was astonished to have a fever.

Mme. de Saint-Clément came into his room on tip-toe, followed by a servant carrying a tray. She approached his bed and, taking his hand, said:

"How do you feel now?"

"I don't know . . . it seems to me that I must be ill."

"Why, certainly you are ill! Don't you then remember anything about it? Last evening, after the concert, you swooned, and after we brought you home you had a frightful fever. Last night my hus-

band never left your bedside. Don't you remember that?"

"Oh! . . . how much I thank you!" exclaimed Moacir, deeply touched. "You are too good to me, and I have done nothing whatever to deserve your kindness."

"Don't talk," said Mme. de Saint-Clément, stroking his forehead. "Don't get excited, you still have some fever and it is necessary to be very quiet."

"Thank you. But when I am well again I promise you. . . ."

"Don't speak of it. What we have done for you has been nothing unusual. My husband has felt that your case was an exceptional one . . . we have offered you our hospitality. Would you not have done as much for us if our son had been alone in Tujapà?"

Moacir smiled, and answered, while sitting up in bed to drink the cup of tea that the domestic handed him. "I should not have been able to offer him a room as luxurious as this, nor a welcome so generous as yours."

"There! There! Don't try to be so formally polite! I see that you feel better!" exclaimed Mme. de Saint-Clément. "You gave us an awful scare."

"I don't remember anything."

"But now I suggest that you rest quietly, and soon the doctor will come to see you."

Mme. de Saint-Clément was an excellent nurse. She endeavored to give her neighbor the surplus of maternal love that she could not lavish entirely on her son and husband. She was born to do good as others are born to do evil; and she often deprived

herself of some little fancy in order to give the money to those that she knew were needy. Unfortunately the atmosphere in which she lived was so far from genuine distress that, instead of comforting those who really would have needed her services, her gifts went too often to those who abused her kindness of heart. For instance, she often gave generously to charities, the benefits of which served merely to line the pockets of the skilful directors appropriating them.

Mme. de Saint-Clément closed the blinds, again told Moacir not to get up, and went out, closing the door with the greatest precaution.

Little by little, Moacir recalled the events of the previous evening. After the frenzied applause that had greeted his last song "*Luar do Sertão*," he had been obliged to repeat it. At that moment, Yandira had appeared so vividly before him, in her naïve beauty, seated before Kramer's cabin . . . she was weeping . . . and old Siso was trying to comfort her . . . that it had required another round of applause to bring him back to reality. The Baroness and Paul were coming toward him, and he was coming down from the stage, trembling, yet surrounded by a crowd of admirers holding out their hands toward him, pushing him, stifling. It was then, psychically sensitive, that he had lost consciousness of what was going on around him. But now he called to mind that the Baroness had given him a little perfumed handkerchief in which something was tied. What could it have been? He sprang up with a bound, emptied all his pockets and found the handkerchief. He untied the knot, a bit of paper dropped

out on which he read: "I will expect you tomorrow at four o'clock. . . ."

This simple note exerted a more beneficial effect upon his illness than all the medicines. He felt well again, opened the window, and breathed deeply the air of Paris. Paris! It was to the Saint-Cléments that he owed its conquest; but he would not be an ingrate, and would prove his deep appreciation. He looked at the time . . . noon . . . still four hours! He lay down again, but it was impossible for him to get an instant's repose. As soon as he was in one position he turned over to take another, but found none was ever right. It seemed to him that he would be better standing up than lying down, and in order to pass away the time, he asked to have a bath prepared for him.



Mme. de Saint-Clément, accompanied by a doctor, tapped lightly at Moacir's door without obtaining any response.

"He must be asleep," said the good lady to the practitioner, and very softly she went into the room. The window was open, and Moacir was not there. She was seriously annoyed this time and, without stopping to consider what she was doing, she ran to the telephone and asked for a connection with the Baroness Anderman:

"The doctor has just come to my house to examine Moacir, who was seriously sick this morning, and it is now impossible for us to find him in the house. Could he by chance be with you?"

"Not at all," replied the Baroness, surprised to hear Mme. de Saint-Clément so disquieted: "I have not seen him this afternoon. M. Planchette is here, telling me of his adventures . . . and I have just returned from a ride with my husband, the Ambassador of Brazil, M. Laporte and M. de Saint-Clément. You know that these gentlemen have decided to form a syndicate for import and export with Brazil. One never knows . . . this may be useful."

Mme. de Saint-Clément thought she discerned some irony in the words of the Baroness, and hung up the receiver.

As she did so, Moacir entered the salon of the Anderman mansion. At the sight of him, Alfred Planchette burst out laughing.

"Well, well, old man! So this is the way that you escape the clutches of the doctor who has been waiting at your place for a quarter of an hour! And Mme. de Saint-Clément is on tenterhooks. She is capable of bringing him here, you know. Look out!"

The Baroness, smiling, picked up her riding whip lying on the divan and gave him a friendly tap on the knees to make him keep quiet, but Planchette continued:

"And have you recovered yet from your success of last night? What applause, my dear fellow! They were simply mad about you!"

The Baroness noticed that Moacir disliked this pleasantry and that he was looking at Planchette furiously, his eyes blazing with wrath.

"Keep quiet," she said, "and go away, I want to talk with Moacir."

"About another concert? That's a good idea! One good turn deserves another!"

"I beg you to go away."

"No, Baroness, I'm not going. One does not often find sources of amusement, and I'm going to make the best of this one." The Baroness noticed that Moacir had become angry. She took Planchette by the arm and said, forcing herself to keep her temper, "Be a good boy now, run away!"

He rose up nonchalantly, eyed Moacir from head to foot, and then settled himself a little further away on another chair. The Baroness, without losing her smile, gave him another playful tap of her whip; but she undoubtedly hit him pretty smartly, for he rose to take his leave.

"I am leaving then . . . since I seem to be in the way. Moacir, my compliments to you; you are a lucky man . . . exceptionally lucky."

He kissed the Baroness' hand very deliberately, nodded his head to Moacir, and went out, laughing. Mme. Anderman paid no attention to the impertinence of Planchette, whom she knew and disliked; but Moacir, in a mad burst of temper, bounded into the vestibule, and seizing Planchette by the arm, yelled at him:

"You are going to tell me why you laugh?"

His tormentor only snickered the more.

"Why are you laughing?" repeated the Indian, with clenched teeth.

"Oh, nothing at all! Haven't I the right to amuse myself?"

"Not at my expense."

"I'm not laughing at your expense! . . . I am

just observing you. I am just about to write a new romance called 'The Latest Parisian Idol'; it lacks a hero, I have chosen you for the hero . . . that's all."

Moacir's hand clenched his arm:

"Take yourself off; we will arrange this later on, but bear in mind that the day you write a new chapter in your romance, you will have to reckon with me."

He hesitated before going back into the boudoir. It was the first time he had found himself alone with the Baroness since the day she had given herself to him. His heart began to beat furiously. She was awaiting him, stretched out on the divan, but she excused herself for receiving him in this attitude:

"I took a long horseback ride this morning, and I am a little fatigued. Why do you detest that little fool?"

"He exasperates me; I have never seen such an evil smile, even on the lips of the most cruel savages."

"He is my husband's spy; he is not worth your bother."

"What! your husband employs people to spy upon you, then?"

"Yes; but don't talk about that any more, will you? It is of no importance. Banish that grouchy look and smile again."

Moacir knelt at her feet. She gave a long sigh.

"Do you know that I have been very much disturbed to learn that you were ill? Fortunately Mme. de Saint-Clément's telephone call relieved my anxiety."

"Thank you, thank you," said Moacir, bringing his lips to her hand. "How happy I am, but could I ever believe that you would love a poor savage like me?"

"I love you as you are," she said. Then, rising to look at herself in the mirror hanging above the divan, and after a short silence, she sighed in a voice that made him quiver:

"Oh, Moacir, how sad my life is!"

In the mirror Moacir saw reflected the portrait of Baron Anderman and that of the Baroness in a languishing pose, with a charming smile.

"Have you not everything that is necessary for your happiness?" he asked, surprised. "What do you lack?"

"Freedom! Never have I wanted it so much as since I have loved you. You could never imagine the horrible existence that I lead."

She buried her face in her hands, shaking with sobs. This climax of despair upset Moacir completely.

"Why are you crying? . . . Aren't you . . . free?"

"I should like to go away with you . . . far, far, far away . . . go hide myself in your forests, and at last be truly free. Here we are all bound by an iron chain which bruises our flesh. We would like to roam about unhampered, to speak without mental reservation, to breathe freely, to love in our own way; and we cannot do it . . . there is the chain that holds us back! . . . What a terrible prison I live in!"

The tears were rolling down the Baroness's beau-

tiful face. Moacir bounded to his feet like a wounded beast and, with a tone of ferocious energy, exclaimed:

"What can I do for you? Tell me! If it is my life that you need, take it. As for me I have no past, the future holds no promise for me, my life has but one aim . . . your happiness! If my death is necessary, say so. I am at your orders."

The Baroness, looking at him lovingly, bared her breast: "If you love me as I love you, have pity on me. . . . Kill me! Strike me to the heart without mercy!"

Moacir took her in his arms, holding her desperately close to him.

"Not that! not that! rather would I die!"

"What, you are as cowardly as I am! . . . No one will help me to get out of this horrible prison! No one loves me enough to put an end to my sufferings!"

"Why these torments? Why this grief? Speak, I beg of you! Am I not worthy of your confidence?"

Instead of replying, the Baroness slipped out of Moacir's arms. It had seemed to her that someone was walking in the adjoining room. She ran to assure herself that it was but a false alarm and came back into the salon. She became very pale, and was trembling from head to foot.

"I will tell you everything, but not today. See how nervous I am! Don't take advantage of my weakness."

"When?" asked Moacir, anxiously.

"Tomorrow or the day after, I don't know when. Today I am afraid. I have a feeling that someone

is spying on me, that some danger is hovering around me. It seems to me as though the Baron were out there listening to us . . . leave me, I beg of you. You noticed Planchette's evil eyes when he went away; he will try to avenge himself, I am sure of that. I have a fear, a frightful fear, of my husband. My God! My God! if I only had courage to break this chain!"

She glanced in terror at the door of the little room, as though the Baron were suddenly going to come through it and ask her to give an account of her conduct.

Moacir wanted to draw her to him, but she slipped from his embrace.

"I beg of you to leave me if you love me. You will return tomorrow when I shall be sure to be alone."

Her beautiful face, bathed in tears, came up. She held up her mouth to Moacir, who kissed it lingeringly. The Baroness freed herself from his embrace, saying:

"Till tomorrow, my beloved."

Moacir found himself in the street, before he had time to recover his mind. He moved along without knowing where he was going, but he walked as though he had decided upon some purpose to be carried out. A thousand thoughts were moving confusedly in his mind, coming back constantly as an obsession—the Baroness, Planchette, and the Baron. In this mood he went even as far as the *Bois de Boulogne*, and without realizing what he was doing, retraced his steps, going back the same way that he had come. He felt within him the strength of a lion. He would willingly have given a blow with his

fist to those whom he met, just for the mere pleasure of seeing them fall down. Where could Planchette be now? If he but knew, he would make this spy regret his desire to laugh; but where could he find him? Perhaps he might be dining with the Saint-Cléments, and so Moacir went back there. The porter seemed to regard him with a suspicion that made him remember that Mme. de Saint-Clément had some reason for reproaching him. He certainly deserved it, but he did not feel equal just then to listening with enough patience. He went directly to his room and threw himself upon the bed. He was suffering frightfully.

It was four o'clock in the morning when M. de Saint-Clément came to waken him: "Excuse me for disturbing you . . . Moacir."

"Ah! is it you, Monsieur? I beg your pardon, I was sleeping so soundly."

"That is a sign that you are getting better; I am very glad of it."

"You are too good to me, too good to such an ungrateful wretch."

"That is not the point at present. . . . I want to ask you something."

"What is it?" said Moacir, sitting up in bed.

"Did you see my son yesterday at the Baroness's home?"

"No . . . was he to have been there? . . ."

". . . yesterday evening, very late?"

"No, I was not there myself. I returned very early and went to bed at once. . . . Why? Are you afraid of something?"

"Paul has not returned. I have telephoned to all

of his friends, but without result; no one has seen him."

"And you think that some accident may have happened to him?"

"Speak in a low voice, I would not want my wife to hear us."

"He might have been detained by some gallant adventure. That is the only possibility that I can see. . . ." insinuated Moacir, in the hope of finding out the real reason for M. de Saint-Clément's uneasiness.

"No, that is not it, I am sure, and that is why I am so disturbed! And . . . tell me, was Planchette at the Baroness's home? Yes? And Paul was not there?"

"No, I can assure you that I have not seen him," replied Moacir, who, at the mention of Planchette's name, felt all his anger coming back again.

". . . Well then, excuse me for having wakened you. Perhaps some of these days I may ask you to do me a special favor."

"I am always entirely at your service, Monsieur; I shall always be ready to oblige you."

"Be especially careful not to say anything to my wife about my visit to you. It is useless to make her uneasy just now. Ah! in fact, you know that you are going to get a good scolding for your own misdemeanors. Look out for yourself!"

When M. de Saint-Clément had gone away, Moacir remained sitting on his bed, deep in thought. Paul had not returned during the night, and his father was suspecting him of having stayed at the Baroness's house. Well then? No, it couldn't be pos-

sible. It was he, Moacir, that she loved; he was certain of that, and the other supposition was ridiculous. Nevertheless, the doubts that assailed him became so unbearable that in order to banish them, he got up and began pacing up and down the room. On the little table he noticed Alfred Planchette's visiting card, with the words: "I have something to tell you; come to see me immediately."

"I am afraid of that imbecile," thought Moacir.

Out in the hall, a door squeaked slightly. It was Paul coming back. Wishing to make sure of it, Moacir noiselessly opened his own door and went down to Paul's door. He listened, and looked through the keyhole. Paul was tranquilly undressing. It seemed to Moacir that her special perfume was in the air. . . . With beating heart he went back to his room. All the objects there appeared hostile to him, as though the anguish of his jealous soul was reflected in everything.

A vision of the Baron came back to his mind and stayed there. What was the husband's rôle in the life of the Baroness? Was it on his account, or on her own, that she was suffering? These problems succeeded each other so rapidly in his thoughts that it was impossible for him to find any solution. Suddenly a vision of the union of these two people flashed before him clear and sharp. He felt such acute grief at this apparition that he threw himself upon his pillow, weeping desperately. In this state he passed two long days waiting until she wished to recall him. Finally, on the third day, a servant came to tell him that the Baroness wished to speak to him on the telephone. All his blood rushed so quickly to

his head, that he would have fainted with joy at the sound of her voice. Her husband had gone away, and she would like to arrange a rendezvous with him for that very evening. He suddenly forgot all the doubts and anguish that had been torturing him during these last days. Had he not been almost wishing for death! What folly when life is so beautiful!

The sky was dark and it was beginning to rain; but he was thinking only of the boudoir awaiting him, bathed in soft light and filled with the perfume of the beloved woman. How comfortable it was there! Would not the rain dashing against the window panes but add to its charm and its coziness?

He felt glad to be alive, stronger and more high spirited.

"What is she going to ask of me?" he said to himself. "Nothing would be impossible for me to do if it would only make her happy."

He dressed himself very carefully and, while skillfully knotting his necktie, was surprised to find himself smiling. What nonsense that philosophy was! As if our exterior aspect could influence our inner thoughts! We are the toy of our internal sensations that make us admit as truth sometimes one thing, sometimes another.

This was no longer the Moacir of former days. She had made of him an elegant gentleman with courteous and conventional manners. Love had wrought this miracle! He wanted to make a gift to the Baroness and, in order to get the money, decided to ask to be made a member of the Franco-Brazilian syndicate which Laporte and M. de Saint-Clément had formed the night before. He did not know very

well just what it would involve, but that mattered very little to him. He wanted money, and any way of getting it seemed good to him!

He took a taxicab that to his feverish impatience, seemed not to be going at all. He was now seized with a fear of not finding her at home if he should arrive there a minute too late.

When the man ushered him into the room, and said that he would go to tell Mme. the Baroness, Moacir was as deliciously surprised as though it were an unexpected thing. A great joy enveloped him. He would have given his life for the instant of happiness awaiting him. He began pacing the length of the grand salon, and stopped only when a woman's footstep was heard in the corridor. He turned; she was on the threshold.

"At last!"

This word so well expressed his past anguish that it caused a smile both of pity and satisfaction to appear on the Baroness's lips. She was wearing this evening a robe of veiling that enveloped her body like a cloud.

Moacir took her hand and made her come into the room. She obeyed with docility and let herself be guided without any resistance. He then put his head on her breast and listened a few seconds to the hurried beating of her heart, which was fluttering her light robe. He kissed her upon the hair and the mouth, covering her with caresses. She let herself go, responsive in spite of herself, to the embrace of this young body whose anguish had sharpened desire. She had enough self-control, however, to real-

ize that he would expect her complete surrender, and by a sudden bound, she escaped from his arms.

"No, I will not! . . . Emotion makes me lose my head" . . . she said with a trembling voice. "I wanted so much to see you again, to talk to you. These two days have seemed endless to me! . . . Sit down sensibly here beside me."

She slowly lowered her eyes, and Moacir obeyed. He was content. In his exuberant youth, the expectation of pleasure but doubled its value.

The Baroness put some perfumed powder in an incense burner near her hand and lighted it. After taking a deep inhalation of the smoke, which burned up bright and fragrant, she fell back swooning upon the divan. Thinking that she wished to put him to the test by prolonging the sweet martyrdom of expectation, Moacir looked at her without making any movement.

Again the portraits of the Baron and the Baroness attracted his attention. Thrown in relief by the black velvet gown that left bare her throat and shoulders, the whiteness of her skin was strikingly lovely. Near her the Baron, his closed hand resting on the table, showed a mask of hardness and energy. His eyes were resting upon the Baroness.

How beautiful she was! It was on this same divan that she had given herself to Moacir the first time, and yet, he no longer seemed to have lived that delicious instant, but to have had a beautiful dream, to have been the plaything of an adorable illusion.

He knelt beside her, took her hand, and clasped it to his heart. She turned toward him, her eyes veiled with tears:

"No, no, my love! Listen to me. I have summoned you here, for it is necessary for me to talk to you; it is necessary that you should know."

He wanted to embrace her, but she repulsed him, her hand upon his mouth.

"Keep still! Let me alone, and promise me to listen sensibly. I am so happy when I feel you near me that I can not find the words to express it. Why is it necessary that this instant of joy . . . the last undoubtedly that will be permitted to me, should make me feel more than ever the weight of the chains that shackle me?"

He took her in his arms as though he feared that she would escape him.

"I will take you away with me, my love. We shall go far, very far away, where no one can come to do you harm."

"Let me alone!" she cried in an altered voice: "Let me alone!" and, wrenching herself away, she flung out point blank: "Could you stand sharing my body with others?"

She was defying him now: "Answer me; would you stand that?"

Moacir was so taken back that he could not utter a word. She took advantage of his bewilderment by not giving him time to collect himself.

"Moacir, you do not know how much I have prayed heaven to pardon me for the wrong that I have committed with you! You can not know how much I have suffered! You can not understand my shame, for you do not know the cruel exactions of civilization. I must belong to one man only . . . to one man, you understand, and for life. I am his prop-

erty, and he holds me with an iron grip. He knows that I do not love him, but he is the master and I must obey him. I am only his slave, do you understand? . . . his slave. . . .”

A rush of blood surged up to Moacir's brain.

“What do you expect me to do? Speak!”

The Baroness dissembled a smile of triumph.

“It is necessary, Moacir, it is absolutely necessary that we never see each other again.”

With a quick movement, she took his head in her hands, kissed his forehead, and threw herself sobbing upon the divan.

“No,” said Moacir, ferociously; “no one can take you away from me. You belong to me, and I shall know how to keep you.” He took her in his arms, raised her up, and pressed her to his heart with all the force of his passion.

“Wait a moment, just one moment more . . . but release me, I cannot breathe!”

He put her down upon the divan, but as soon as she felt herself free, she bounded toward the door:

“Moacir, calm yourself; think a little. . . . You do not wish me to be cursed, do you, never to have another instant's peace? See in what a state I am! . . .”

She was very pale indeed.

“Keep constantly in mind that I must not belong to any man . . . *while the Baron is living*. Have pity upon me! No, do not come near me. You must never see me again. Have pity upon me, Moacir! Good-bye!”

He made no reply but went out slowly without turning around, crushed, overwhelmed.

The Baroness ran to the window and watched him going away. When he was out of sight she retired to her room, looked at herself in the glass, called her maid and ordered her to prepare a bath for her.



"Everything is going well? Nothing new?"

The secretary of the Anderman bank was accustomed to these questions from the Baron every time he returned from a trip.

"Nothing new," M. Cartier replied; and added: "As you predicted, the speech of the Minister of Finance has had a happy effect upon the exchange."

"Splendid," replied the Baron absently, while signing the letter that the clerk handed him. "Money is the only thing that still keeps the world in equilibrium."

M. Cartier, who was not accustomed to hear his chief speak ironically, looked at him in surprise and saw that he was extremely pale, dejected, crushed, like a man who has lost every bit of energy.

Anderman passed his hand over his forehead and his eyes, and, picking up the papers that he found on his desk, began reading them attentively, evidently wishing to avoid the questions of his employee.

As long as Cartier had been connected with this house, and that had been a good many years, he had never seen his chief so depressed. He knew him only as a man always calm, smiling, pleasant with everybody, even with his enemies.

"What can have happened to him?" he asked him-

self, with the mail in his hands,—yet undecided whether to stay or leave. If any misfortune had come upon the banker, the secretary should have been the first to know of it. Besides, what misfortune could threaten him? His life was completely absorbed in business, he seldom went into society, he was living richly and happily, having succeeded in making himself beloved and esteemed by everyone.

He took a last look at his chief, stifled the question burning on his lips, but which he did not dare to ask, and went out. In the meantime, an office boy came in, carrying on a tray a visiting card, that of Moacir Kramer.

Anderman turned pale, arose, walked up and down the office for a moment, returned and sat down, and finally having regained his composure, even went to the door to meet Moacir. There they were, face to face. The banker having completely recovered his self-possession, took his visitor's arm in a friendly way.

"Do not look at me with those terrible eyes, my dear Moacir. . . . I was expecting you. You have come even earlier than I had thought. . . . Will you be good enough to sit down? Your visit is especially timely, for I have something to say to you."

"No," replied Moacir, grimly, "it is I who have something to say to you," and rapidly closing and locking the door, he put the key in his pocket.

The banker let him do it without losing any of his calmness.

"Why such precaution? I have told you that I was expecting you . . . that I intend to listen to you.

I know why you have come. You see, don't you, that I am here alone . . . and you can do with me what you wish? But first, let me talk to you. You may do then as you will."

The Baron's assurance troubled Moacir. "How could he know what I have come for?" he muttered to himself. "I had only made up my mind to come a few moments ago, and no one knew my plans." After a frightful night, he had gone out to buy a revolver with the intention of killing himself. It was only when he was passing the bank that he felt hatred gnawing so at his heart that he decided to go in. After having rid the world of the Baroness's husband, who was tyrannizing over her, he would then kill himself. In this way he would not have committed the crime for vengeance, but for love. He would have acted, not as an assassin but as a liberator.

"Give me your hand, Moacir, as though you were my son," continued the Baron, in a friendly way: "I have always liked you, I am even fond of you, for from the very beginning I have understood your torment. I want to prevent your committing a crime the entire weight of which will react upon you, and from which I only will reap any benefit."

A strange anguish, an inexplicable fear, seized Moacir. This man suddenly seemed to him to be protected by a mysterious force against which he was powerless. And yet, the Baron, old and haggard, seemed wholly at his mercy, incapable of the slightest resistance. Yet Moacir knew that he had read his thoughts; and perhaps it was his mysteri-

ous power of divination that was making the banker so undaunted.

"I have no ill will against you . . . you have suffered, too. . . ."

This reminder of his grief again brought before Moacir the scene that he had lived through the evening before. He again saw his darling's lovely face bathed with tears, and heard her trembling voice murmuring to him: "I am his slave, do you understand? His slave, and it will kill me!"

And now the cruel and inexorable tyrant, this man whose very portrait revealed his violence and tyrannical spirit, was only a defenseless, pitiable and ludicrous creature.

"You love the woman that I love, Moacir," murmured the Baron.

Moacir instinctively grasped the butt-end of the revolver that he had hidden in his pocket. The savage in him was struggling against the civilized man so painstakingly developed by Kramer. The two forces, the one conscious, the other unconscious, were battling for his decision. At first, hatred got the upper hand, and the man before him prostrate in the big leather chair seemed to Moacir simply a ferocious beast, tearing in his claws the woman whom he loved. At that he felt impelled to attack him, to destroy him as a dangerous animal. Then, on the other hand, while the Baron was speaking, all his fury suddenly left him. His conscience then begged him to reason, to search, to try to understand what he did not know and what he was going to know. An inner voice told Moacir that he ought not to kill.

Which of these two selves would gain the victory? Anderman's life was swaying back and forth between the natural man and Kramer's man.

"Do you know," continued Anderman, "that this woman has been on the point of making me commit a crime in order to please her? . . ."

"You lie!" cried Moacir, striking the table with his fist; "You lie! You spy upon her, you hold her by force, you stifle and crush her . . . and it is that, do you understand, that I will not have . . . that I will not have."

The Baron raised his head and looked Moacir in the eyes.

"You are right," he said, "it is true that I do possess her by force. But you, in order to free her, want to kill a man who is already at the point of death. I have possessed her by force, but she has never loved me, has always deceived me . . . duped me. . . . You know that, don't you Moacir? . . . I have never before seen through her artifice. I have lived like a blind man . . . all my happiness has been only a lie!"

And this man who, in the eyes of the world, had been merely a business schemer, heartless and pitiless, burst into sobs like a child.

Moacir let him weep, moved in spite of himself by a grief so sincere. When the Baron had somewhat recovered his poise he continued, his voice still shaking.

"Would you like to be my judge? Very well; listen first to what I must tell you:

"It was in Italy that I first saw her, although she was not an Italian. But that you may understand

me, I must go further back into my life; otherwise you will not appreciate the gravity of the wrong that I have done because of her . . . I have forgotten, I have denied my father. I was born of poor parents in a country on the banks of the Volga, in Russia, where Jews were treated like slaves. I was the eldest, and it was my duty to aid my very large family. But my father, who saw in me a defender of the Jewish people, wished, after having saved a little money—God knows at what fearful sacrifices!—to send me into Austria to complete my studies.

“I went to Vienna, where I applied myself seriously to study. A year later I began to earn a little money by giving lessons, and in this way I became self-supporting. Very often I suffered from hunger, but by sheer will power, I achieved distinguished rank among the other students.

“One day, during an anti-Semitic uprising among the students, they insulted me and threw me into the river.

“I was rescued by workmen, who took me to the hospital. I had a broken leg. During the four months that I passed clamped to my bed, I had time to relive the sad history of my people—their wandering course from one country to another, their unwarranted persecutions, the injustices of which they were always the victim. I recalled my sacrifices as a student, the envy, the suspicion of my comrades, and I was overpowered with longing to change my country. But when I came out of the hospital I was lame, and they told me that I would always limp.

“As soon as my studies were finished, I became connected with a bank, which soon afterward sent

me to England. I walked, dragging my foot, but I went ahead, and I was soon promoted over the others. It was in England that my character asserted itself, and that I became conscious of my powers.

"Within a few years, I became president of the bank, and some time afterward, I founded one myself in partnership with a friend that I had made there. I threw myself heart and soul into business, having no other aim, no other ambition, but that of earning money. Our business increased, and we were soon able to open a branch bank in Paris.

"Up to that time, love had never entered my heart. Women appeared to me as useless beings, with whom intercourse is agreeable only in hours of leisure. Since my birth, my mind had been concentrated upon other occupations. One evening at the theatre, I made the acquaintance of Anna Ostransky. She was very beautiful, and I escorted her home. The next day I discovered that I was in love with her. I took her to Rome, where we lived together a month, but business called me back to Paris, and I soon forgot the romantic adventure. Some time after that, she recalled herself to my memory by sending me a superb portrait, accompanied by a letter. I received them one evening when I came home depressed and dazed after a hard struggle at the Stock Exchange. I opened the envelope, and Anna appeared to me more beautiful than ever. I read her letter and felt comforted. I believe some business men are as naïve as I was.

"This letter was followed by many others. They are deposited with my will, with M. Hoyle, my attorney; but I wish them to be buried with me. They

were the only consolation that my sad existence has given me.

"Anna gave me to understand that she had not forgotten me and that she would be delighted to come to Paris if only for a day to see me again. . . . I telegraphed her to take the train at once. We spent a wonderful week together. She adored me . . . at least I thought she did!

"Are you listening to me, Moacir? . . . I seem to be losing myself in the details, but it is necessary for you to know everything.

" . . . Pitiless tragedy is making sport of us both. . . . You must listen to my confession, for it will throw light upon your naïveté.

"We continued to write to each other, and I begged her to live with me permanently. She refused, pretending that she was obliged to earn the money necessary for the education of her three orphan brothers.

"I rejoined her in Berlin, where she was singing in a theatre. I snatched her from the stage . . . and there I spent the happiest days of my life. Just at this time, my old father, sick unto death, wrote to me, asking me to go to him. He begged me to work to defend the cause of the Jewish people, and suggested that I marry a little orphan whom my mother had brought up and loved as her daughter.

"I wanted to go, but Anna clung to me, weeping. She was afraid, she said, of remaining there alone, and especially of not seeing me again if I persisted in making this trip. Upset at the prospect of losing her, I yielded to her caprice, let my father die with-

out having the last consolation of seeing me again . . . and I married her.

"For many years I kept away from my family, lost in the world, a stranger to everyone. Anna became the joy and aim of my life. She was the only being who had ever spoken to me of love, and I gave myself up to it. The anguish that I felt when the first doubt awakened in my mind, you can well imagine. Little by little the veil that was blinding me had fallen away, and since that day remorse has kept me without an instant's rest. You can not know what a terrible thing that is. Night and day I saw my father on his death bed, holding out his arms to me, and calling to me even with his last breath.

"I plunged deeper into business in order to divert my thoughts, to forget, and nevermore, as formerly, to conquer and impose my own will. She has had one lover after another. I shut my eyes to it, fearing to lose her. In order to hold her, I gave her all the riches that she could desire; but she was insatiable. Then it was that I felt from day to day the beginning of her scorn for me, and I . . . and I held her by force! . . . Yes, that is true. I entered her room as the master who had bought her.

"On a never-to-be-forgotten night, I read in her eyes her hatred and revolt, and then I began to set spies upon her.

"I had her shadowed step by step and I know now all that she does, hour by hour, minute by minute. It is Paul de Saint-Clément that she is now madly in love with, and he undoubtedly loves her; but the position of the Saint-Cléments is in my hands, and the father has persuaded his son to go back to Eng-

land. That is why, not being able to decide to abandon her fortune in order to follow her lover, she has thought that you, the savage, might serve her purpose by ridding her of me. I have been following, from day to day, the development of the perfidious comedy that she has been playing with you, trying to incite you to crime. Not for an instant would all Paris have doubted that jealousy had driven the Indian to kill the banker Anderman. It was a bold stroke!"

Moacir sprang up with a bound, but the Baron placed his hand on his arm and stopped him. "I have not yet finished . . . yesterday evening, hidden in the grand salon, I heard what Anna said to you. My poor child! I saw you go out with lowered head, with shoulders bent under the weight of approaching fatality. I knew that you would obey what she wished yet dared not ask. She had communicated to your innocent soul all her rancour, all her hatred for me, for me who loved her so much. . . ."

The Baron let himself drop back in his armchair, his glance vague, roving, completely exhausted by the effort that he had just made.

Truth was now shining before Moacir's eyes so clearly that he felt overwhelmed with shame. . . . He took Baron Anderman's hand, lying inert on the arm of the chair, pressed it, and went away.

He ran like a madman to the Baron's home, took the stairs at a bound, and entered without being announced. The Baroness was reading quietly in her boudoir. Moacir took her by the arm. He wanted to speak, to insult her, but incapable of collecting his

thoughts so as to keep himself in countenance, and without even realizing what he was doing, he lied:

"I have killed him."

The Baroness pushed him away, seeking in his eyes the confirmation of what he had just said. He laughed nervously.

"It isn't true, is it? It isn't true?" she cried. "You are saying that to frighten me?"

As he did not answer, she ran to the telephone and asked for M. Hoyle's office. He snatched the receiver from her hands to prevent her speaking, her perfume mounted to his head, he seized her wrist with fury.

"What do you want with me?" she screamed, trying to free herself.

"Nothing," replied Moacir, eyeing her in a disquieting fashion.

She became exceedingly pale, and ran towards the door, but Moacir stood in her way.

"Come, calm yourself, and keep your emotion for some other day. I lied to you. I have not killed him . . . as you wished."

The terror on her face gave way to a smile of scorn for him who had frustrated her infamous plans; and wild with rage she murmured between her teeth:

"Coward!"

For the first time, Moacir saw her soul reflected in her eyes that were shooting out sparks of steel.

"Get out of here," she cried wildly; "go away!"

He smiled at the sight of that bare arm and little delicate hand pointing to the door. He had never smiled that way; then he turned the key in the lock.

He went to her, caught her by the waist, and threw her upon the divan. He was again the primitive man of the forest. . . .

Down on the carpet upon which she had fallen, she turned toward him, still trembling and imploring his pity.

"Do not do me any injury. . . . Ever since I was fifteen, I have been alone in life. . . . I was so good while I was poor. . . . No one has ever counselled, aided or protected me. . . . Do not do me any harm, Moacir, have pity upon me, pardon me!"

Without a word, after having given her a last look, he crossed the threshold of that house which he would never re-enter and he cried like a child. As he went on his way, he kept close to the walls like the thief at Milan at whose escape he had connived. People stopped to look at him, but he did not see anyone, entirely lost in the anguish that was wringing his heart. He mechanically entered the café where he had gone for the first time on his arrival in Paris with the World Traveler. There he crouched down in a dark corner, far from the people, and, to the waiter who came near him, he said: "Give me a glass of hot rum. I am cold."

He felt the need of warming himself up. All his body was sore, and his head was aching terribly. . . . How did he have the strength to walk so far? Why had he come into this café? Who guided him to cower in this corner? He couldn't say.

The waiter put the glass down on the table. Moacir looked at the smoke escaping from it and took a long breath; the odor of the fiery liquor was mounting to his brain. "Why does not this glass con-

tain some poison?" he thought. "Thanks to it I might reach the end of my suffering! . . . What has life given me hitherto? Nothing! And what has it in reserve for me in the future? Nothing! We are nothing, nothing! We are floundering around in a void. The World Traveler recurred to his mind. Where was he now? He must continue his rounds across the world, demanding the wherewithal to live from the indifferent, not one of whom would suspect the tragedy which he was passing through. Perhaps he, too, was dead! . . . freed forever from his fatigue and from his sufferings! Moacir reproached himself for not having understood him and felt an overwhelming remorse: "All men, rich or poor, are they then here on earth only to suffer? The same amount of suffering is assigned to each one, and those who are spared great misfortunes, torture themselves over little things. All life is merely atrocious agony. Civilization has given mankind only a sensibility that greatly increases suffering."

He swallowed his rum with a single gulp, and the alcohol warmed his stomach, bringing him back to reality. He was not trembling any more, but he had a great desire to weep, to sob, to call on someone for help.

Among the people around him who were tranquilly drinking coffee while reading the newspaper, no one suspected his grief. Yet each one doubtless had his own sorrow. Were they suffering, too, each obliged to conceal in his heart a secret wound? They also had come into this café looking for refuge, but

they would find their trouble again as soon as they left and took up their cross again.

"Another drink," said Moacir to the passing waiter.

What is the purpose of life? Why is one born? Man is like all animals, like them, a mere mechanism that sees, eats and loves. Was he also a beast like the others? No, for the pain that he was suffering was human, deeply human. Then, it was not possible that life should be only this commonplace struggle for the satisfaction of the instincts. It must have another purpose, a purpose that he had not yet understood. He motioned to the waiter to refill his glass.

What could this purpose be? Whatever it might be, other men were going toward it, dragging after them the heavy chain of existence while he who was ignoring it, was only a useless being. To suffer again would not teach him anything more . . . if the Wise Man were still here he would laugh at him, and make him ashamed of his weakness. Had he not said to him: "Moacir, you are my soul, my creature . . ." But he knew how to love him! He now had a better understanding of all these seated around him and would have liked to give to each one a word of comfort. Upon seeing their faces become more serene, he would have felt some relief to the pain that was distressing him. . . . But why should he suffer and for whom? For that woman, who just now was dragging herself at his feet? For Baron Anderman? . . . He would now have given his life to make him happy again. . . .

He took a last drink, paid, and went out. He

seemed to feel the World Traveler again at his side sustaining him, and he began to laugh. . . . He laughed as he supported himself against the wall and thought: "I have drunk too much."

He went back to his room, dizzy and hazy as to exactly what had just happened. His past seemed to him far away, so far away that it no longer appeared to be his. Only the memory of Anderman and Anna was still whirling around in his mind; but they seemed to him destitute of expression, like two puppets. . . . He fell asleep in an armchair.

He was still in a sound sleep when M. and Mme. de Saint-Clément aroused him.

"Excuse us for coming into your room without your permission, Moacir, but we did not know whether you had returned and we wished to make sure. Where have you been spending the day? You doubtless know of the terrible tragedy that has just happened? Wake up, Moacir! This is something very serious."

They both began speaking at the same time, and so rapidly that Moacir could not understand a word of what they were saying. Finally, M. de Saint-Clément handed him a newspaper, in which he read in large print: "Suicide of Baron Anderman."

He started up, pale as death, feeling as if the house had just fallen upon him.

"No," he cried, "it is impossible!"

With tears in his eyes, he read the account of the tragedy. . . . "This afternoon Baron Anderman killed himself by shooting himself in the head. . . ."

Those who have never experienced the anguish of

remorse cannot comprehend Moacir's despair when, after the first moment of astonishment had passed, the details of the scene that he had so recently had with the Baron came back to his memory.

Like an obsession the last words of the unfortunate Anderman kept ringing in his ears. . . . "You wish to kill a man who is already dying . . . it is your own ruin that you are going to precipitate. . . ."

This man had understood the rôle that Moacir had been goaded into attempting, and had wished, although he had already decided to die, to put him on guard against the danger that was menacing him.

He saw again the agonized face of the Baron, his hand clenched on the arm of his great chair . . . while disclosing his fatal decision . . . and he had not understood. Thinking only of himself, of his own offended self-love, it had not occurred to Moacir that it was his duty to stay the hand of the man about to take his own life. Ah, if he himself had fired the shot, his remorse would have been less cruel, for he alone would have been responsible for his crime to society. He would have been punished, they would have despised him, he would have expiated it; whereas now, though he had escaped punishment, he would always feel the weight of this crime on his conscience.

He thought of the Wise Man, and his face flushed with shame. He would never be anything but a savage; he would never become a man. He paced up and down the length of his room as though to free himself from the thoughts that were tormenting him.

Yes, undoubtedly he would always be the toy of his passions, incapable of dominating them, incapable of reasoning; continually the victim of his senses; he would pursue only one conquest . . . that of woman. And why, great God? To reproduce other savages, other beings, as irresponsible as he? Dominated by concern for his own welfare, he would never be capable of perceiving the pain of those who prowl through the streets dying of hunger and bruised by poverty.

For the first time Moacir felt his ego assert itself, and he felt deeply ashamed of it. Nevermore would he dare appear before his fellow-men without fearing that they would read in his countenance the list of his blunders.

The World Traveler had realized that he was too sick to endure longer the companionship of a vigorous man in good health, and that was why he had deserted him.

Now Moacir, too, was too weak to stand the company of civilized men. . . . Back there in the forest among primitive beings, he would undoubtedly be able to regain his manhood and forget his mistakes. There only could life become supportable for him again.

He made up his mind to return home at once.

M. de Saint-Clément put his arm around Moacir, trying to calm him. "Come now," he said, "this certainly was a great misfortune that no one could foresee, and it has aroused great feeling all over Paris; but it is not enough to put you in such a state as this! I, too, feel a deep, personal grief. Twice during the

war the Baron aided me in re-establishing my fortune, which was then in a bad way. No one will deplore his loss more than I shall."

"I feel a great remorse," murmured Moacir, with his head bowed down.

"What do you mean by remorse? . . . You have known him only a short while! Your grief is truly extraordinary. Come, Moacir, tell me all about it; explain yourself."

"I have nothing to say. . . ."

After a short pause, M. de Saint-Clément started to comfort him again.

"Come! come! my dear boy! . . . I am beginning to think that the emotions of Parisian life have shaken your nerves a little. It is evident that you have acted badly. It was very bad on your part not to have gone to call on the Baroness. . . . That vexes me, and I fear that she will think that it is we who have advised you to stay away."

"No," Moacir was able to say between sobs; "she cannot think that, for she knows. . . ."

"What does she know?" asked Mme. de Saint-Clément, instantly curious, and always hoping to hear something in confidence.

"She knows . . . that I have decided to return to Brazil."

"You wish to return to Brazil? That certainly is a very good idea. You are perfectly right to go back there. What is the use of stagnating here, anyway?"

M. de Saint-Clément would not let his wife run on any longer, but cut her off, saying:

"We have loved you as a son, Moacir, and we have done everything in our power for you. Our house

has been yours, and we asked only to care for you; but it is evident that you have had very few opportunities to be happy among us. You are too emotionally suggestible to stand the life that we live here, and, in spite of the deep affection that we have for you, I believe it is our duty to let you go."

Moacir thanked him, kissed the hand of Mme. de Saint-Clément, and a few moments after this conversation, preceded by a servant who was carrying his valises, he went down the great marble staircase where he had met Paul for the first time. He it was who had decided to leave, and yet he had the impression of being dismissed from this house like a valet.

Before getting into the taxicab, he had time to notice that the porter had the same ironical smile as on the day of his arrival, but today that smile appeared to him less foolish.

He checked his valises at the station and made his way to the *Boulevard Saint-Germain*. The funeral procession of Baron Anderman was to pass there at three o'clock. The crowd, always fond of this kind of spectacle, especially when it is the funeral of a well-known person who has committed suicide, had become very dense; but it pushed him and jostled him in vain. Moacir stood doggedly in his place, indifferent to everybody, his eyes fixed on the big door of the Anderman mansion. When the Baron's coffin came out, his heart experienced a violent shock. Uneasily he looked around at the people surrounding him. No one seemed to recognize him or to show any disapproval of him.

The Baroness, heavily veiled in black, was following the coffin, supported by Mme. de Saint-Clément

and the Countess Renan. Behind them came Paul de Saint-Clément, very pale, hiding his emotion under an impassive mask; then came M. Hoyle, Alfred Planchette, Mlle. Suzanne, and some friends. All were affecting such exaggerated grief that it did not appear sincere.

After they had taken their places in the automobiles, they were followed by all the aristocracy of Paris and the business world.

Moacir's eyes followed this cortège until it had disappeared, slowly, bearing away with it the last visual evidence of the drama that he had just lived through. When he turned around, he was alone on the pavement, the show was over for the crowd.

An hour later he was on the train to Marseilles, where he was planning to take the boat for Brazil.

But this was not the Moacir who had come from Tujapà: his forehead was lined with wrinkles, and the curves of his lips drooped, giving him an expression of infinite sadness. The beautiful French landscape was flashing before his eyes, but it was Baron Anderman that was always before his inner vision. He could not take his mind off of his last sight of the unfortunate banker, even then about to kill himself. His anguish clutched him by the throat, causing him to breathe with great difficulty. He loosened his necktie, jerked off his collar, and angrily threw them out of the compartment.

Where was he going now? To Brazil? To Tujapà to find Siso again and the little Yandira whom he had forgotten? Was Siso still living? He recalled the few days that had preceded their departure from Matto Grosso, the long painful trail of the caravan,

the illness and death of Kramer. . . . There were now two deaths in his life . . . but that of Kramer had left him full of hope, of illusions, of faith; that of Anderman had taken away the last shred of his confidence in human goodness. He thought he now understood why one had lived in search of the ideal, while the other had let himself be mastered by his ambition and passions. If he, himself, had been very unfortunate, it was because he had forgotten the Wise Man, his father, who when dying, had called him: "My soul." He had lost, in fact, every bit of his individuality and had become the puppet of those who had been intimate with him and had made use of him merely to better their own interests. Who would have suspected that he had a soul, when he had acted as though he had none? Nothing astonishing then in the fact that all Paris and all Italy knew him only as the puppet that he had shown himself to be,—as a savage, nicknamed "The Man without a Necktie!" Because he had not the same color of skin as Europeans, they had considered him not as an intelligent being, but merely as a creature to be exploited for their diversion in the theatre or in the salon. Not content with behaving in this way toward him, they had inflamed his passions and had breathed hatred into his heart, even goading him to crime. He had let himself go without reacting morally, without rebelling, like a domestic animal; and now he was dragging himself sadly along, like a bird whose wings have been clipped, seeking some remote corner for his humiliation.

It seemed to him that he could hear the laughter of Morani, of Saraceni, of the guests of the Saint-

Clément home, and of the *Pavillon Bleu*, mocking him while bursting with merriment. Civilized people had sneered and made a laughing-stock of the savage that they had used for their own ends.

And it was after admitting this defeat, with his heart bitten with rage and tortured with remorse, that he looked forward to seeking refuge in Tujapà and finding oblivion there. Very well, then! Never could he live tranquilly nor view without uneasiness the dawn and the twilights in Yandira's pure arms, as long as he had not atoned. Was he then a coward? . . . It is by force that it is necessary to conquer life, and in not following this principle, Kramer had shown himself as cowardly as the others. It was a refuge then that the Wise Man had sought among those men of simple heart. It was in order not to go down himself that he had clung to the little Indian; it was in order to preserve his own faith that he had developed good instincts in his protégée; in order not to remain alone, that he had given him a heart and a brain; and after having accomplished this task, he had died, leaving him alone and defenseless.

But how could he, Moacir, have struggled against men whom he did not know? It would have been better for him to have remained in his forest in the midst of his kind to whom he might have been of some use.

Thus was character born in Moacir, a thirst to struggle, to protect, and to suffer in order to expiate his mistakes. He would defy evil. He would combat the wicked, would unmask them in the eyes of the world, and would put them beyond the possibility of doing injury. His young intelligence burned with en-

thusiasm at the prospect of combat, and the more definitely he worked out in his mind the ideal for which he was going to struggle, the more he regained his strength and his peace of mind.

On the train which was carrying him onward at a dizzy pace, he felt reborn in him the energy that had long since abandoned him.

PART IV

TAKE me to a hotel where men do not wear neckties," Moacir ordered the driver of the taxicab that he had taken on arriving in Marseilles.

In a few moment he got out of the cab before the *Hôtel des Matelots*.

M. Blanchard, the proprietor of the establishment, was used to receiving travelers from all countries of the world, but when he saw Moacir come in, clad in faultless dress but without collar and necktie, he could not repress a start of surprise:

"Where in the devil do you come from?" he asked bluntly.

"I come from Paris. I am going to Brazil; and that is no one's affair but my own," replied Moacir, little disposed to begin a conversation.

M. Blanchard did not insist, and guessing that this new client must have some money, he conducted him into the most beautiful room in the house, looking out upon the port.

Once alone, Moacir opened the window to expel the musty air which was heavy in the room, and breathed deeply the sea breeze that whipped his face. He was happy to feel himself at last free from those social obligations to which he had been a slave for so many long months.

As he opened his valise to take out his clothes, the works of Victor Hugo, Voltaire, and Dante came to his notice and he placed them on the table. It had been a long time since he had opened a book.

What good would reading have done him? Of what use to imprint upon paper the thoughts of all these authors? They, too, had done nothing except to cry out their sufferings and flee from human misery, contenting themselves with having sought the lukewarmness of their rooms to observe from their high windows the dramas which were distressing unfortunate humanity. After having brandished their pens, they had drowned their indignation in ink. Wretched creatures, without energy, strangled by the necktie . . . feeble lights in a blind crowd!

Moacir now felt springing up within him the power to do better things. He went out of the hotel and began to pace the length of the quay with his head high and with a triumphant air. The sky, the earth, the sea belonged to him. He was communing with the Great All.

The animation of the port fascinated him. The men, the wagons, the horses, the automobiles passing one another in every direction, presented a marvellous spectacle from which he could not take his eyes. Here some voyagers were arriving; there others were preparing to depart. In the midst of a tangle of masts, ropes, and sails, the smokestacks of steamships were belching out a thick black smoke. The air was saturated with an indefinable odor of smoked fish, tobacco and tar which mingled with the strange aroma of pepper and cinnamon that were being unloaded from ships coming directly from India or Batavia.

He stopped to watch the stevedores who were unloading a cargo of bags of sulphur from a sailing

vessel. Their bodies were dripping with sweat and from the yellow crust sticking to their faces, their eyes were sending out strange lights.

With great agility they were climbing up and down the plank which connected the boat with the wharf. Among them was an old man bent under the weight of a bag that was so heavy for him that he was performing his task with the greatest difficulty. Reaching the end of the plank, he threw his load on the ground, with the back of his hand wiped away the sweat that was dripping from his forehead, and sat down for an instant to get his breath.

"Sit still," Moacir said to him, taking off his coat. "I am going to do your work."

The old man threw himself down exhausted upon the sacks and let him do it.

One of the longshoremen, noticing the substitution, challenged Moacir:

"Come now, you are pushing yourself in; it isn't fair for you to do that. That old man has been working on this job for the past thirty years. You ought not to take it away from him."

The old man, too, filled with suspicion, stood up and with an ugly look muttered in a threatening voice:

"Be careful now! If you play me a dirty trick, I'll pay you back for it."

"What are you fussing about?" laughed Moacir, making him sit down again. "You see, don't you, that I am young and strong and therefore am in need of a little exercise? Rest here quietly and don't worry about anything else."

The old man looked him over from head to foot, and seeing that he was well-dressed, said:

"You're not expecting me to pay you anything for this, are you?"

"No, not a cent! . . . since I told you that I was working for my own pleasure," and he sped lightly up the gangplank.

The unloading finished, the stevedore went to get his pay, while Moacir, having put on his coat again, strolled tranquilly off. He was tired, though; the inactive life that he had been leading in Paris, had made him soft, had compelled him to waste his energy foolishly in calls, in attendance at soirées, concerts, dances, theatres—wherever the Baroness had dragged him in her train. And those clothes that he had had to change every instant according to the place to which he was going! Morning suit, afternoon suit, evening dress, tuxedo! How many hours he had spent with the tailors! Everybody, since his arrival in Europe, had busied himself in making him earn money under the pretext of sending him back to his own country after the fortune was made, yet had always made him spend the money that he had earned. How much time they had thus employed uselessly—they and he! How could the bourgeois understand the true meaning of life better than those unfortunates in the People's Hotel? The latter, at least, had been trained in the school of misery. Thinking and meditating on this kind of thing made Moacir recall Bar Eli. What had become of his young friend? He mechanically thrust his hand into the pocket of his coat and from the torn lining he drew out a scrap of paper; it was the

check that he had intended to send to Bar Eli. He glanced at the date . . . it showed that three months had passed by. Three months during which he had worn a necktie; three months during which he had been as blind as the others! Poor Bar Eli!

"Monsieur, monsieur." He turned and saw the old stevedore hurrying to catch up to him.

"Monsieur! Will you have lunch with me?"

"Surely I will."

"Well then let's go to Mother Vernier's! It's very near; the food is good there and it's not expensive. You see that today I can afford to treat myself. One doesn't often find, especially in these days people rendering you a service except for their own interest. My comrades over there wouldn't believe it. Nor I any more than they, I admit it; when I saw you go away without asking for any return, then I had to believe the evidence, so I have run after you to catch up with you. I have already seen a great many extraordinary types in my lifetime," he added, after a pause, "but fellows who do your job for the mere fun of letting you rest; I have never met that kind before. From what country do you come? I would wager that you are a Colonial."

"No," replied Moacir smiling, "I am a savage."

"A savage!" And the old man began to laugh. "Without fooling?"

"Without fooling. I am going back to Brazil by the next steamer. I am going back to my native land, to my primitive forest; and once in Rio, it will take me still a month to reach my village."

The old man checked his laughter but was not convinced. They entered Mother Vernier's restau-

rant where the stevedore was well known. He never came there but for two reasons: when his wife had turned him out of his home because he was tipsy, or on great occasions when he wished to go on a little spree. As he was accompanied by a stranger, the waiter chose two "special meals" for the great occasion, and after having ordered them from the kitchen, approached the two customers, eyeing Moacir with curiosity.

Of all the professions, those of reporter and restaurant waiter are the two which most arouse inquisitiveness; furthermore, the curiosity of the waiter is always stamped with philosophy.

"How is your wife?" he asked the stevedore.

"Well enough! For some time now we have been living together happily . . . since I have not been drinking any more. Before, with my old soldier's pension, I could from time to time allow myself a little fling, but now with this change there is not even enough money to get a good souse. Yet this evening . . . I believe that I'm going to let the bourgeois kick me out."

"You certainly look happy. . . . What has happened to you, then? Have you won at Monte Carlo?"

"No, no, my dear fellow, that is only for the rich; but having grown used during the past sixty years to getting whacks from everybody, I become another man when anyone does me a good turn."

The stevedore presented Moacir to the waiter who listened with much interest to the story of how their friendship had started.

While serving them, he tried to make Moacir talk, thinking that from his accent, he would be able to

discover his nationality. He had traveled a little everywhere and would recognize it. After having served as a waiter in all the cities of France, he had stayed two months in Italy, one in Basle, three in Geneva, and during the war had soldiers from all the allied countries as his customers. As Moacir refused to speak, the waiter had an idea . . . taking advantage of the fact that Mother Vernier was talking near the cashier's desk with a young artist, he poured out for the two friends a glass of old Bordeaux.

"Bring me a bottle of it," ordered the stevedore.

"No," said Moacir, "for you are going to promise me two things: first, to let me pay the bill and then to let me take you home upon your two legs." This was said with so much gentleness, but in such a firm tone that the stevedore yielded, and the waiter, more and more astounded, asked:

"Isn't the gentleman cold without collar or necktie?" Moacir smiled and said:

"Perhaps you could tell me why you wear that string around your neck. Is it because it keeps you warm?"

"No, but it is the proper thing to do," replied the waiter, shrugging his shoulders.

"There you have the truth! You wear an iron collar because 'it is the proper thing to do' . . . simply to do as others do. You have never asked yourself whether it was good or bad? You know nothing about it . . . you follow the custom, and that is all. And do you know why you make so many bows every day? Because you wear a necktie. I wager that if I took it off you, you wouldn't bend

your backbone so often! You don't even suspect that it is your necktie that is making an imbecile of you."

The fascinated waiter offered another glass of Bordeaux, and as Mother Vernier was watching him this time, he carried his generosity so far as to pay for it out of his own pocket.

When the lunch was finished, the stevedore had not even time to get out his pocketbook before Moacir had paid the bill. He protested for form's sake but was quietly dissuaded, and effusively grasped the hand of this new friend whom he so eagerly wished to take home with him to present to his wife.

The old woman was dumb with astonishment when she saw the two approaching. The stevedore, delighted with her surprise, put his hand on Moacir's shoulder, and announced importantly:

"The Man without a Necktie, M. Moacir Kramer."

The old woman adjusted her spectacles, looked at the visitor and then went to put the coffee pot on the fire. It was evidently a good sign; for only those of her husband's companions that she liked were entitled to this mark of sympathy.

The stevedore ushered Moacir to the only arm-chair in the house, and began presenting to him the family portraits hanging on the wall, lifting up the netting put there to protect them from the flies, so that his guest might see them more clearly.

"This big one here is my grandfather," he began. "He was a nobleman at the court of the Bourbons. That is my father; he threw away honor and riches in order to follow Garibaldi and fight for right and liberty. That beautiful lady over there is my wife's

mother. The medal that you see on her bosom is gold. She won it in the five-day siege of Brescia."

"Yes, I am from Lombardy," said the old woman, pouring the coffee into the cups. "My family was as rich as his, but it got the bad notion of going into politics to oppose slavery, a thing that soon brought us to poverty. In order to escape persecution, my parents emigrated to America where I was born. Homesick for Europe, they afterward returned to France, not being able to go back to Italy where admittance was still forbidden them."

She sat down and swallowed a mouthful of coffee before concluding with:

"Oh, well! you can believe me or not as you wish, Monsieur, but when my country was finally free and the people were permitted to emigrate, we were no better off than before! As for me, to whom they had told such wonders about this famous liberty, I had not even been able to make myself a place in the sun. . . . The people, you see, have only one right, that of struggling against misery. The Italian people have always been unfortunate. Dominated and deceived, they have had but the right of putting a spade on their shoulder and wandering through the world trying to earn a living."

"If our forefathers had had better sense . . ." interrupted the stevedore, not sorry to display before Moacir the nobility of his ancestors. . . .

"But what are you complaining of?" retorted the old woman. "You don't amount to much yourself. Bah! You hammer our ears with tales of the riches of your ancestors, and you were speaking just now of justice and liberty. If you love justice so much,

do not complain of having to eat at the table of the poor. Do as I do: I leave my ancestors undisturbed and keep on working for the good of the people. That is much better."

"And may one know in what ways you strive for the realization of your ideals?" asked Moacir, greatly interested.

The old woman smiled for the first time, but made no reply; it was her husband who hastened to explain.

"My wife has a good education; she has been a teacher for some time, and now has a little pension; but alas, she spends almost all of it in aiding others! . . ."

Moacir stood up.

"What! are you going already?" asked the excellent woman. "At least promise me that you will come to see us soon again."

Moacir promised and warmly pressed the hands of his new friends. On the stairway, he passed two young boys carrying books under their arms. They were children of Italian immigrants to whom the stevedore's wife was giving free lessons.

"It is always to the unfortunate that one must go in search of truth," thought Moacir, as he returned home.



"Olaaa! . . . Oleee! . . . Olaaa! . . ."

Seated quietly at a little table, Moacir was sipping his coffee while listening to the orchestra at the *Hôtel des Matelots*. Under the leadership of M.

Rodin, conductor and composer, six musicians were doing their best to make a deafening noise. The clarinet player was sending out sounds to tear one's heart, the cornetist was blowing into his instrument until he lost his breath, the drummer was beating the ass's skin with most fearful whacks; only an unlucky violinist was painfully trying to follow the rhythm, but in the midst of the uproar he lost the beat and, in spite of his efforts, was never able to catch up again.

"Oleee! . . . Olaaa! . . . Oleee! . . ."

The sailors were cheering, singing, dancing, and stamping their feet to show that they knew how they dance in America.

In the adjoining room, a man who had been drinking too much, was making foolish remarks interrupted by crazy bursts of laughter.

Women from all countries and all races, outrageously painted, were going from one table to another. In one corner two Arabs, draped in their burnouses, were playing cards with a Turk whose fez was so red that it might have passed as a signal for a Bolshevik rally. Near them some Chinamen half asleep, were smoking, shrivelled up in their chairs. Some English sailors were trying to dance a jig on shaky legs.

From the hall, filled with thick clouds of smoke, came an acrid odor of sweat, wine and alcohol.

A very pale man, his face marked with smallpox, his cap drawn down over his eyes, stopped before Moacir.

"By what boat did you come?" he asked.

As Moacir did not answer, his questioner strolled

over to the bench on which the hotel proprietor was sitting, and said to him in a low tone:

"Is it because he doesn't understand French, or because he is deaf or tipsy?"

Moacir heard him and could not help thinking that human intelligence was decidedly limited. "These people here," he told himself, "see only the things which are familiar to them and they are incapable of imagining those that they are not accustomed to. Thus it is that in a home where nothing is lacking, one can not understand that others may need everything. Everywhere is the same inability to understand, and human nature is misleading and commonplace. In this café, people came together yesterday to amuse themselves in the same way that these are amusing themselves here today; and tomorrow they will be replaced by others who will be differently dressed, perhaps, but will look like their brothers. They will become tipsy, will dance, and will sing the same songs together. . . . Poor people!"

The always-closed shutters of the dancing hall of the *Hôtel des Matelots*, protect it from the light of wisdom as well as do the thick curtains of velvet decorating the windows of the rich.

A man stopped at the threshold of the restaurant. He was a squat, high-colored individual, his fan-shaped beard hid his short, thick neck and his black hair slightly sprinkled with gray. Dressed in a spotted jacket of nondescript color, he had his hands deep in the pockets of his long trousers. He was known locally by the name of "Joseph, the fisherman." People jostled him in passing, but he shrugged

his shoulders and did not budge. The pale-faced man, who a little while before had tried to have some conversation with Moacir, pointed him out with a sign to the proprietor; and in spite of the latter's advice, stared at him until their eyes met in a glare of defiance. In this way animals often place themselves face to face, eyes glaring into eyes, before attacking one another. They remained in this way a few seconds, at the end of which Joseph, having taken up the cudgels, advanced slowly toward his antagonist.

"Do you want me to smash your nose?"

The other one, his hand in his pocket, muttered between his teeth:

"Be careful, Joseph! If you touch me, I shall not be responsible."

Moacir had suddenly seen the gleam of a knife in the pocket of the pale-faced man. He bounded between them and grasping the fisherman by the arm as though he had just met an old friend, said:

"Well, well, Joseph! Don't you recognize me? You certainly do! Come now, try to see if you can't remember me!"

Joseph looked at him first with anger, then with surprise; but Moacir did not give him time to think.

"You remember me well, don't you? . . . Your childhood chum? . . ."

"Get out of here! I'll settle with you in some other place!" exclaimed Joseph to his enemy whom the hotel proprietor, taking advantage of the temporary lull, had just pushed outdoors.

"Don't pay any attention to him." continued Moacir. "He is not worth the bother. In the first place,

he is not the build to fight with you. With one blow of your fist, you could turn him into marmalade."

Joseph smiled:

"If he had persisted, I should have killed him, for it would not have been hard to do. Some of these fine days I shall have to knock the dirty fellow down."

"Br-r-r. . . . Let that story drop. Sit down beside me, and tell me instead how long it is since you came to Marseilles."

"Since I came to Marseilles? But my dear fellow, I have never left it."

Moacir was nonplussed by this unexpected reply but, trying to make the best of it, exclaimed:

"Oh, sure enough; it is funny, old fellow, how I made that mistake! I mistook you for another chum. No joking: I must have been drinking to make such a slip as that."

"You would have found it out soon enough," said Joseph, unhappily. "But where in the devil did you think that you had seen me before?"

"In Italy!"

"That must be because I am an Italian, though I have not been used to having my friends dress like lords. And you, what is your name?"

"Moacir."

"Moacir, that's a droll name! From what country do you come? I have gone all over the world on merchant ships, but I have never met any people that look like you. What are you doing here?"

"Nothing," replied Moacir candidly.

"Have you no work?"

"I have tried everything: savage, artist, violinist . . . now I am a stevedore."

"Bravo! I like that! Do you realize that you rendered me a great service just now, without knowing it? I was so furious that if you hadn't come in, one or the other of us would have been killed on the spot."

"Is that so?" said Moacir, feigning surprise. "And why?"

"Why? Because there are times when one can no longer hold himself in hand. When that bandit is not near me I try to keep calm, to control myself; but when he comes before my eyes, I am no longer master of myself. The wretch! Bah! I shall end yet by doing him up."

"Br-r-r. . . . You would get yourself into an awful mess. They would put you in prison; you would have to stay many months, perhaps many years where you would be made to work like a beast."

"It is very evident that you do not know what hatred is, nor how it digs red hot pincers into your heart, does not leave you one minute's peace. What are the galleys compared with that? At night, when I remember all the wrong that drunken rascal has done me. . . . Look here! I'd rather not talk about it, for it makes my blood boil in my veins. Does not God punish us when we have done something wrong? . . . He, too, avenges himself!"

"Don't blaspheme, Joseph. Men are not men until they know how to love and close their hearts to hate."

"I bet you did that on purpose, coming up to me and pretending to take me for somebody else!"

"Perhaps so," replied Moacir, smiling.

"Why did you do it? What right had you to mix yourself in my affairs?"

"Why? Oh, nothing! . . . Because . . . I am as lonesome as a lost dog and because, in spite of my lonesomeness, I love men and would like to defend them against the evil that makes them suffer. I am convinced that most men are not bad; they are ignorant, that is all, and it is on that account that they are so wretched."

The seaman's features contracted as though he wanted to hide an emotion that was getting the best of him.

"You were making fun of me."

"No, I have distracted you, and I have given the other fellow time to reflect. You did not see how he was trembling. Fear would have made him capable of doing anything, and there is no doubt that it would have been you who would have been killed. If I have been able to prevent that, then I am happy."

"How well you talk!" said Joseph admiringly: "Who can you be to say such beautiful things?"

"A man."

"But I am a man, too!"

"No, not yet . . . a man does not hate, a man does not kill; a man loves."

Joseph laughed to hide his embarrassment. Never in his life had he heard anyone speak in this way! As a good Christian, he had gone to Mass every Sunday; he had heard the priest say that one should not kill, but he had not forbidden punishing those who offend us. . . . Perplexed, he toyed with his coffee cup, looking absently at the dancers. In a moment, his mind was made up:

"What would you do if you were I? That man, who was for a long time my friend, has done me a great wrong. . . . I owned two fishing barks, and he hadn't a sou. I employed him by the day, and as he proved to be diligent and friendly, I felt a great affection for him and decided to make him my partner. . . . Ever since that day, he has set himself to rob me and deceive me to such an extent that I was obliged to sell one of my fishing boats, that he bought back again in an underhand way, for a mouthful of bread. Now there is nothing too bad for him to say about me,—his way of thanking me for all my kindness! What would you do in my place?"

"What day is this?" asked the Man without a Necktie.

"Thursday."

"Are you going fishing?"

"Every night, when the sea permits."

"Take me with you when you go?"

"With pleasure. But I asked your advice, why didn't you give it to me?"

"What good would advice be? He who gives advice takes a heavy responsibility."

"And you don't want to take any? . . ."

"Yes, but without giving you any advice. You have lost a friend; I am offering you a better one. I will stay with you and help you in your work until you have changed your mind and forgotten your hatred."

Joseph smiled.

"Are all the people of your country like you?"

"Why not?"



The boat was sliding along over the sea disappearing in the dark. The sails, swelled by the wind, made the cordage creak and at regular intervals one could hear the lapping of the water, cleft by the prow, dashing against the sides of the boat. There were four men on board. Moacir was steering while Joseph and Giovanni were preparing the lines. When the wind died down unexpectedly, the sails suddenly limp, began flapping in the light breeze like the linen that washerwomen hang out to dry.

The boat slackened her course, then let herself be gently rocked by the waves. Paolo took the oars, went a little further on, and did not stop until Joseph gave the orders to cast out the nets.

Moacir standing on the poop, his chest bare, and his hair tossed by the wind, like a young god, was filling his lungs with the salty air blowing against his face. The lines were thrown out, and the boat went slowly forward, moved by a single pair of oars. The fishermen, with the exception of the rower, were seated around the fire that one of them had just lit. Joseph brought out a basket of bread and cheese that he divided among his companions, calling to Moacir:

"Hey, there! Aren't you coming to dinner?"

Moacir had grown accustomed to the fisherman's life, and was never so happy as when he could go with Joseph.

No city in Europe, not even the largest and most beautiful, could compare in splendor with this star-strewn sky. He had indeed done well to stay here. Had he gone away he would have kept his animosity

against civilized men, and he would have been unjust, because, in fact, no one is really bad. He had been the toy of his passions, because he had forgotten his father's counsels. Kramer alone had been right, for there is but one way to be virtuous; and if the good were stronger and more courageous, the bad would rapidly disappear from the earth.

Joseph handed him a flask of wine.

"Why don't you drink? If you want to be a good fisherman, you must know how to drink. . . . Tell us another story of your country."

"No," said Paolo, "sing us your song, I want to learn it."

Moacir began singing, and the fishermen in a low tone accompanied him in chorus.

These voices in the silence of the open sea, these men whose faces only were lighted by the flare of the fire, the sparks twinkling in the darkness, the murmur of the waves breaking against the boat, these gave Moacir's song a mystic touch.

"Do you believe in God?" he asked his companions.

No one answered. They were abashed by this unexpected question, and Joseph needed several minutes of reflection before he could venture his opinion:

"If you believe in God, how do you prove that he exists? They say that he is perfect, yet how is it that he has created man who is imperfect?"

"It would be necessary first to prove that man is not perfect."

All burst out laughing.

"I don't believe that he is imperfect, but that he

has not understood God—which is not the same thing.”

“And you, how do you understand him?”

“By applying myself to be that which he wanted me to be.”

“Explain yourself more clearly.”

“Listen to this plan! How would you like just us four to form a little society, subject to certain rules of conduct that we would pledge ourselves never to break?”

“Agreed,” approved Paolo. “Tell us what you exact of us and what you will give us in exchange. I don’t see where God comes in on all this, but that doesn’t make any difference.”

“I will help you in your work, I will teach you all that I know; you may count implicitly on me for everything; my affection for you and my fidelity to you will be unbounded.”

“Very good, but aside from your work, it is not with your fidelity that we could improve the common run.”

This sally was greeted with bursts of laughter.

“And what must we give you in exchange for this?” asked Joseph.

“The same thing.”

“Of course; but you certainly are going to ask some money of us. How much do you want?”

“Nothing.”

At this the fishermen could not conceal their astonishment.

“What good would your money do me? . . . if you wish to give me the same thing that I give to you, that is your friendship and fidelity? Work

serves only to nourish us, to clothe us, and give us a place to sleep, but that which we need most of all is to live according to truth. . . . If I work for you, would you not willingly give me some fish to subsist on, a mattress to sleep on, and clothes to cover me? That would be enough for me because I should have your affection which is a hundred times more precious to me than money."

"We don't understand you."

"Because you do not know yet that the only good that we can desire and without which it is impossible to live in peace, is the love of Humanity; without that love, man is not a man, but a beast dominated by his passions."

"And would you work for nothing?"

"Yes . . . for nothing. Is not what I am asking of you a great deal already?"

"And if my enemy should offer you twenty francs a day, you wouldn't go to work for him?"

"No, not for twenty francs a day, but for his friendship, yes."

"And if he should promise you all that you ask of us, and shouldn't keep his promise?"

"I would leave him, and he would remain alone to work without result, as he has always done. 'Help one another,' my father used to say to the savages of Tujapà; and it is because they listened to him that they are happy today. With you, on the contrary, man is always confronting man in fratricidal struggle. Each one is seeking only to gratify his own ambition and interest, forgetting the great law of love without which one cannot rise toward God."

"Now I understand," said Joseph finally, "why you refused my money."

Paolo, the old sea wolf, was no longer laughing. He was stretched out in the boat, his pipe in his mouth, and reflecting. Joseph was looking musingly at Moacir. He had known him scarcely a month, and he had already learned from him a number of things of which he had never thought and of which no one had ever spoken to him. Where could he have come from? Who was he? He had seen him for the first time on the day that Moacir had prevented his fight with his former partner. Now he seemed to him like a superhuman being having come among men to bring them peace and teach them to love one another.

Giovanni, his eyes closed as though half asleep, seemed not to be thinking of anything, but he was overcome with a great sadness. He was one of those unfortunate children who spend their childhood in orphanages abandoned by a heartless mother. Although young, he had already suffered much; and the men among whom he was thrown in coming out of the asylum, had taken advantage of him, as they usually do of defenseless beings. Men, as a rule, show very little sympathy for the weak for fear of having to come to their aid.

"Hello!" cried Paolo suddenly springing to his feet, "how about the nets?"

Two men at the stern and two men in the bow began to draw in the nets over the side of the boat. The wind was springing up from the North and bringing with it great clouds that were darkening the sky.

"Let us hurry!" cried Joseph. "There's a hurricane coming!"

The nets were heavy with fish, and the fishermen had to take great precautions not to tear them. Joseph furled the sails, and cried out to his companions:

"Courage, boys; take the oars and row with all your might for the home stretch!"

A flash of lightning suddenly slit the darkness, followed soon by a heavy roll of thunder.

The fishermen threw fish and nets on the poop and began to row as fast as they could.

They were still far from port, and the sea was growing heavier and heavier. A squall of wind shook the boat which was stoutly holding its own.

In the northern sky where the peals of thunder were growing more angry, the lightning was now playing ceaselessly.

The fishermen had a foreboding of the peril that was threatening them, but Moacir was taking intense delight in this struggle against nature. Victory would be theirs without doubt. "What could the elements do against men determined to conquer them?"

The four fishermen were dripping with sweat, panting, struggling desperately against the breakers, straining every nerve to keep the boat headed toward the port. Under an unusually strong pull, Joseph's oar snapped; and the fisherman having no longer any point of support, slid over the edge of the boat, which, thus thrown out of balance, keeled over. He tried to grab at the hand that Paolo reached out to him, but an enormous billow swept the deck at the same moment and dragged him down into the

waves. Scarcely had he disappeared before Moacir, without a minute's hesitation, threw himself into the surging sea to try to help him. It was folly to attempt a rescue in this storm-ridden sea. Paolo, aided by Giovanni, immediately threw into the water a plank firmly held by a strong rope, whose end he had twisted around his wrist. Another great wave lifted up the boat, and by the glare of the lightning, they could for some seconds see their two companions struggling desperately against the mountainous waves.

"Joseph! . . . Moacir! . . ." cried Giovanni. "This way, courage, this way! . . ."

There was no response but the howling of the tempest. Suddenly the rope that Paolo was holding stiffened under a violent jerk.

"One of them has caught the rope end! Row, Giovanni, row!"

Heedless of the danger, he leaned over the side of the boat at the risk of being swept away by a wave.

"I see him! He has the line! Come here, Giovanni, come help me!"

The boat was rolling, creaking and groaning as though all its planks would split apart, but the two men in their eager efforts to save their companions, paid no attention to it. With their feet braced against the side, they pulled the rope toward them with the energy of despair. Finally, after some minutes of superhuman effort, they were able to see Moacir near the boat, hanging to the rope with one arm, and holding the fainting Joseph with the other.

He tried to shout something to them, but scarcely

had he opened his mouth when a towering wave submerged him, stifling the sound of his voice.

Paolo had succeeded in getting hold of Joseph's arm, and Moacir, after having helped hoist him upon the deck, was about to rejoin them when a wave more tremendous than all the others, snatched him again from the boat, and hurled him into the deep.

Giovanni uttered a shriek of despair. Moacir was floundering before his eyes at the end of his strength, unable to struggle further. He was about done for when Giovanni, taking advantage of an eddy that had tossed him near his hand, seized him by the hair; and when he felt him hanging on his arm, dragged him by great effort into the boat.

Little by little, Joseph was regaining consciousness.

The three men threw themselves upon the oars with all their strength and started to row furiously; but the sea was growing worse and worse, the wind redoubled its violence making it impossible for them to make any further progress.

"Courage!" cried Moacir.

The situation was desperate.

Suddenly a shaft of light flashed on their faces. They stopped in surprise. A sharp whistling came to their ears, followed by another, and then still another. The life-boat was coming at full-speed to their rescue.

They were saved!

Paolo and Giovanni, revived by a big glass of cognac, were recounting dramatically and in detail the events of that terrible night to the proprietor of the *Hôtel des Matelots* where everyone had hastened to congratulate them. The fishermen all praised the bravery of Moacir, without whom they would have been doomed to certain death.

When Moacir joined them, he calmed their enthusiasm, disclaiming all credit. He had only done his duty, and they had been saved because all four had worked together in the hour of danger. It was by their spirit of brotherhood that they had conquered the elements; and the stevedore, who had run through the night, under a torrent of rain, to tell the port officials that Joseph's boat had not returned, had done as much as they, co-operating with them to win the battle.

Giovanni winked an eye toward Paolo and said to him:

"You understand? . . . Are you convinced now that he is right?"

The people who had taken the trouble to listen to Moacir's account, couldn't hide their disappointment. Instead of the fantastic story that they had expected, this man had turned it into a moral for them. The majority of them, turning their backs upon him, went off leaving him alone with some stubborn ones who, not being able to believe that Moacir had got rid of them without giving them the sensational account that they longed to hear, were hanging around in the hope of hearing still further details.

Mme. Blanchard opened a passage through the crowd, so as to go into the little room where Joseph was lying.

"How do you feel?" she asked Joseph, who, upon seeing her, moved his arm toward her, trying to take her hand.

"So-so; still a little stunned, but that will pass."

"Take a little more cognac," advised the proprietor's wife, handing him a glass. "There's nothing like it."

Moacir helped her to raise his comrade up so that he could drink, and as he was putting the glass back on the table, he noticed Joseph's former partner looking in at them from the outside room with a sarcastic air. Joseph also had seen him. He glanced at Moacir, and they both smiled. In his eyes there was no further trace of hatred, and he surveyed his pale-faced enemy with immense pity.

"You saved me twice, Moacir; and perhaps you saved him also . . . although he detests you. It is he who has done me harm, and yet it is he who holds the grudge. Why?"

"Probably because you remind him of the fact that he has done wrong. Man is not fundamentally bad; but instead of putting his self-love to doing good, he puts it to crushing his fellow-creatures either with his luxury or his riches and that is why he can never be happy."

"Explain yourself a little more clearly. I also wish to understand," said Giovanni who was seated beside them.

"Man hates instinctively the bad that is in him, for he feels that that is what makes him unhappy."

. . . But this is not the right time for such a discussion, the crowd is increasing, and Joseph needs rest."

The proprietor had succeeded little by little in persuading the people waiting outside that they had no further chance of seeing the shipwrecked men who had gone to their rooms to rest; and so the café gradually became empty.

M. Blanchard then talked with the reporters who had hastened thither to interview Moacir, expatiating with complacency on the strange character of his customer, praising loudly the extraordinary courage of which he had just given proof, and dwelling forcibly on the details of the rescue of which Moacir had been the hero.

The curé* of a neighboring church, a worthy man, also wishing to see the fishermen and to thank God with them for having saved them, had ventured to the threshold of the *Hôtel des Matelots*.

Not having been able to see them, he asked Blanchard to bring them the following day to his home to share his modest lunch.

M. Blanchard, proprietor of the notorious hotel where sailors and women became intoxicated, dancing the Java and indecent sailor's reels, had now become an important personage who aroused the interest of gentlemanly journalists and was considered worthy to sit at the priest's table.



"Sleep is a wonderful doctor . . . but it is time to wake up," said Mme. Blanchard, gently shak-

* Curé—Priest at the head of a Catholic parish.

ing Moacir the day after the event featured in all the newspapers.

"I have brought you a bouillon light enough not to tax your stomach, and a chicken leg."

The kind woman had a tremendous desire to talk on and express her joy:

"All Marseilles is talking of you only today. That's what it is to be a savage! You ought to see the stuff that they have put in the papers about you! At least two columns in every one; and I must admit that they have been very kind also in their treatment of us. There was not one that did not speak of M. Blanchard, and the *Hôtel des Matelots*. Say what you will, that is very pleasant. But take your bouillon now, there's nothing like that to chirk you up. Tell me now . . . while we're talking about it—I never dared ask you before—is it true that you are called the 'Man without a Necktie?' Why is it?"

"Because I don't wear any; and the reason I don't wear any is because the knot of the necktie is that of civilization."

"That's simple enough," replied the worthy woman, "but it is funny—I would not have thought about that. Now I am going downstairs again. I am going to tell your friends that they won't have to wait long to see you, and I'll tell M. Blanchard, that you are going to play a little tune for him on the violin. You'll do that; won't you?"

"Certainly."

"Good Gracious! I am so upset that I nearly forgot to tell you that there are two well-dressed gentlemen waiting down there for you. They are certainly some high-toned people! . . . They said, just like

this, that they had come to shake your hand. M. Blanchard offered them a glass of Bordeaux . . . you know it, the old Bordeaux which has been bottled at least fourteen years. We must show such people that the *Hôtel des Matelots* knows how to receive as well as the first-class ones. Be sure now not to forget your violin!"

As soon as Mme. Blanchard had disappeared, Moacir dressed quickly and went down to the restaurant. Two fashionably dressed men arose as they saw him enter and grasped his hand cordially. M. Blanchard presented him to them with a great flourish.

One of the two gentlemen, making Moacir sit beside him, condescended to pour out a glass of Bordeaux for him, and the conversation began.

"From what country are you?"

"From Matto Grosso."

"Matto Grosso has a great many savage inhabitants, has it not?"

"Yes, or rather, if you do not object to the term, it has many primitive men."

"How does it happen that you are in France?"

He briefly sketched his history.

"And . . . who educated you?"

"A Frenchman by the name of Kramer."

"Kramer? . . . A queer kind of name for a Frenchman! . . . What is your religion?"

"I haven't any."

"Haven't any?"

"Am I not a savage?" asked Moacir, smiling.

"That is so," acquiesced his two interviewers.

"Do you belong to any kind of society?"

"Yes."

"Which one?"

"Humanity!"

This time the two men looked at him with suspicion.

"Do you intend staying in France for some time?"

"I don't know."

"What are your means of subsistence?"

"Work."

"What is your business?"

"I help others."

The conversation continued in this way, Moacir answering tranquilly the questions that they asked him, yet without always being able to understand the reason for all this interrogation.

M. Blanchard, who had not taken long to understand what all this meant, hastened to banish the bottle of Bordeaux that he had so graciously offered them a little while before. From the very first question, he had guessed that these two fashionable men were merely the agents of the secret service who were coming to get information about this odd foreigner in the *Hôtel des Matelots*. When the interview was finished, they shook hands warmly with Moacir, congratulated him heartily upon his heroic act and went away.

They were hardly outside, before M. Blanchard with scowling face and clenched fists, exploded in a series of imprecations and blasphemies.

"It certainly is a shame! If you are a good talker and well dressed, though you may be a bandit, you are left in peace; but if you are simply a brave boy who has offered himself the luxury of becoming a

hero and yet who can afford to pay only the rates of the *Hôtel des Matelots*—then all the police spies in Marseilles are hunting you down.”

The fishermen burst out laughing, and Moacir tried to calm the proprietor's wrath by beginning to play the violin.

M. Blanchard adored music, and especially Moacir's. From the first notes, he checked his indignation, and sat down quietly in a corner of the hall.

The café was filling little by little, and soon Moacir was surrounded by an anomalous audience of girls, Senegalese, Italian sailors and fishermen who were listening religiously—all admiring Moacir and in intimate sympathy with him. It was a little of his own soul that he was making pass through the notes of his violin into the souls of these poor people. With these simple beings he was finding again all the treasures of inspiration that he had formerly lavished upon the inhabitants of Tujapà listening to the little savage who had learned to make the Wise Man's instrument talk. Rocked by the rhythm, he began to sing. Fishermen and seamen whom he swept into his dream, took up the refrain, and people who were passing on the street stopped to listen. . . .



“Didn't you hear me last night? I knocked at your door, but you didn't open it.”

Close to Moacir was a girl, Marie, who had put her arms around his neck, and was speaking tenderly in his ear.

"Leave me in peace," said Moacir, repulsing her gently.

"Yesterday I knocked at your door, and I shall knock on it this evening and tomorrow until you open it for me."

"What for? You know well enough that I don't love you."

"Yes, but I like you! . . ." and in a low tone she added: "and also . . . because I am afraid. When I am alone in my room I am dying with fright. Last night the moonlight was making shadows dance around me, and they seemed to be playing hide-and-seek. Trembling like a leaf, I crouched down under the covers. When there was a lull in the hubbub in the room below, I took courage again; but as soon as the sailor's shouts mingled with the noise of the jazz band, my teeth began to chatter. That is why I came knocking at your door; but you either did not hear me, or you did not want to hear me. . . ."

She was a mere child, probably not twenty years old. Under the paint daubed on her cheeks and blackening her eyelids, there was an expression of infinite sadness.

"What do you want of me?" Moacir asked her.

"Nothing; I like you," repeated the little thing plaintively.

Some hours afterward, leaning against Moacir's window the two were looking at the starry sky.

"How pale the moon is tonight," she said finally. "My life is also pale, just as dull and just as cold! I am lonely! . . . terribly lonely! . . . You do not know how horrible this loneliness is when you live

in the midst of others. I haven't even a dog to keep me company, to love me."

She was silent a moment, and then burst out into a peal of laughter.

"What am I saying—That I haven't a dog! And the men—what do I think they are? Aren't they dogs, and mad ones, too? And then, I have one joy in life. I drink! It is only when I have been drinking that I have the courage to rebel. It is drink that gives me the power to gabble about my misery, and, different from others, it is when I am drunk that I am no longer a beast of burden. Tonight I have not been drinking, for I wanted to come and find you. . . . You are the only one that has not said filthy things to me, the only one who has shown me respect. Near you I forget that I am merely a girl for the sailors. . . ."

While speaking, she was digging her nails into the flesh of her wrist, trying by means of physical pain to find an outlet for the emotion that was tormenting her.

"How old are you?" asked Moacir.

"I am young; but I understand as much as if I were old. It is from that source that all my wickedness comes. The others do not understand; they make beasts of themselves very easily and end by becoming completely hardened. It is not my vice, it is my weakness that has thrown me into the arms of men; and when I have fallen in the gutter, they have accused me of bringing about my own misfortune. They have treated me like Job. Do you remember the story of Job? I always read it over, again and again. One said to him: 'It is your own fault that you do

not know how to recover, it is your own fault if you are in misery, or else they were telling stories to him: resign yourself, you are one of God's chosen. It is He who sends you misfortune in order to test you.' But all these people here, do you know what they were thinking in their hearts? They were thinking this: 'Well, old man, get out of this if you can, but don't expect us to give you our money! . . .' Don't leave me, Moacir; you are the only one who has never asked anything of me. Protect me. . . ."

The child was weeping silently, her head leaning against the glass, trying to keep back her sobs. Moacir kept stroking her curly hair without finding words to comfort her.

"Don't cry," he said after a while.

"Yes, let me! It seems to me that these tears might purify me. I would like to die here so as not to have to go down below with the others. If you only knew how they frighten me!"

The poor little thing was shaken with sobs, and her legs were trembling so that she could hardly stand. Moacir took her in his arms and rocked her like a baby. She rested her head on his shoulder, put her arms around his neck, and little by little her sobs stopped, and she slept overcome by fatigue and anguish. Moacir lifted her up carefully, laid her on his bed, put a cover over her, closed the window and seated himself in an armchair.

Would he not find a single being on this earth who does not need to be protected? Young and old, rich and poor—all had besought aid. In the dim shadows of the room, the child's relaxed body made him think of Baroness Anderman. "Anna! Anna!"

he murmured. "You, too, lost your soul when you were young as she? Why did not you also ask for help?" And two tears rolled down the face of this man whom civilized people had called "the savage."



On that day M. Blanchard put on the frock coat that he kept for great occasions only. With his white collar and his long necktie striped with red and blue, he seemed to have draped his neck like in a flag.

He was dismayed at the sight of Moacir who had his neck bare and free. To go in this informal way to the home of M. le Curé, appeared to the hotel proprietor to the last degree improper; but he did not dare make any remarks. Moacir was an exceptional savage that it was best not to irritate.

He took his cane, kissed Mme. Blanchard upon the forehead, and as Joseph had just joined them, announced in a solemn tone:

"Gentlemen, we may now start."

The three went along the road toward the church in silence. When they had arrived before the sculptured portal of the basilica, they looked at one another uneasily. They had forgotten to ask where the rectory was.

"There it is," said M. Blanchard, suddenly. He had just perceived a modest one-storied house that the church had hidden from their sight; and very dignified, followed by his two companions as escort, he went ahead to lift the knocker of this humble dwelling.

As soon as the good curé saw them appearing on the threshold of his room, he laid aside a book that he was reading and went to meet them with outstretched hands.

His old mother hastened to pull out some chairs for the invited guests. M. Blanchard installed himself in the one nearest to the priest. Moacir took the place beside him, and Joseph, a little bashful, stayed in the corner by himself.

"We will soon have dinner," said the curé, "but I am afraid that the repast we are going to offer you may not be worthy of you. I am poor and can only entertain my friends very modestly. I ask your indulgence in advance, for I know that you are accustomed to M. Blanchard's table which, with his house, is noted as one of the best in our city.

"While waiting, my dear mother will serve you with a little glass of vermouth imported from my country which guarantees its excellence."

He had hardly time to stretch out his legs on a comfortable cushion and to wipe his nose on an enormous square handkerchief, before the little old lady returned bringing the bottle and glasses. Her hands were trembling, and as she was used to having her guests come to her aid, she waited, standing in the middle of the room, for some charitable soul to assist her. Moacir took the tray from her hands, filled the glasses, and offered one to each of the company.

The curé explained to his mother that Moacir and Joseph were the heroes of the shipwreck of which he had been telling her, praised the generous hospitality that M. Blanchard had shown during the

course of that terrible night; and, as though everyone were ignorant of that tragic adventure, he launched forth on a description of it. He made his recital more dramatic by representing all its phases in pantomime, and at the pathetic moment, raised his arms as though he would snatch from the furious waves a soul that was struggling between life and death.

The good curé, who was still young, was also very good-looking. In the fire of his discourse, his highly colored face had become crimson. Carried away by recital, he spoke volubly, illustrating each of his phrases with a grand and solemn gesture, as though he had been there in the flesh. He had a beautiful sonorous pulpit voice, although a little nasal, and with his black robe falling around his heels, with his clerical white starched band upon which rested his double chin, he was truly very attractive looking. He addressed himself particularly to his mother, who kept nodding her head in approval, and he drew tears to her eyes when he saved Joseph in a last admirable sentence. In her joy, the little old lady pressed Moacir's hand, and as though they were waiting for the end of the recital before going to the table, she begged her guests to follow her into the dining room.

It was a simple little room but very neat and tidy, with shining new furniture, given to the curé by the generosity of the faithful on the tenth anniversary of his ministry and contrasting strongly with the worn-out equipment of the parlor.

When everyone was seated, the good priest glanced at all of his guests, made the sign of the

cross and began reciting in Latin the *Pater Noster* and the *Benedicite*. M. Blanchard and Joseph, who had been watching him with attention, hastened to imitate him, and after having crossed themselves very religiously, mumbled some words which though they were not exactly what was required, at least gave the appearance of being so.

Moacir, who was ignorant of this custom, was greatly surprised to hear a priest recite a prayer before eating. He had formed an entirely individual conception of a priest, and supposed that his mission in society was that of educating the people and helping them to lead a good life. It seemed to Moacir that the calling of God's blessing for a meal greatly belittled the idea of deity. Also, in the recital of the rescue, something had chilled him. . . . According to the curé's version, the shipwrecked sailors had not been saved because of their fraternal co-operation, but simply because of the divine will. Thus the good priest, very naturally, took away from each one his share of responsibility and ascribed to God the credit of saving the shipwrecked, after having loosed the tempest upon them. "At heart," Moacir thought, "civilized men, like those of my tribe, probably have two Gods, Marebba, the good God, and Boppe, the bad—the first being charged with repairing all the harm that the other does." In spite of everything he was beginning to have some doubts about the spiritual value of this good curé.

"The *risotto, à la Milanaise*, is excellent," declared M. Blanchard who was somewhat of a connoisseur.

"All the credit of it belongs to my dear mother,"

said the priest, indicating the little old lady who was anxiously waiting for the compliment.

Joseph kept quiet and from time to time looked at Moacir as though trying to guess his thoughts.

The little old lady, who had let herself be distracted a moment, now rose and ran suddenly to the kitchen where her experienced ear had heard the roast browning. She came back with the requisite plates, silver, and salad, and after another voyage to the kitchen, appeared with a superb roast of veal which spread its appetizing perfume in the air.

"You see, I am receiving you without ceremony. I warned you that there would not be thirty-six courses. This is all," said the good curé.

M. Blanchard and Joseph insisted that they had never dined so well as this, and that the food was delicious.

"And what do you think of this little wine, M. Blanchard?"

"Wonderful! Exquisite!" the proprietor of the *Hôtel des Matelots* hastened to reply as he smacked his lips.

"It was given to me by a very good and rich Christian woman, a very worthy woman; otherwise, as you well know, we should not be able, with our small allowance, to permit ourselves to offer you such good wine . . . a priest is never rich."

When they had finished eating the cakes and fruits, the guests were asked to go back to the parlor to take coffee. Moacir came last out of the dining room where he had waited to pick up some knives and forks that the old woman had let fall in her great haste to remove them.

The good curé seated himself comfortably in an armchair, wiped his nose, assumed a grave air, and passed a hand over his brow in order to collect his thoughts.

M. Blanchard cast a knowing look at Moacir and Joseph to warn them that they were about to hear such things as they would seldom have occasion to hear elsewhere.

"My very dear friends," began the priest . . . "let us take our coffee; I am then going to tell you the dream that I had the night when you so nearly perished. You will be greatly impressed by it, I am sure, and . . ."

"Excellent, this coffee!" exclaimed M. Blanchard unmindful that he was interrupting the good curé who, after having coughed to emphasize this impropriety, resumed:

". . . This dream suggested to me an idea for whose realization I shall need the support of all of you. I shall not count upon it in vain, I am sure."

M. Blanchard had already loaned to friends money, drawing a reasonable interest; he had sometimes come to the aid of unfortunate women who had been stranded at his hotel; he had always been a good patriot, but it never would have occurred to him that a priest would some day ask his support. Once or twice in his life he had indeed applied to the Holy Virgin and to the saints, but under very unusual circumstances, and without any very great faith.

The little old lady was going to take away the coffee cups; but the curé looked at her so meaningly

that she seated herself immediately, greatly confused, and resigned to listening attentively.

"You must know in the first place, my dear friends, that I am accustomed to rise very early, and that during the hours that I devote to sleep, I sleep . . . the sleep of the just. During the course of that frightful night, . . . I felt very much disturbed, and so I got up earlier than usual. My mother, who ordinarily rises before I do, was still sleeping, and I went myself to the kitchen to heat my coffee. I kept hearing some strange sounds; the house was creaking as though it were going to fall in, and the wind was making the blinds rattle with a tremendous noise. I did not pay any attention to that, but the sudden gale raging outside had undoubtedly made me nervous; for when later I fell asleep in the arm-chair, I dreamed that the wind was carrying me off with my rectory, bursting open the doors, blowing in the windows and obliging me to run through all the rooms to find shelter. In passing before the window, I saw the tempestuous sea rising and falling in fantastic shapes. Suddenly a wave higher than the others broke, roaring over my house. I was hiding my head in my hands thinking that my last hour had come, when I felt myself pulled by the arm.

"I opened my eyes; a man was near me who, having put his arm under mine, dragged me away with him. I followed him a long time, and he took me to a road lighted by a wonderful sunshine.

"I awoke very much agitated, so profoundly affected by this impression that even today, it is not yet effaced from my mind; and I cannot get out of

my head that this dream was a warning from heaven, or even perhaps a revelation that someone on the point of perishing in the sea had just been saved. Yes indeed! I am positive that this is the correct explanation of my dream, for why else would you think that I would admit for an instant that the waves would be capable of swallowing up my house! No, the truth is that the dream warned me that you were even then struggling to escape death in the furious sea when the Lord, in his divine goodness, came to your aid and snatched you from your peril. I then thought that it would be a good thing to celebrate a mass next Sunday to thank heaven, and beg it to continue to grant you its protection in all the dangers that you will still frequently run upon sea and land.

"You and your companions certainly will not fail to come to this service. Your presence there is absolutely indispensable and will be a great example for my faithful parishioners."

The good curé had spoken with so much conviction that M. Blanchard and Joseph were greatly affected.

Moacir had been listening attentively, and the recital of the dream had impressed him particularly. He felt himself suddenly burning with a divine fire. He looked at the little old lady, Blanchard, Joseph, and he seemed to see behind them a crowd of beings, young and old, rich and poor, who were advancing with bleeding feet, along a flinty road, their backs bent under the weight of heavy burdens badly balanced on their shoulders. He observed the good curé whose face was radiating a beatific seren-

ity, and who was gazing at him with a cheerful smile, awaiting his response. Seeing that Moacir had no intention of speaking, he asked:

"You will be with us on Sunday, will you not, Moacir?"

"I, too, have had a dream," replied Moacir . . . "a wonderful, lingering dream . . . that has given me, too, an idea that you will be able to help me carry out. Your support will be necessary to me, and you will not refuse it!"

Moacir was speaking in a resolute tone, his face very thoughtful, his attitude energetic. Joseph and Blanchard drew closer to him, foreseeing an interesting discussion. The little old lady pricked up her ears.

"You must know in the first place," he continued, "that being only an Indian, a savage as you say, I conceived down there in the midst of our primitive forests, an idea of your civilization that did not in any way correspond to reality. I thought that your only aim in life was to approach as nearly as possible moral perfection, and I have been very much surprised when the opportunity was given me of living among the most civilized men in the world, to find that the only difference between them and the savages is merely an exterior one. All your glorious past of which you are so proud is but a succession of combats, treasons and violence. All your efforts have served only to consecrate brutal force under the pretext of serving false ideals and fighting imaginary wrongs.

"The combats among our savage tribes differ from those of your World War, merely in the forces

engaged and the means employed. Your famous conquests in the domain of science, instead of making you better, have served only to make your battles more cruel and to bring to perfection the art of killing. Your children are now coming into the world in wealthy cities, instead of being born in the midst of the virgin forest; but the men with whom they must live are still divided into kinds of tribes that you call classes, dominated by a jealousy and egoism that makes them ready for all crimes. How can you expect that a child who grows up in your midst will be able to get any good whatever out of your civilization? He will never be anything more than a barbarian, a slave, whatever his fortune may be, of another more powerful than he . . . a senseless mechanism manufacturing unconsciously his own unhappiness.

“As for me, I, too, was born to be a machine-man, and without the Wise Man, who came to modify the movement of my internal mechanism, I would be now actually nothing more than a good savage, a good archer, with no ambition higher than that of gaining the reputation of a hunter and a blood-thirsty warrior. After his death, finding myself alone among the men that I had supposed so exceedingly wise, I was at first baffled and confused. Their ways of living were different from mine, and I did not at first discern the truth. Naïvely I let myself be guided sometimes by one, sometimes by another, permitting each one to manage my machinery according to his own whim. It was in this way that I learned to know the deplorable life that these men-machines were leading. Pushed by their ambitions

and their avidity, I fell into the whirling wheels of luxury, vice and passion refined by cruelty, until there was nothing left for me to do but to choose between crime and suicide. Circumstances forced me to choose crime, but at the critical moment I was unequal to it; my arm was not accustomed to violence, nor my heart to hatred. The truth that the Wise Man had engraved in the heart of the little savage, taught him to triumph at the last moment over the lie that civilization had tried to instil there. I understood then, after this cruel experience, the terrible misunderstanding that is at the base of human tragedy. Progress, in spite of what is generally supposed, does not consist in always going at greater speed on a railroad, in an automobile or in an aeroplane, nor in constructing palaces of strong cement. History proves to us clearly that all nationalities, after they have once reached the apogee of their power, enter into a period of decadence that ends in being swallowed up by the ruins of the empires which they have founded.

“Only the moral teachings of the great prophets have resisted all these assaults.

“The world now awaits with anxiety the spiritual leader who will know how to awaken the divine spark in it, and free its soul from tyranny,—the apostle who will make man the brother of man, and who will lift him up toward God, that God in whose name you speak.

“This is my dream. Come down from your pulpits, and realize that your duty is to lead mankind in the conquest of a better world. If you do not wish to do so, or if you do not know how to make my

dream come true, the dream that you had the night of the tempest will not be long in becoming a fact. Upon your houses, upon your churches, the waves of the sea will crash, and the lightning will annihilate you. Then from the ruins heaped up by the cataclysm, will arise the Wise Man who will guide the regenerated world on the road of truth."

"The good curé was very much upset by this profession of faith from Moacir whose powers of eloquence he had not suspected. The prospect of seeing himself and his house overwhelmed by the tempest was especially disagreeable to him. After an instant of silence, he coughed and then again addressed the group:

"Your sentiments are certainly very praiseworthy, my dear child, but if you would come to church you would soon be able to realize that my words do not differ greatly from yours. . . ."

"Perhaps so, but your parishioners—do they listen to you? I don't think so, because they can not understand you, and they can not understand you because your words do not correspond to your actions. All they can do is to imitate you. What should be done is to go down among them, to teach them to modify their way of living, to make them abandon their bad habits, to protect the weak, to condemn the wicked, and to disarm the bad—not by violence, but by forcing them into isolation."

"It is necessary to await the end of these troubled times," said the curé solemnly. "The Lord knows better than we what He should do, and you may be sure that He is able to work only for the good of Humanity."

This kind of fatalism exasperated Moacir.

"Then you do not see that all Humanity is being crushed under the weight of its own ignorance? Does not the martyrdom of thousands of creatures dazed by sorrow, touch you? You are not willing to help me make my dream come true? There must be something that escapes me, but I do not understand . . . no, truly, I do not understand."

"I, not willing? . . . On the contrary, my dear child, I ask nothing better. Look here, I will make an appointment with you for Sunday at high mass, and we will talk this over afterwards."

And then, as though the discussion had lasted long enough,

"Mother," called the good curé, "these gentlemen are going now. Will you show them out?"

The little old lady came trotting in from the kitchen, and while her son was settling himself again in his armchair and was already concentrating his attention on reading his breviary, she accompanied her guests to the door. Before letting them go, she gave each of them a little square of cloth on which was printed the image of the Holy Virgin.

"Do not forget to sew it inside your clothes," she recommended. "It is still the best means of escaping the violence of the tempest."

"Poor old soul," said Moacir to his companions when they were again in the street; "she did not understand anything! Like some machine that someone has set up, she lives a mechanical existence and will die without ever having guessed the drama that is being played before her eyes. She serves her son

on earth, believing that thus she is serving her God in heaven."



Mme. Blanchard, with her hands upon her hips, and her head adorned with hair-curlers, was giving her husband a curtain lecture. She was speaking in a low tone, though she would very much have liked to scream; but she feared that the noise of a discussion coming to the ears of their customers might intensify the bad reputation that the *Hôtel des Matelots* had had for some time past.

M. Blanchard, stretched out in an armchair, was reading his paper, and letting the storm blow over without flinching. His calmness exasperated Mme. Blanchard, who decided to raise her voice:

"Things can't go on like this. Have you decided to let yourself be made an everlasting fool by this negro who never heard of Adam or Eve? Do you know what they are saying about him in the neighborhood? Well! they say that he is sent by the Bolsheviks as a propagandist, 'to spread their fallacious doctrines,' as even the curé says. What's more, one would have to be as blind as you are not to see that this type is anarchistic! Do you think it natural that a savage should come among us under the pretense of educating us? All his theories are nothing but the claptrap of a lunatic asylum, neither more nor less, and only a simpleton like you would take any stock in them!

"And do you know where all this is leading us . . . to ruin, to complete ruin! Do you know what

they call our house nowadays? Not the *Hôtel des Matelots*, but 'The Hotel of the Savages'!"

At this announcement, M. Blanchard could not keep from laughing.

"This makes you laugh! It's worth laughing at surely. It really is funny! Meanwhile customers patronize the dirty little café the other side of the street, where they would never have thought of going before. They profit by it, too, I promise you! Have you seen the posters that they put up this morning—great placards like that with 'Dancing here this evening' and underneath, a sketch in colors, I can tell you that. They are doing a good business, believe me, while we take it easy! Will you at least read the anonymous letters that are sent you? A fine mess! Here they all are, threats, calumnies and filth! . . . Do you know what they call your Moacir? . . . 'The Spy'."

M. Blanchard had been listening to this flood of words in silence, disdaining to reply to them. At the peak of her exasperation, his wife thumped the table with her fist:

"If you don't answer, I'm going to wake you up, I am! What do you intend to do about it? Are you going to let the house go to ruin? Go ahead, speak; don't be afraid! At present I am expecting anything, at the point where we are now."

"Do you wish a piece of advice? . . ."

"Ah! you have decided to answer! Pretty near time!"

"Do as my friends and I do; don't lose your temper, keep calm and don't bother yourself about the future, which is only the present well-lived.

Love your neighbor, instead of hating him; endeavor to go to his rescue. Follow these precepts and don't worry about the rest."

Mme. Blanchard looked at her husband with wild eyes, and went stumbling out of the room undecided whether to go for help to the curé or to the doctor.

Crossing the restaurant, she saw Moacir and his companions decorating the hall, preparing to celebrate this very evening their fortunate rescue. She shot a sidewise glance at them and ran away, repeating:

"Crazy! They have all gone mad, mad, all mad! . . ."

Out in the street she saw Joseph's enemy following her, smiling. She would gladly have given a slap in the face to that fool who was defying her. . . . Everybody nowadays was assuming the right to make fun of her because her husband, following the counsel set forth by Moacir, was driving her to destruction.

The good curé received her cordially, listened to her with interest, and tried to restore her peace of mind.

"My dear lady," he said, "we must accept the good and the bad that the Lord sends us. Go to church, pray fervently, and you will see your petitions answered."

Mme. Blanchard felt comforted by these sensible words and went directly to church to kneel at the foot of the cross.

"Grant, O Lord, that our business become prosperous once more," she sobbed. "May those who

bear grudges against us be accursed! May my husband get back the common sense that he has lost! Save us, good Lord, from poverty. . . .”

When she couldn't pray in this way any longer, she began mechanically to recite the *Pater Noster* and the *Ave Maria*.

As she came out of church, she again saw the pale-faced man who was now talking with the parish-priest. She imagined that the *Hôtel des Matelots* was probably the subject of their conversation, and she again felt inclined to cry.

On reaching home, she discovered that during her absence, the hotel sign had been covered over with a strip of cloth, on which was printed: “At the *Hôtel des Matelots* this Evening, Grand Fête of the Savages.” Her face turned purple; but on entering the hall she heaved a sigh of relief and satisfaction: the Lord had granted her prayer!

The entire restaurant, now overflowing with people, had been turned into a playhouse, and M. Blanchard, smiling and very self-possessed, was sitting at the cashier's desk that had been revarnished for the affair. She was already on her way to give him a kiss of reconciliation, when the rose-colored velvet curtain of the little stage that they had erected at the end of the dance hall rose upon the darling of the League of Savages that, for the first time, was to face the fires of the footlights.

“I have always said that my husband was no fool!” exclaimed Mme. Blanchard, beside herself with joy.

It is necessary to explain that the proprietor had recently found the way to change completely the

patronage of the *Hôtel des Matelots*. To whatever side she turned, she now saw only respectable people, even to that grisette of a Marie, who for love of Moacir, had consented to lengthen her skirts and to give up her paint box.

Mme. Blanchard hastened to change her gown for one more elegant, so as to take M. Blanchard's place at the cashier's desk, and permit him to walk around and chat with his customers.

The comedy that was being played on the improvised stage seemed greatly to amuse the public that was constantly bursting into roars of laughter. It was a good-natured caricature of the men who wear neckties. Each player had around his neck a big knot that constricted his throat and made his speech contradict his actions. This, of course, gave rise to some blunders and to such confusion that the men in this Babel finally failed to understand each other sympathetically and, each taking the other for a brigand, kept strangling one another by pulling on their neckties, to the great delight of the public.

A gentleman who had never before been seen at the *Hôtel des Matelots*, approached M. Blanchard, and said to him:

"Who is the author of this play?"

"One of my friends, Monsieur, who is showing us 'The New Way'," the hotel proprietor replied proudly; and as the gentleman did not seem to understand, he explained further:

"Imagine a large restaurant where on one side are those who eat, and on the other those who cook. Both sides are so absorbed in their own work that they understand each other less and less as the days

go by. Finally they come to such a pass that it is impossible for them to co-ordinate their efforts for a normal existence. We have succeeded here in coming out of this restaurant, because we have found a man who has shown us the door leading to the true dwelling place of mankind."

"I see how it is," said the man, smiling; "you keep at the disposition of your customers a servant who takes them home again when they are drunk."

M. Blanchard looked at him pityingly:

"I know," he said, "that our theories are not generally understood by everybody, but I am going to try to express myself more simply. We have banded ourselves together here to conquer the difficulties of life, like fishermen who work together to breast the tempest. We have but one aim: to become better every day."

"The idea is amusing," replied the man, lighting a cigarette. "It may bring you excellent publicity for your hotel," and he went away without turning around.

M. Blanchard confided to a customer, who had been listening to the conversation while seated at a neighboring table:

"Men would be happier if there were fewer fools among them."

Meanwhile Mme. Blanchard was wrestling with another customer, who was bombarding her with questions, and with Joseph, who with a gentle obstinacy, was persisting in his unwillingness to serve him; answering one, giving orders to others, she was rushing around, her face crimson, her hair in disorder:

"Joseph! roast veal with mushrooms for Monsieur! With plenty of mushrooms! Well, Monsieur, this is the way it happened: Joseph was saved by Moacir, the savage, and my husband, who has a heart of gold, saved them all and helped out by taking them into our home. . . . Hey, Joseph, that roast veal, is it coming? . . . They work together perfectly. They go fishing together whenever time and weather permit. They have decided to help one another in every way and place. It is very necessary, is it not, especially with the expenses that one has nowadays, and business not very brilliant? What do you drink with your dinner? I would recommend Beaujolais. And a half bottle of Beaujolais, Joseph! Yes, you see, we manage the best we can to attract people to the hotel. . . . For instance, they have written the little play that has just been given. . . . Of course it is not a masterpiece, but it is just as well not to be too deep. And then the savage plays the violin. The music never costs us anything. When he is not playing, he amuses the seamen with stories of his tribe. . . . In fact, we proceed as the way opens. The good thing about it is that M. Blanchard never lets himself become discouraged. I believe that if one were at the point of death, he would be as calm as you see him over there. When things go wrong, he settles himself in his armchair, smokes his pipe for half an hour, and by the time it is empty he has always thought out the clever idea that saves the situation. . . . What we need now is capital. Come, come, Paolo! . . . Go over there and pay attention to Monsieur, who has not yet been served and has been waiting an hour."

But Paolo had given up waiting. He was listening in ecstasy to Moacir playing the violin, and in chorus with the others, was taking up the refrain of the "Song of the Forest."

All those celebrating the *Fête of the Savages* were overflowing with unusual gaiety. The farce that had just been played, and the simple music that they had heard, had made the same sensitive chord vibrate in all of them, and had given them a happy sense of comfort and friendly congeniality.

There was a burst of laughter when the stevedore refused to serve a drink to some young people who had already the maximum prescribed by the new regulations of the *Hôtel des Matelots*. The young men not only took the affair in good part, but they also gathered around Moacir, asking him to explain to the public the aims of the society he had formed in M. Blanchard's hotel. He did not have to be coaxed and laughingly let himself be hoisted up on the little stage, amidst the general applause of the crowd, delighted to see him acceding so obligingly to their wishes.

Silence fell in the room, and the Man without a Necktie began to speak:

"Some of my friends have asked me to explain why we have so transformed the *Hôtel des Matelots* and to tell you a little more about the ends that we are trying to attain. You should know, first of all, that when we first decided to change our way of living, we had no very clear idea of how we would go about it. The idea, however, must have been latent in all of us, either because of suffering that we had endured, or because of a succession of disillusiones,

for we were at once in accord upon this point:—that instead of grumbling and fighting the wickedness of mankind by violence, it was better for us to isolate ourselves from the world and put our scant resources into a common fund to be used for the common good. It was undoubtedly the experiences of that terrible night when each of us was doing his utmost to snatch the others from death—that laid the first foundation of our association. We noticed that when men find themselves in the face of danger, they forget the sad experience which made them selfish and many become heroes, perceiving that sacrifice of the body does not mean death of the soul. Once saved, we decided to remain as united in life as we had been in the presence of death. Human fellowship, brotherhood:—that is the basis of our organization! Such is the will of God, and it is by mutually helping one another that we shall conquer henceforth the obstacles that may appear upon our road.”

At this part of his harangue Moacir saw, through the glass of the door, the pale-faced man who was looking at him fixedly. Someone burst out laughing in the hall, but he continued without being disturbed:

“Thanks to the power that this union gives us, our existence has become much simplified and ameliorated. What most people do not want to understand is that the mentality of society in our day is the same as that in primitive times when the strongest and the craftiest imposed his will upon others, making them work in his behalf and thus finding time to think, to dictate laws, and to scheme for fresh conquests. It is thus that humanity was swept

forward on the wave of material progress and arrived little by little at the stage of mechanical and scientific expansion to which we are accustomed to-day. History has been divided into different epochs; but in reality there has been but one from the creation down almost to our own time, just as there has been but one civilization based upon the utilization of animal force and the exploitation of slavery. It is the abolition of this last stage that brought about the decadence of the Middle Ages; for, when slavery was abolished, no other new energy was found to replace it, so that it then became necessary to resort to another form of slavery—to paid labor. Finally, this last century has introduced the machine that soon completely modified the system of industrial production. Social life has continued to develop since then, but solely from a mechanical viewpoint without any change whatever in the mentality of man. We have now reached an epoch which is no longer characterized by an animal generator of energy, but rather by a mechanical power, a new civilization which needs no slaves. The machine can now supply all the energy that was formerly furnished by thousands of slaves. This new energy will thus enable us to establish the social and economic equilibrium. The substitution of the machine for animal work closes one era in the evolution of the humanity and starts another. The limited past civilization is replaced by the new, limitless one. Yet in this period of transition humanity flounders in the dark because progress was developed but by a few men only, while the majority of the people have still remained with the mentality of the pre-machine age.

Men play with progress without yet having an exact conception of the riches which they possess, and they destroy themselves without knowing the reason, misusing that science which might give them a better and happier life."

The audience was listening in amazement. Under the warm and persuasive eloquence of this savage, light was little by little filtering into their minds. Why indeed should they not band together to improve their welfare, and utilize the conquests of man to better their condition?

There were many here who, tired of the continual struggle for existence, had shifted to a life of crime, and now for the first time, felt a new hope being born in them. Tomorrow they would be able to knock at the door of the Sailors' Hotel, which would be opened to them, and would receive them as brothers.

Those who had not yet experienced all the terrors of misery sneered and chuckled.

The customer who had been finally served, thanks to Mme. Blanchard's consideration, murmured:

"Moacir is a fanatic, and it is particularly dangerous to permit him to teach his doctrines to this mob of ignorant people. The world has always been and always will be what it is. Morality is as old as the world, and the strongest will always live at the expense of the weak. One cannot change human nature!"

Mme. Blanchard acquiesced out of politeness, but without conviction.

Moacir continued:

"Life is beautiful, my dear comrades! It is man

that makes it a prison, because he has not had sufficient experience. But we shall encourage men to compete in a nobler race, one toward spiritual perfection. We shall create other habits of thought, so that we shall not admire violence and cruelty, but nobility of soul. Man for man, but not man against man. For the members of our society there will be no more frontiers, which now divide men into savage tribes, as our goal is the reorganization of the society, not by violence, but by the strength of love. We do not intend to found any political party nor a new religion, but create among men a sense of mutual responsibility, and it is solely by the power of goodness that we hope to spread our ideas even beyond the seas . . .”

Carried away by his belief, the man, whose words had never been strangled within his throat by a necktie, opened his arms and cried out in another outburst of love:

“Human brotherhood, my dear friends, brother . . .”

The shot of a revolver cleft the air, followed immediately by the crash of broken glass.

Moacir staggered, clasped both hands to his chest, made a few trembling steps, and fell to the floor. From the hall went up a howl of horror. Joseph, Giovanni, Paolo, the stevedore, all gathered hastily around their friend and called to him in desperation:

“Moacir! Moacir! Open your eyes; speak to us; tell us that you still live.”

Little Marie raised his head and supported it upon her knees. Joseph was weeping like a child.

Moacir murmured in a faint voice:

"Death does not exist . . ."

He was beholding the Wise Man coming to meet him with outstretched arms and saying: "I am waiting for you, my son! In killing you, ignorant man has sought to kill the Truth; but it is going forward, and nothing henceforth will be able to stop it. The death of another man will not prevent Truth from climbing the flinty road stained by the blood of the prophets."

Moacir now had a vision of Yandira, who had preceded him above, preferring death to a life deprived of his love, and Siso, who was looking at him, smiling tenderly. He heard their affectionate words, was conscious of their caresses, and was letting himself be lulled to sleep by the marvelous sounds of a music such as he had never heard before.

Opening his dying eyes, he recognized the faces of those surrounding him, but was no longer able to comprehend their grief, nor could he hear now the desperate sobs of little Marie.

From the street came the far away refrain of his song, and he smiled sweetly.

Upon his white shirt, his innocent red blood had ceased to flow.

In the darkness of the night, the stevedore was following the shadow of a nameless man.

Who was he?



The bell was tolling in the steeple of the neighboring church, as the funeral cortège slowly made its way to the cemetery.

Moacir was born and died in Catholic countries; it was, therefore, the good curé's privilege to give him a Catholic burial.

THE END.

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